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TO WIN! in Vim Jingle contest



HERE'S HOW YOU DO IT

Just complete the last line of the Vim jingle (see below) . . . that's all! So simple to enter — so easy to win! Yes, you could win VW Sedan or one of the magnificent consolation prizes there are 200 of them including famous Astor Automatic washers and stereograms! Send your entry in now - send as many as you like, there's no limit! But hurry with those

Simply complete the last line of the Vim jingle, fill in your name and address, attach the sticker from the top of a Vim Cleanser - and a VW could be yours!

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

1. There is no limit to the number of entries submitted, but each entry must be accompanied by a sticker from the top of a can of Vim Cleanser. Stickers are not required from residents of any state where their enclosure would contravene the law of the state.

2. All entries must be on the official entry form and must include the full

ame and address of the entrant.

3. Entries should be addressed to Box 7061 G.P.O. Sydney, N.S.W.

4. Contest opens on 20th April, 1964 and closes on 10th July, 1964.

 Entries will be judged on accuracy, neatness and apmess of thought.
 Judge's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

6. Winners will be notified by telegram

and a complete list of winners will be published in the daily press at conclusion of contest.

7. Employees of Lever & Kitchen Pty, Ltd., and their advertising agents, and relatives of each are ineligible to enter

VimVimVimVimVimVimVimVimVim

200 OTHER FABULOUS PRIZES! 10 Astor fully automatic washers! 10 Astor Hi-Fi Stereograms! 10 Astor transistor radios! 80 Golden Empress Saucepan sets! VimVimVimVimVimVimVimVimVimVim



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That's real cleaning power for you

ENTRY FORMS AT YOUR LOCAL STORE NOW

The Australian

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh

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WEEKLY

 A party plan contributed by Josephe Windamere, of Parkside, South Australia inspired this week's very economic cookery feature (see page 48).

WHEN she sent in her plan, Josephene told us something about herself.

"A girl-friend and I have just completed a 10,000-mile hitch-hiking excursion round Australia, and had hundreds of humorous adventures," she wrote — and went on to say she was a 21-year-old with "enforced leisure."

Josephene explained in her next letter that "enforced leisure" meant she was one of the "unemployed Adelaide citizens." But we believe she has remedied that.

Two weeks later a note arrived from Josephene in Melbourne. Last month she wrote from Auckland, New Zealand. We think she is still there.

Our Cover-

o Sleeping peach in the arms of a mother, Queen Esbeth, Britain's new la Prince leaves Buck ham Palace for the time. The Prince born on March II

Sheldrick (pictured be brought it into our di Murray, a 26-year Melbourne interior della told us he made the l2s mosaic in a few well spare-time work.

It contains about pieces of colored paper cut from issues of the Wr except for the gold P background.



WHEN TENNIS CHAMPS GO ON TOUR





CHAPERON Alf Fryer, co-manager John Harco-manager form nar-rington (right), and the four players between stops on their recent seven-town tennis tour. THE COURT (above), from the judge's stand, is "new" for John New-combe (top), Jill Black-man (seated), Owen Davidson, Lesley Turner.

Touring means just more tennis, not new places, to the players. It's sometimes tiring, often fun, with V.I.P. hospitality and keen

as reporter Jude Ainsworth found when she and photographer Don Cameron went part of the way with Lesley Turner, John Newcombe, Jill Blackman, and Owen Davidson on their 1300-mile N.S.W. tour last month.

DRIVING through ween Port Macquarie and Tarce - with about aix inches of water in the car - was no more upsetting to these veteran travellers than the prospect of living for six months abroad out of one small suitcase and an over-night bag.

The drama was all in repacking four players, two
chaperons, assorted tennis
tacquets, suitcases, and
tennis balls into one crammed station waggon and
getting the lot on to the
next town.

On this tour, run by the NSW. Lawn Tennis Association, the players made brief "one-night stands" in each of seven country towns—Glen Innes, Casino, Lismore, Kempsey, Taree, Gloucester, and Maitland.

Journal of the state of the sta

years ago.

Half the fun—and half the strain—of playing the smaller centres is the inevitable stir that begins when four stars arrive. Everywhere the clubs and tennis officials wanted them to

come to dinners and receptions in their honor.

Even travelling with the been traveling with the players seemed to entitle me to V.I.P. treatment. At one Rotary Club banquet I was placed at the head table next to John and Owen, and could hardly eat dinner for dreading that I might be about to mark! asked to speak!

One night during a supper party Owen told me, "In exhibitions you don't know whether to play scriously or clown; you get sick of clowning too much."

The foursome played hard in their singles matches and joked a bit in the mixed doubles. The crowds roared at the verbal crossfire, such as John's shouted, "How'd you get that?" when Owen you get that? when Owen returned a well-placed shot. Or when John missed a shot and Owen retaliated "Bad luck!"

Touring is as much a part of the tennis game as their racquets to players looking for more and better competition.

Lesley said that for women "Playing the Australian

"Playing the Australian circuit is boring. It's a foregone conclusion who'll come up in the semi-finals."

As we jolted along in a cloud of dust between Taree and Gloucester, she said:

THE Australian Women's Weerly - April 29, 1964



The matches were played at night, and afterwards the tennis clubs put on wonder-ful suppers at which mem-bers met the players.

"Touring is tiring some-times, but tennis is our life, so we enjoy it. And we don't get bored in the car—we erack funnies and rubbish each other."

They sing, too. During this drive they sang every-thing from "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!" to "A Pub With No Beer"—all to

Pub With No Beer"—all to the accompaniment of Alf Fryer, N.S.W.L.T.A. secretary, with his mouth organ. And they were "sporty" even in their fun. Lesley was very likely to challenge Mr. Fryer to a quick run around the block, and even I was prodded into racing Jill back to the motel one afternoon—in what I'm pleased to report was a dead heat! I heard some of their pet theories about exercise — they all have their own ideas about their high-key relaxation, which includes

rope-jumping to keep their legs fit.

The four travellers agreed that keeping tennis togs clean was the biggest overseas touring problem. They

seas touring problem. They fly between tournaments, so they can take very few clothes to stay within the airlines' weight allowance. The girls pack about six tennis dresses, says Jill, who at 21 has made two overseas tours. This means launder-ing every night area when ing every night, even when they're tired from a morning

they're tired from a morning of practice and an afternoon's competition.

"We turn into regular washerwomen," said. 19year-old John. The boys take only four tennis shirts and three pairs of shorts.

Once we discussed foreign food. The girls said they had to be careful in Europe or they could add extra pounds very quickly. The

boys said they worked it off more easily, and never thought about it.

"Any food is good, so long as it fills me up," said John.

John began playing tennis at five. When he was 12 a coach spotted him and sent him down to be looked over by Harry Hopman—a great thrill to John, who still has a picture of "having a hit with Hop."

Of crowds, John said:
"They were quite fair at the Davis Gup, but they're very partial in Europe. In the States they're good — if they get annoyed with one of their players they're just as likely to rubbish him and cheer us."

Of touring, he said, "I'm interested in tennis primarily, not the touring." He was a member of last year's Davis Cup team, is slated

TOURING involves packing every day. Here they load the station waggon for the next leg of the 1300-mile trip.

as a sure thing for this year's

"None of us are sight-seers," agreed Owen, 20-year-old veteran of two over-

year-old veteran of two over-seas tours.

With all its drawbacks, touring, says Lesley, "makes you appreciate home."

She and John left Syd-ney on April 6 with Mar-garet Smith and Tony Roche, the other members of the official Australian team. Owen has delayed his pri-vate tour until the Davis Cup selection board names the

selection board names the team members. Jill may make a private tour, but hasn't set a departure date.

NEXT WEEK:



How to make pin-money from breeding CATS

(four-page feature)

Cats and kittens are fun to have around—and hobby cat-breeding can be a joy . . .

As well as being well-loved pets, cats of good pedigree can earn some extra money for the household—from the sale of their kittens.

If you'd like to embark on catbreeding, our "How to make pinmoney..." feature is a must for you.

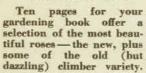
The helpful information includes what to feed cats and kittens, care of mother cats, the expenses to expect, how much money you'll make—and plenty of dos and don'ts for the pin-money-maker.

* Our new serial is all about . . .



The latest and brilliantly witty novel by Margery Sharp continues the adventures (begun in "The Eye of Love") of Martha and her devotion to art, of her son George — and the hapless Eric who is literally left holding the baby!

★ ROSES — old and new







International CHICKEN cookery

The chicken dishes in our four page feature are all richly edible national classics in their own countries (see the Indian offering at left) — and they're m-m-m-marvellous!

AND

Wait for it! Next week's exciting announcement for all keen cooks!

Hospital says:



OLD PHOTO from Sydney Hospital shows the first uniforms, introduced there in the early 1800s. Except for the mob-caps, the nurses have been wearing essentially the same style uniform. The originals were designed for New York nurses in 1876,





MATRON'S DRESS at the hospital has changed from the kind worn by Matron Gould (1892-98) to that of the present matron, Miss J. Rodmell. She wore the traditional starched veil but found it overawed patients, even frightened children.



AT MONA VALE HOSPITAL, Sydney's newest, the nurses don't do the cleaning and so have no need for aprons. From left: cleaning-staff member Miss Orzlowski, Nurse Melandre, Matron Henlen, Sister Oldfield, and catering-staff member Mrs. Archbold.

Page 4

Goodbye to starch d black stockings

BY KERRY YATES

• After more than 80 years, the nurses at Australia's oldest hospital are soon to have a new look. Most doctors and patients are pleased with the change, but many of the nurses say they'll be sorry to see their uniform give way to a more modern one.

But nurses still like

the old look

especially

OR the nurses at Sydney Hospital are iditionally proud of cir black stockings, utcher - stripe" unirms, and starched uite aprons, cuffs,

Ilars, and caps. ere That uniform was de-dened along the lines of the lEmestic clothes worn in ly-Victorian days," said atron J. Rodmell, "and, atron J. Rodmell, "and, cept for the shortening of e hem and improvements the original mob-cap, it ally hasn't altered at all." Miss Rodmell has been Miss Rodmell has been king changes in her staff's aforms since she was pointed matron two and a lf years ago. The biggest ange will take place in a mostly time. months' time.
"Most of the sisters and

have been wearing new informs for some time now," said, "but our nurses still wearing the first

e still wearing the insi-iforms in nursing history, signed in 1876."

This uniform, first worn the nurses at Bellevue ospital in New York, was troduced in the early 180s at Sydney Hospital by latron Lucy Osburn. (Miss Osburn was chosen y Florence Nightingale in

ondon to come to Australia 1868 to inaugurate the aining school for nurses at ydney Hospital, which had egun as Governor Phillip's ant hospital in 1788.)

Miss Rodmell said: "Unartunately, I'll be destroying a long tradition by bringing in a new uniform. The

ng in a new uniform.

then they've never known anything different."

At present the matron is designing a uniform she considers more comfortable, more suitable — and more

"The black stockings will be the first thing to go," she said. "No one can convince me that black stockings are attractive. The nurses will be wearing ordinary nylons.

"The uniform itself will be made of a much brighter and lighter fabric, with short sleeves; no highly starched collars and cuffs. We'll probably keep the apron, but it won't be stiffly starched.

"And we'll forget the

regulation which states that a nurse's hemline should be

no more than 13 inches from

smiling, "most of my nurses seem to have found ways to

tuck up their skirts to a more attractive length now.

"Caps will be smaller and only lightly starched, and we'll keep the traditional lace-edging for fourth-year

"All the nurses will wear

"The nurses say now that they won't like a modern uniform, but the sisters and I have proved that it has many advantages."

Miss Rodmell wears a

traditional uniform, our reporters were told.

capes in cold weather as usual.

"Although," she added,

the ground.

white linen suit, nylon stockings, white stack-heeled court shoes, and no veil at all. This is quite a contrast white linen to the former starched double - breasted uniform, white stockings and shoes, and stiffened large white

"Many people may op-pose my decision not to wear a veil," she said, "but most of my work is administra-

of my work is administra-tive, and even on ward rounds the new look has proved successful."

Miss Rodmell remembers one little boy who used always to cry and turn away when she walked toward

him. Then, one day, she was wearing her new suit in

child held out his arms to

said. "I think it must have made me look stern."

forms with stiffened white collars and cuffs, white or dark-brown stockings, laceup shoes, and a large veil.

But soon they'll all be

changing to the new white dresses and hanging jackets,

smaller veil, nylon stockings, and navy court shoes with

"I like the new uniform, it's so much more comfort-

A few of the sisters still vear dark-blue starched uni-

"My stiffened veil seemed

scare some people, ially children," she

ward, and the same

able, fresh, and attractive," said Sister Hartley, who's now wearing the newer one, "and many of the patients and doctors have remarked they like the change."

One young doctor com-mented: "It proves that uni-forms can be fashionable as well as functional. Prettier uniforms for the nurses will be good for the patients morale (as well as mine!).

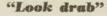
"And it's about time they got rid of those awful black stockings. How can we doctors ever admire the nurses' legs?

"Why, there's a big chance the doctor-and-nurse mar-riage rates will go up," he joked. "A doctor rarely notices any pretty nurses in those drab uniforms."

Another doctor thought differently and caused quite a stir among the nurses and sisters who were listening.

"Uniforms shouldn't be fashionable and glamorous," he said. "Doctors have to concentrate on the patients, not the nurses. The nurses aren't doing a feminine job — why give them a feminine

"Male patients' tempera-tures might go up instead of down. And nurses should smell of antiseptic, NOT of French perfume,"



Patients disagreed with this attitude. "The nurses look so drab in those funny old uniforms," said one

"The young girls look like I English nannies," said other. "It's such a shame another. to see pretty girls hidden in those uniforms. I'm looking forward to seeing them in bright new modern ones.

A few of the biggest Syd-ey hospitals have no plans change their nurses uni-orns (similar to Sydney Hospital's existing ones), but many have already modernised them.

Hemlines and sleeves have come up, stiffened aprons have gone, black stockings have given way to white or nylons, and lightweight uniforms have replaced the starched look.

Perhaps the best example of a revolution in nurses' uniforms is at the very new Mona Vale Hospital, opened in the Sydney beach suburb last month,

There Matron M. Henlen has designed new uniforms for her whole staff.

"Starting with a new hos-pital is the ideal way to intro-duce a new look," said Miss Henlen. "I didn't have to

SISTERS' UNIFORM at Sydney Hospital has

already been redesigned. Sister Eis wears the dark-blue starched style, with white cuffs,

and Sister Hartley wears the new uniform.

Note the nylon stockings, court shoes.

NURSE Patricia Lelliott wears the traditional uniform. She is allowed to leave her starched cuffs off when working. "No one," says Matron Rodmell, "can convince me that black stockings are attractive."

Most nurses in other State capitals prefer the

stack heels.

MELBOURNE.-Soon after World War II many hospitals switched to grey or tan stockings for their staff, but patients still like purses to be patients still like nurses to be crisply starched. At the Queen Vic-toria, Royal Melbourne, and Royal Children's Hospitals they wear starched caps, collars, and aprons. Between 1955 and 1961 the Queen Victoria's nurses wore soft attached collars and cuffs, but found the stiff detachable ones neater, more practical.

ADELAIDE.—Some hospitals have given up aprons, but at Royal Adelaide the only change this century has been from long to short sleeves. A spokesman at the Children's Hospital said:

"There's only one criticism at the moment—those Pompadour styles. moment—those Pompadour styles. Have you noticed how ridiculous a cap on six inches of hair?"

BRISBANE.—Staff and patients favor the white, starched look, but the nurses in Brisbane's big main hospital wear no apron. Uniforms haven't changed since the war.

PERTH.—Nurses' hemlines change with the fashion; starched collars have gone out; at Princess Margaret Hospital for Children the matron and nurses wear fashion-shade stockings.

HOBART. — Most trainees wear pastel uniforms; sisters wear whites cut on modern lines.

fight tradition, like most matrons who try to bring in a new uniform.

The nurses at Mona Vale have green-and-white-striped dresses with short sleeves and soft flat collars and cuffs, nylon stockings, and light brown shoes.

"I chose green for the stripe as it looks so fresh and is in keeping with the rich green grass surrounding the hospital," said Miss Henlen. "It's also a very new color for nurses' uniforms; most of them are made in blues or

greys."

And something else: the matron and the sisters don't wear veils. The matron just wears a neat white poplin uniform and the sisters wear the same style in light blue. "It's my personal theory that veils could help to sproad bacteria," said the matron. "And unless veils are arranged perfectly they look

arranged perfectly they look

put on when they need them, but they wear veils only for formal occasions at the hospital, never in the

OLD

The nurses don't wear aprons. All the food prepara-tion and domestic duties are done by a catering and cleaning staff.

"This is an American idea that has been adopted in a few Australian hospitals," said Miss Henlen, "so that the nurses can spend all their time looking after

"Because the women on the catering and cleaning staff move about in the wards, I designed a bright and practical uniform for them, too.

"Most of our patients and all of our visitors have re-marked how pleasantly dif-ferent our new uniforms

The Australian Women's Weerly - April 29, 1964



Judy Garland's Stadium Show

In Sydney, she'll try once more to get over the rainbow

From ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

• That 42 - year - old legend of complexes and memories named Judy Garland-the living, singing ghost of show business-is heading for Australia to seek balm for a tired soul.

AFTER two years of intense personal risis, including a suit by er husband for custody of neir two children, Judy is seking catharsis in the place te loves best: centre stage, nder the single spotlight, tith a live nudience out tere to share the heartreak as it comes across the

IV and the movies don't the trick for her any

Moreover, her morale asn't been helped by the bject failure of her TV cries, which expired amid icking tongues on March

Judy remains seven note of fighting determina-one of fighting determina-on. And the throaty, vib-ant voice is as good as or etter than it has been since the left the Land of Oz.

Judy alone

Judy's show at the Syd-ey Stadium on May 13 and 5 (and probably in Mel-ourne on May 20) will mass of more than two urs of Judy-no one else.

Largely, it will consist of repeat of her famous

Largely, it will consist of repeat of her famous larnegie Hall concert in 961, with the addition of number of new songs. The Australian programmes will be the first soncerts Judy has done in wo years, and her agent aid she was "aching" for live audience again.

One of the criticisms of her late, unlamented TV

series was of Judy's "lack of contact" with the viewer. Viewers, polled at ran-dom, said: "I don't like her, she's nervous," "She seems unhappy," "She drinks."

she's nervous, Sne seems unhappy," "She drinks,"
For technical reasons, and sometimes voice problems, many of Garland's songs on the programmes had to be taped in advance.
On the final shooting, viewers frequently saw Judy moving her lips to a pre-recorded sound tape.

Indy once commented; "I

Judy once commented: "I think I've been singing 'Jap-anese Sandman' when I was supposed to sing 'It's a Good

But none of these elec-tronic gremlins are likely to interfere with her concert performances.

In the U.S, there is a well-known Garland "cult" — boosters who have made her one-woman concerts stand-ing-room only, have broken through police lines to be near her, and have bought nearly half a million copies of her two-record Carnegie Hall LP album.

Accompanying Judy to Australia will be Mort Lind-say, her composer-conductor, Karl Brent, the road mana-ger, two or three musicians (depending on the Musi-cians Union in Australia), and either Guy McIlwaine, Judy's personal press-agent, or Freddie Fields, her man-ager, who brought her back almost from the brink of death, both literal and pro-fessional, three years ago. McIlwaine may be needed

to fend off a possible Press inquisition into Judy's tangled personal life.

She has been married nearly 12 years to Sid Luft and left him three times (there were two performers) (there were two earlier mar-riages — to David Rose, the composer, and Vincente Min-nelli, the director).

A divorce trial between

A divorce trial between Luft and Garland is scheduled for hearing in a California court in July. Luft has sued for custody of the two children, Lorna, 10, and Joey, 8, pointing out Judy's maternal derelictions.

Disagreed

She has disagreed with Lisa Minnelli, 18, her daughter by her second marriage, on the subject of Lisa's own burgeoning stage

Two months ago she tried legally to prevent her daughter from playing Lili in a road - company "Carnival." The effort failed,

Shortly afterwards Judy was admitted to hospital in New York in the familiarly ambiguous circumstances.

Judy Garland has been in psychoanalysis since her 21st birthday (she is 42 now)— two sessions daily, at 50 dollars (about £A25) a session.

session.

Since 1950, she has made as many headlines with her mixed-up personal life as with her performances.

But as long as there is a theatre where people will come to hear her sing, once more, "Over the Rainbow," Indy will be hanny. Judy will be happy.

"Just you"

As she put it recently: "Out on that stage, that's one time I know I am capable—when the agents go away, the husbands go away, away, the husbands go away, and it's just you trying to take thousands of people and make them forget about any-thing that's going on in their lives, because they're decent enough to have an early dinner and come and watch

DYNAMIC obviously enjoying herself as she punches out "Hallo Bluebird" in her famous 1961 conat New York's Carnegie Hall.

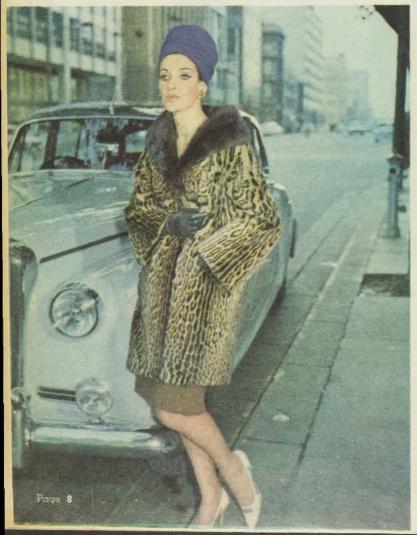


JUDY GARLAND with her three children, Lisa Minnelli, 18, and Lorna and Joe Tuft, 10 and 8. Judy is contesting a suit by her husband, Sid Tuft, for custody of the two younger children.



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Blazer-type furs for spectator sports, both with handwarming pockets and wind-cheating collars. At left, natural Arabian brown-and-white kidskin; at right, natural calf.



FURS for winter fashion

• Furs from a greater number of countries in a wider variety of colors than ever before, and in tailored high fashion styles, made an exciting preview of 1964 fur fashion by the Fur Trade Association of Victoria.

INDIAN snow leopard rubbed warm shoulders with sublamb (this comes from Spain and is treated in Italy). Arabian kidskin shone sleekly beside golden seal, and lamb curled softly beside Scottish mole.

And then, of course, there was the inevitable mink, occlot, been fitch, kolinsky, Persian lamb. And kangaroo, both red and beige Wallaby also got in the fur fashion picture — a black collar kangaroo coat.

All followed a tailored high-fashion line decades away from the time fur coat which was just a fur coat.



Lush and streamlined (left), a three-quarter spectator sports coat in natural ocelot has wide sleeves and a mink collar.

Apres-ski jumper in white sudani lamb is worn with a mink-bordered black parka. The black cravat fold fits inside the V neck of jumper.



Deep-slung back belt and big buttons give the tailored look (above) to a paletoned Indian lamb coat which fastens high to the neck with snug collar.

Straight from the Himalayas, this Indian snow leopard (at right) is right in the winter mood for a straight-line ski jacket set off with matching king-size busby.

THE Australian Women's Weekly - April 29, 1964



Investment Guide This week: CONSTRUCTION -By MARY BROKER-

• People have been moving a lot of earth in Australia over the past two or three years. The bonanza has been of particular benefit to the two companies I discuss today.

BOTH are engaged in the manufacturing and/or distributing of earth-moving equipment, lay-ing roads, distributing tractors and farm equipment.

These companies stand to gain from three industries which are at present enjoy-ing extremely good condi-

 The housing industry, which has come in for a good deal of stimulus from Federal Government. The great majority of homebuilding companies are now producing excellent results.

The road-building in-dustry, which has also been boosted by the Federal and State Governments.

 The agricultural industry, which is benefiting from greater production and high world prices.

The first company, Indus-The first company, Industrial Sales Holdings Limited, operates in Western Australia and also has a subsidiary in South Australia. These two States, as I told you last week, are at last beginning to develop toward their full potential.

As this process continues roads, roads, and more roads will be built to open up outback areas, and more homes will be built to house an expanding population. expanding population.

The company opened for business in November, 1946, to distribute tractors for the International Harvester

At the end of six short years, Industrial Sales acted as agents for several English manufacturing excava tors, cranes, etc., and had won exclusive franchises from Armstrong Holland, Powler Constructions and E. Goodwin.

The next step was the acquisition of a finance subacquisition of a finance sub-sidiary to provide finance for clients, followed by the for-mation of a road surface-mix concern. Subsequently, Road Pavers Limited was formed to meet the demand from country districts for hot bituminous road paving.

In December, 1962, Indus-trial Sales & Service (S.A.) Ltd., which had formerly operated as a separate con-cern, was "taken over." Backed by the know-how of the W.A. parent, this sub-sidiary has been streamlin-ed, unprofitable branches were closed down, and results are apparently show-ing an upward trend.

Production from the hot-mix plant showed a further rise in the past year to June 30 and major contracts were undertaken for the Com-monwealth Department of Works, State Government,

Main Roads Department, as well as local government authorities.

Results over the past three years have risen steadily, despite the extreme conservatism of the accounts:

1961: Net profit £64,000, earning rate 20.4 per cent., dividend 15 per cent.

1962: Net profit £94,000, earning rate 30.2 per cent., dividend 17½ per cent. (Includes 2½ per cent. bonus.)

1963: Net profit £109,000, earning rate 30.6 per cent., dividend 15 per

The budget for 1964 ex-ceeds that for the record year 1963, and in the first quarter figures were already

I feel that the 5/- shares are reasonably priced at around 24/-. The cost of 100 would be £122, to provide a dividend of £3/15/-

The second company is Conquip Limited, a fairly small business based in Sydney. It has been operating since 1949, and shares were listed in the same year.

Since then there have been a 1-2 par issue in 1960, and a 1-3 par issue in 1961.

Activities are similar to those of Industrial Sales in that the company:

 Manufactures a large range of graders and other earth-moving and construction machinery.

• Holds the Holds the Massey-Ferguson franchise in the County of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Wollongong.
Handles the N.S.W. dis-tribution of Harman excava-

tors and cranes.

· Has a subsidiary, Gellan Constructions Pty. Limited, which specialises in road con-

Following a dip in profit in 1960-61, due to the adverse economic conditions, profit has made an excellent re-

covery.

1961: Net profit £5000, earning rate 4.1 per cent., dividend 4 per cent. 1962: Net profit £24,000, earning rate 12 per cent., dividend 8 per cent. 1963: Net profit £37,000, earning rate 18.5 per cent., dividend 9 per cent.

The interim report re-cently to hand indicates a further improvement in the current year. Sales in the six months to December 31 last jumped by 14 per cent., and profit also increased.

Interim dividend was raised to 5 per cent, indicating a 10 per cent, rate for the year, so that the dividend from 100 5/- shares would be £2/10/-. Shares look cheap at 9/6, 100 costing close to £46 ing close to £49.



THE HON. RACHEL RODD and MR. RICHARD BLYTHE, who announced their engage ment in London recently. Miss Rodd is wearing a sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring.

From Knightsbridge to the Kimberleys

THE Hon. Rachel Rodd, youngest of the four daughters of Lord and Lady Rennell of Rodd, and Richard Blythe, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blythe, of Perth, will be married in October this year.

Their engagement party was held in the Kensington, London, studio of Rachel's brother-in-law, society photographer Michael Dunne, who took the picture above. Rachel is 28, tall (5ft. 7lin) slim, brown-haired,

7\in.), slim, brown-haired, blue-eyed.

She is an Oxford gradu-ate. She studied languages and social studies at Bed-ford College to become a social worker.

As well, she has been a London debutante — and a taxi driver.

"I drove a mini-cab," she said. "Not for fun, either. For the salary AND the tips—they were better than the

Interested in painting, music

As for her debut, she said, "Pm afraid I don't remember much about the season."

The Rodds have a London flat in chic, expensive Knightsbridge and a country home in Wales.

Like her mother, Lady Rennell, who has a London street scene in oils hanging in the Tate Gallery, the Hon. Rachel is interested in

• England's the Honorable Rachel Rodd is learning to cook — before she becomes Mrs. Richard Blythe, of Mount House Station in Western Australia's Kimberleys.

As well, she names music and travelling as her special

'Studying languages," she said, "has given me a splen-did excuse for more and more trips abroad."

It was while travelling with her globe-trotting father, Lord Rennell, in tather, Lord Rennell, in Australia, where his bank-ing interests took him two and a half years ago, that she met her fiance.

"We stayed with his par-ents, the Gordon Blythes, at

the family property, Mount House Station," she said.

"I think I fell in love with Australia first .

Two of Rachel's sisters— Mary, who later married photographer Major Michael Dunne, and Joanna, a social worker - have also visited Australia with their father.

Richard Blythe, who will be 26 in June, is head stock-man at Mount House. It is managed by his uncle Douglas Blythe.

The property belongs to Richard's father, his uncle Douglas, and another uncle, Mr. Keith Blythe.

After World War II an abattoir and carcasses-by-air business was established at Glenroy, an out-station of Mount House.

Richard's father is manag-

ing-director of this now 15-

year-old business. Richard, his sisters, Diana, who's married to a Perth doctor, and Geraldine, now on a working holiday in Bermuda, and his younger brother, Peter, who's studying accountancy, are third-generation members of this pioneering family in the Kimberleys.

Home after four months abroad

Richard went to Guild-ford Grammar School, W.A., then worked on cattle stations near Oodnadatta, South Australia, and Julia Creek, Queensland, for ex-perience. perience

He has recently spent four months in England.

The engagement party last month was also a fare-well party to Richard. He flew back to Perth a few days late.
"There was lots of room

in the studio and we had about 85 people," said Rachel. "My mother was there, but my father was abroad on business."

Lord Rennell of Rodd, Old Etonian and Oxonian, is a partner in a London banking firm, a director of several international banking and insurance firms, and

is the second Baron.
The family seat is
Rodd" in Radno
Wales. It is a three-se farmhouse, where the has lived for 300 Busy businessman Lon nell tries to spend his ends there, farming.

His brother and h the title — since he lassons — is the Hon!

Rodd, former husband
Nancy ("U non-U") ford.

ford.

The Hon. Peter Rodd:

Miss Mitford, the eldes six children of the Baron Redesdale, widvorced in 1958.

The Hon. Rachel Miss Mitford hersell, course, belong to the go of people satirised—stimes lovingly, sometimes lovingly, mont so lovingly—in Min Not so lovingly—in Min times lovingly, sometimes lovingly in Mind Mitford's novel "The Built of Love," where children have great fun withe "Hon." title.

Assembling # big trousseas

How does the Hon Rs

How does the Hon Rafeel about her new life the Kimberleys?
"I'll certainly take out large trousseau," she as "as I will be living on remote cattle station.
"At the moment I'm learing how to cook and souly just run up a dish.
The wedding will be state close as possible to Sunday October 25, Lord Remeil 69th birthday.

69th birthday.

Lord and Lady Reine will both come to Austral for their daughter's wedding

VARRIED AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD

• Two of Queensland's best-known country families were linked this month when Margaretta Innes, of "Walla," Gin Gin, married Uen Morgan, of "Arubial," Condamine, at the home of Margaretta's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Innes. "Walla," a century-old homestead, is on the Burnett River, 60 miles from Bundaberg.

MORE than 300 guests arrived by car, plane, and train from all parts of the State. The streets of many towns were brightened by evening dresses id white ties and tails as people left by car for the 6.30 p.m. ceremony,

bel Smith, and Lady May Abel nith, the Minister for Lands, Mr. lan Fletcher, and Mrs. Fletcher, the linister for Education, Mr. Jack

tinister for Education, Mr. Jack zzey, and Mrs Pizzey.

The bride and groom left after the edding for a honeymoon trip around the torld, and will later settle at "Arubial."

Margaretta's and Uen's grandparents the edding for a honeymoon trip around the torld, and will later settle at "Arubial."

Margaretta's and Uen's grandparents the energy of the central stry, when the late Mr. Godfrey Morgan as Minister for Railways and the late fr. S. N. Innes gave 60 acres of his land in a railhead at "Walla." Grandfather ones insisted that the settlement be amed Morganville.

The two families drifted apart because if the (then) long distance between Conamine and Gin Gin, but 60 years later ari grandchildren met and danced together at Government House, Brishane.

ether at Government House, Brisbane. In his toast to the bride, Sir Henry men-

ioned how delighted he was to be responfor reuniting two such prominent

- Marjorie Stapleton



ABOVE: On the verandah of the bride's parental home, the Governor of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel Smith, stands beside the bride's grandmother, Mrs. A. M. Grocott, of Bundaberg, during the ceremony, which was conducted by Rev. Barry Greaves, of Bundaberg. At left of the bride is her father, well - known cattle breeder Mr. Hugh Innes.

AT LEFT: The marquee where the wedding breakfast was held, seating 320 guests, at "Walla," Gin Gin, a Brahmin and Santa Gertrudis stud property belonging to the bride's parents. In the foreground is a barn and spare sleeping accommodation, part of the 100-year-old homestead. The house itself is snuggled under immense figs, Norfolk pines, and poincianas.



ABOVE: Guests the Hon. Kythe Weld-Forester, Lady May and Sir Henry Abel Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Schwennesen, of "Warkon," Yuelba, and Mrs. Lorelei Booker, of Castle Cove, Sydney (sister of bride's father). BELOW: Blessings from bride's mother. Bridesmaids are Patricia, Carolyn, and Elizabeth (Innes (bride's sisters) and, right, Mary Innes (cousin) and Catherine Pulsford.





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1964



AT LEFT: Flowergirls Suzanne Best and Dianne Bridgeford, both nieces of the bridgeroom, had a busy day. The morning of the wedding, cyclone Henrietta was still threatening to gatecrash, so workmen reinforced the huge marquee, helped by the two little girls climbing to the top of the canvas and throwing ropes down the other side. Henrietta then decided to move on.

BRIDAL COUPLE and their parents. At left are Mr. and Mrs. M. Y. Mor-gan, of "Arubial," Con-damine, and, at right, Mrs. and Mr. Innes. The young couple will live at "Aru-bial," near groom's parents.

Pictures by Norman Lye

SINCE we'd only known one kind of "train-watching" (gazing after the one we'd just missed), we found it quite strange to travel with 360 would-be Casey Joneses on a steam-engine trip to Wyong, 63 miles north of Sydney.

We were guests of the N.S.W. Rail Transport Museum, an organisation which is trying to arrange for the preservation of steam loco-motives, rolling stock, and other N.S.W. Railways his-torical items.

"The club was started 18 months ago and now has 180 active members, ranging from company directors to chemists, doctors, and clerks," said president Mr. Jim Reeves. "In that time we have organised eight steam-train trips to raise money." money.

A huge Garratt locomotive—one of the biggest in Australia—was used to haul 11 carriages crammed with "train-watchers" along the Sydney-Wyong track, which hasn't seen a steam train since 1960. A huge Garratt locomotive

Motorists, bush - walkers, and farmers gaped as the old Iron King puffed its way along the now electrified

We felt quite out of it watching fellow passengers, many of them dressed as engine-drivers with goggles and colored kerchiefs, and clutching cameras and tape-recorders (to record train whistles), dive out of the train at prearranged "photo-stops" along the route.

"Many of the passengers have come from interstate just for this trip," said Mr. Reeves. "It's a full-time job keeping the fans away from the engine. They'd crawl all over it if we let them.

Worth Reporting

The next trip planned for club members and friends will be a mystery trip. We are not telling where and how. All that passengers will know is the fare—about 12/6 which, of course, will go toward saving the doomed iron horse from the melting pots of the foundries.

FROM a brochure for a French provincial hotel:
"Terms are 35 francs a day
per person, and it is my husband who cooks himself."



This locomotive (top right) may look like an ordinary steam engine to you . . . but to the N.S.W. Rail Transport Museum members it's one of the "doomed iron horses" they are fighting to save for posterity. It pulled the "trainwatchers' special" to Wyong recently and is seen here taking on water at the Wyong stop, Above: The crew on the Wyong trip — from left, Reg Buckland (engine-driver), Brian Burke (fire-man), and locomotive inspector Harry Reed on the footplate.

Nappies were

COOLANGATTA (Qld.) housewife Mrs. David

Thomas, who has just given birth to her third daughter,

is no ordinary mother-of-

She is happy, certainly,

and as busy as most mothers. But there is one great dif-ference between her and

other mothers — a difference which she, surprisingly, shrugs off as of no import-

Mrs. Thomas has no fore-arms, the result of a shark attack when she was 13.

young Beryl Morrin was swimming in Georges River,

Sydney, with her mother, brother, and friends.

After the party left the water, someone splashed mud on Beryl's back and she plunged in again to wash it

It was about 7 p.m. and uite dark. The shark at-

quite dark. The shark at-tack was so sudden that Beryl

can barely remember what

"There was an eerie splashing," she said. "Then the shark struck, taking one arm. I tried to free it with

my second arm, but the shark took this, too. I was being dragged along."

She was fully conscious. She felt no pain, only a burn-

happened.

On New Year's Eve, 1934,

a problem

Her right arm was taken off at the elbow, the left just a little below.

finished her schooling correspondence, then helped her par-ents on their poultry farm.

Mrs. Thomas has never let her disability impair her

efficiency.

"After a period of readjustment, I found I could do almost as much with my arm stumps as most people with two hands," she said.

"I taught myself to paint and do fancywork, and since my marriage I've always done my own housework — ironing, cooking, the lot."

Talking of her two elder daughters — Susan, 15, and Elaine, 14—Mrs. Thomas said, "When they were babies found that fastening their safety-pins created a minor problem. But my husband was a wonderful help.'

There will be no prob-lems with the new baby,

Deborah Jean.

Both teenagers have offered their services will-

has no grumbles about life and feels that the shark attack was "meant to hap-

She believes that "lightone betteves that "light-ning never strikes twice in the same place," and allows her daughters to swim in the Coolangatta surf although she warns not to go out too far. them

THE scene: Canterbury Cathedral, England, A mail-clad knight stands before a crowd of robed monks and women in medieval dress. "It goes against the grain," he shouts, "to kill an archbishop."

Suddenly, a door is

And in walks Dr. Michael. Ramsay, Archbishop of Can-terbury, in his purple cassock

A quote from a play script? The Archbishop turn script? The Archothop turn-ing actor? No. The incident took place just a few weeks ago, when the BBC-TV was shooting T. S. Eliot's "Mur-der in the Cathedral."

The cathedral authorities had locked all the gates for the filming, but it was for-gotten that the Archbishop had his own keys.

"I beat a hasty retreat,"
Dr. Romsay said later.
But not before he had been captured on film with a group of "monks."

Throw out the dirty dishes

LIKE to be able to burn the sheets and blankets when they become soiled when they become solica— throw away the cutlery and crockery after a meal— even throw out the bath mat instead of drying it?

Sounds like a housewives' Utopia — but it's closer than you think. It's actually happening at an 85-bed hos-pital in Acton, England.

The hospital is conducting year-long experiment out how effective disposable goods are in saving nursing time and cutting down the risk of infection.

The "test list" of disposables comprises 170 items of both surgical and domestic equipment. It in-cludes face masks, surgeons forceps, syringes, cutlery, cups, plates, and blankets.

The hospital's each director feels that, it is periment results it is use of paper and goods in hospital girls will be attraction.

"They won't he do unpleasant job to cleaning syringer and pans," he said.

One item already a with homemakers at seen it used in the is a disposable paper which is impregnant resin. It absorbs do stead of scattering one duster average-size house

The disposable is are also creating a let terest.

"They are about ighths of an inch eighths of an inch and at least as want cellular blankets in most British hospital director said.

and doctors almed solution to washing an



Nowel Matai with his fair-haired "Jose baby," 16-month-old Quentin Husley.

NOWEL TO THE RESCU

NOWEL MATAI, a bright-eyed native in from a village in the mountains of N Guinea, has just spent three wonderful months

Sydney. He was fascinated by everything he savespecially television.

Nowel (he's about 11, but nobody is exactly as given his holiday in Australia as a reward for hing a former Sydney family through a very grave this Mr. Jim Huxley and his four young sons find a Nowel a year ago. Mrs. Huxley had been stricked an operation.

an operation

She was in hospital at Port Moresby when her in band, who is managing editor of the Lae newspape "Times Courier" and "Talk Talk," engaged November 1 and "Talk Talk," engaged November 1 and "Talk Talk," engaged November 1 and 1 a

While the family fearfully awaited the outcome Mrs. Huxley's operation, Nowel "adopted" little Quell Huxley—then just four months old. He fed him, changed his napkin, played with

The operation was successful. "I had too much live for to give up hope," said Mrs. Huxley—now stored to health. "I thought only of getting back! my husband and boys."

When she returned home she found that her fam.

When she returned home she found that her fam. husband and boys

When she returned home she found that her family had grown to include Nowel, the checolate-skinned by whose warm, flashing smile had won their hearts. Then, while still recovering from her illness. Mn-Huxley slipped on a polished floor and broke an after two months she was handicapped in caring for had Quentin. Quentin.
Once again Nowel took over. Now the dark be

and the fair-haired baby are inseparable friends.

Nowel speaks only a few words of English yet, is
Mr. and Mrs. Huxley are sure he will learn quickle
and will not first have to learn pidgin—"the great is
between language."

They plan to have him educated at a Lutheran school in Lae. They're certain he has a big future.

WRIGGLING WILLIE



WRIGGLING WILLIE the Rock 'n' Roll Had just grabbed the mike and started to sing When, horrar of horrors, he coughed and he shook And cried "It's the flu, I really feel crook!" "Here's the way to fix flu" cried the boys in the band, "We're never without it ready at

Woods

GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND The time tested treatment for influenza

in the BACK

cause of your rheumatism in the back. De Wirt's Pills are recognised as a helpful treatment

World famous De Witt's Pills are an effective diuretic and mild antiseptic for the kidneys and bladder. Start a course today. Within 24 hours you will have visual evidence that De Witt's Pills have nenced their beneficial action, 9 6 and 5 9.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

Ita Buttrose

MGHT hundred and fifty multi-colored gladioli grown by the bridegroom's parents will decorate the Holy Trinity Church, range, for the marriage of Anne Harden and Sydney Dudley on ay 2.

Sydney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. addey, of "Langunyah," Finley, have kept close eye on the blooms since they planted em a few months ago, and already have me in cold storage in readiness for "the day."

as day.

A special guest at the wedding will be retorian Mrs. John Evans, of South Yarra, to designed and made the wedding gown. Details of the gown are being kept secret, t Anne, who is the daughter of Mr. and ts. Eric Harden, of Orange, will carry r mother's gift of a white, kid-bound

Anne and Sydney will be attended by izabeth Dean and John Hipwell, and ter their honeymoon at Lindeman Island Il live in Finley.

'HE godmothers to Mr. and Mrs. Maicolm Broun's first child will be Mrs.
hn Paull and Mrs. Tony Harrison, their
at-door neighbors. The baby, who has
en named Charlotte Dorian, will be
ristened on May 9 at St. James' Church, ing Street, where her parents were mar-ed. For the ceremony Charlotte will ear an 88-year-old white cotton gown immed with hand-crocheted lace and a 5-year-old bonnet, lent by her aunt, Mrs. lax Halliday. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. roun will give a cocktail reception in the ounds of their Pymble home. The party ill also be a farewell to the home — the rouns are moving into a terrace house Woolloomooloo in a few months' time.

ROM Spain comes news of Jenny Askew who's motoring on the Continent with frs. Gilbert Pratten and her daughter, drs. Gilbert Pratten and her daughter, am. As they can't speak Spanish, they rere delighted when they "bumped into" ichard Zalapa just after their arrival in erer. Richard, who's doing a course at Madrid University and speaks Spanish fluntly, took them on a conducted tour of the city, and also their next stopover, adadrid. They'll be leaving shortly for 'aris for a week's tour of the fashion ouses before Jenny goes on to London, there she'll join the Arcadia, which arrives a Sydney early in July. Mrs. Pratten and 'am plan to tour America before returning ome later this year. later this year.

| The midst of a hectic round of farewell parties is Mrs. Roy Buckland, who leaves in June 14 for four months overseas. She'll visit Honolulu, Mexico, and South America, in the way to London, where she'll stay in a flat at Mayfair. She's looking forward o seeing Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Holroyd, who were here last year, and Admiral Sir Henry and Lady Phillips at their home in Hampshire.

BECAUSE of the long guest list there'll be two black-tie dinners this year to mark the fifth anniversary of the Postgraduate Medical Foundation. They'll be held on May I and May 6 in the Hulme and Sutherland Rooms, the Union, at the University of Sydney, and the Chancellor of the University, Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn, will be host at both. Members of the Foundation Ladies' Auxiliary will help with the decor—they're going to set help with the decor—they're going to set the tables with silver candelabra and candle-sticks entwined with hibiscus, camelias, and ivy.

HOLIDAYING in Mudgee with Mr. and HOLIDAYING in Mudgee with Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Bates is Diana Mason, who announced her engagement to their son, Geoffrey, in England last year. Diana, who is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jock Mason, of Narooma, has just returned after three years in Europe. She and Geoffrey, who arrived home six weeks ago after 12 months in London, are planning to marry later this year.

I LIKE the deer-skin walking shoes and uncut turquoise bracelet linked with Mexican silver which Mrs. Arnold Knepfer sent from California to her mother, Mrs. Cook Rudwick. They're presents for Mrs. Rudwick's 27th wedding anniversary, which the celebrates this mouth. Incidentally she celebrates this month. Incidentally, Mrs. Rudwick told me that the Knepfers and their daughter, Rachel, are planning a trip here later this year.

MRS. ROBERT MELVILLE will give her husband a near their properties.

MRS. ROBERT MELVILLE will give her husband a party at their Bellevue Hill home on May 2 to celebrate his birth-day. "We're having it a few weeks ahead of time, as we're leaving for Tasmania on May 14," she said. Mrs. Melville plans to sightsee while her husband attends the College of Surgeons annual scientific meet-ing in Hobert. Among guests at the party ing in Hobart. Among guests at the party will be Victorian Mrs. Des Quinn, of Surrey Hills, who's spending a fortnight's holiday with the Melvilles.

I HEAR that the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and his daughter, the Hon. Catherine Sidney, have added to their Australian art collection. They purchased two paintings — "Through Cairns" and "Tropical Rhythm" — at Judy Cassab's colorful exhibition, which opened last week at the Rudy Komon Art Gallery.

MR. AND MRS. NORMAN HILL and their daughter, Susan, will be return-ing this week after a fortnight out of town. They divided their time between their country home, "Fernhill," Crowther, and Victoria. where they stayed with Mrs. Hill's sister, Mrs. Tim Collins, of "Fairfield Park," Benalla.





JUST ENGAGED. Mr. Peter Whitehead, of Vaucluse, and Miss Margaret Morrow, who will marry next year. Miss Morrow is the daughter of Mrs. E. D. Morrow, of "Runny-mede," Cassilis, and of Mona Vale, and of the late Mr. Morrow, and Mr. Whitehead is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Whitehead, of Bahrain Island, Persian Gulf.



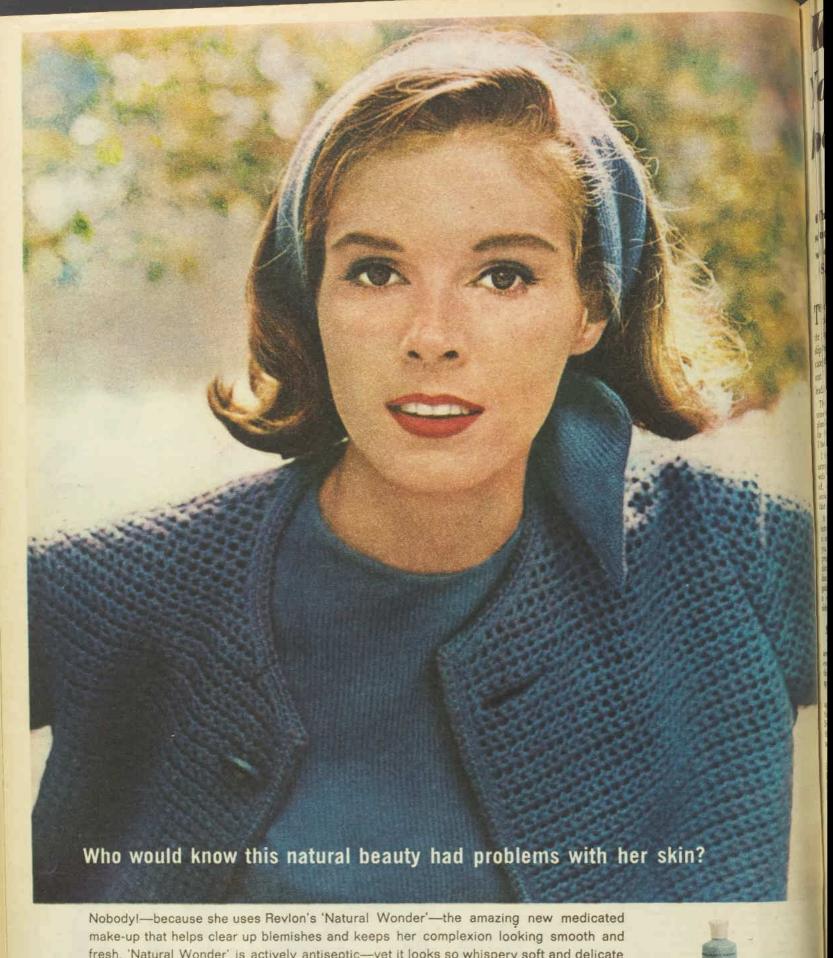
ABOVE. Mr. Richard Baker, of North Parra-matta, and his bride, formerly Miss Virginia Craig, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Craig, of Warrasce, after their wedding at St. James' Church, Turramurra.

AT LEFT. The president of the Town and Country Committee, Mrs. C. F. Ayers (left), with Mrs. H. J. Adams, at the fashion parade and afternoon tea party which the committee held at the Town Houses

BELOW. Miss Wendy McMillan, of "Wanta-gong," Holbrook. and Mr. Stuart Beveridge, of "Warragong," Gilgundra, celebrated their engage-ment at lunch at Capers' Courtyard during a brief stay in Melbourne. They plan to marry this year.



ARTIST Judy Cassab (an left) with Mrs. Robert Minter at the opening of Miss Cassab's exhibition of abstract art at the Rudy Komon Art Gallery. There are 31 paintings in the show, which closes May 10.



Nobody!—because she uses Revlon's 'Natural Wonder'—the amazing new medicated make-up that helps clear up blemishes and keeps her complexion looking smooth and fresh. 'Natural Wonder' is actively antiseptic—yet it looks so whispery soft and delicate only you will know you're having a beauty treatment. The whole world will say you look naturally wonderful! Choose from three fashion finishes: 'Natural Wonder' Matte Make-up in a tube for extra concealing coverage—'Natural Wonder' Pressed Powder Compact for light coverage—'Natural Wonder' Liquid Make-up for a fresh ''dewy'' look.

'NATURAL WONDER' by Revlon

New medicated treatment make-up that visibly improves your skin

Page 14

KIDS!-You can't fool them

By NAN MUSGROVE

• The script of ABC-TV's children's science fiction serial "The Stranger" was checked for credibility by the C.S.I.R.O. before it was filmed.

THE engineering principles involved in the design of the spacehip became so complicated that it was also ent to be checked by a eading engineering firm.

The spaceship, which comes from the imaginary he most magnificent props have ever seen.

I felt I was practically an istronaut just sitting in it, with lights flashing on and off, controls that seem to off, controls that seem to work, and a "soshunoscope" hat does indeed work.

A "soshunoscope" is an instrument that allows you to see clear pictures of places you are approaching and people you are talking to in distant lands. To achieve this fascinating and workable gadget, technicians installed a closed-circuit TV set in-side the spaceship.

Sophistication

To give the spaceship an erodynamic effect (it does verything but take-off) the hip was cradled on giant

"Children and young teenagers are so sophisticated these days," said producer Storry Walton, "that any-thing presented to them has to be scientifically feasible.

"It cannot be entirely imaginative, entirely Buck Rogers. It has to have a broad and sound basis of known scientific fact."
"The Stranger" is an in-

teresting story, ingeniously presented and well produced.

"The Stranger," called Adam Suisse (Ron Had-drick), is a being from Soshumss. He arrives on earth by spaceship, and during a terrific storm is found on the doorstep of the Sydney home of the headmaster of a boys' school.

He is taken in by the family, and given a job at the school as a master.

His relationship with the headmaster's son a n d daughter and one of their friends results in the three teenagers visiting Soshuniss —a visit that is a first-class international mystery.

The whole story is told in six half-hour episodes and has, I believe, a "good end-

ing."

What the ending is I don't know, as the A.B.C. is keeping the suspense at the highest possible pitch.

highest possible pitch.

What particularly impressed me about "The Stranger" was the loving care taken by all concerned to make the production as good as possible, and the attention to detail — detail that probably often passes unnoticed in a half-hour episode, but gives great meaning to that important phrase "a good production."

For instance the bowl

For instance, the boys' school shown is Sydney's century-old Church of England University College, St. Paul's, and all exterior shots of the school were filmed



"THE STRANGER'S" spaceship nestles amid the greenery of Sydney's Royal National Park, transplanted to the interior of the A.B.C. studios. Many exterior scenes were shot in the park.

"We had to find a house for the headmaster that matched St. Paul's in archi-tecture and period," Storry Walton told me.

"That meant that the de-signer, Geoff Wedlock, and I had to search the suburbs Sydney, and when we

"Mr. Gilbert, the owner, consented immediately to our using the exterior of his house and the garden, and was most co-operative."

Mr. Gilbert told me that Mr. Gilbert fold me that his house was built 90 to 100 years ago by Charles Edward Jeanneret, a French businessman who ran a ferry service on the river.

He was also one of Australia's first spec builders-be brought Italian stone-masons to Australia and put them to work building the Jeanneret houses which are so sought after today.

'We flooded Mr. Gilbert's lawn and took over his house for two whole evenings, one of which didn't end till 1 a.m.," said Storry Walton.

"Mrs. Gilbert, who was then alive, was marvellous.



DETECTIVES confer with the headmaster, Mr. Walsh (John Faassen), seated behind his desk, From left are Inspector Chisholm (Grant Taylor) and Detective Howell (Jeffrey Hodgson).

Television

found a suitable house knock on the door and explain what we wanted.

"We were tremendously lucky; we tried Hunters Hill, one of Sydney's oldest suburbs, and found a lovely old stone house over-looking Parramatts, Picer looking Parramatta River.

JOURNEY ENDS inside the mother spaceship. "The Stranger" is on Sundays, at 6.30 p.m., in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane; from April 26, Adelaide; May 3, Perth; May 10, Hobart.

a cafe and dispensed dry towels and hot coffee to drenched actors."

drenched actors."

Later, A.B.C. designers drew the front of the Gilbert house, and a faithful replica of the front was rebuilt by the A.B.C.'s fabulous form-pressing machine, which makes realistic scenery out of plastic for a few pence a yard. pence a vard.

The Water Board, the Fire Brigade, and ABC-TV's wind, thunder and lightning, and fog machines all co-operated to produce the storm in which "The Stranger" arrived.

Later, the N.S.W. Railways did their part and allowed the A.B.C. to take over the outer suburban station of Berowra for a day and rename it Canley — the place in the Blue Mountains where the spaceship

lands.

"The Railways Department allowed us to put actors on an ordinary passenger train," Mr. Walton

"Naturally, we explained to people what we were do-

ing.
"The sophistication of to-day's kids was evident here.

"As well as changing the nameplates from Berowra to Canley, we had 'real' news-paper posters on the news-stands: 'Blue Mountains Scare: Spaceship Sighted.'

"A school train came in. Many of the adults who saw

whan of the adults who saw the poster were obviously startled — but not the kids. "They treated the whole thing with a mass display of cynicism. They just laughed and said, 'Who do they think they're fooling?'"

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



IN THE SPACESHIP, From left: Bernie and Jean Walsh (Bill Levis and Janice Dinnen), the head-master's son and daughter; their friend, Peter (Michael Thomas); with Adam (Ron Haddrick).



Did you know?

A top attraction in next season's TV fare in America will be a situation comedy starring William Bendix and Martha Raye.

GARY LOCKWOOD as The Lieutenant. He has also appeared in such movies as "Splendor in the Grass," with Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty. THEY portray a butler and a maid who inha a palatial mansion and attempt to maintain as a home for hire, with their own domesic vices included in the price of the rent.

CARY LOCKWOOD, leading US. Marine in "The Limin is finally going into battle. The plot, which up to has aimed at avoiding combat, takes the series to the South Vietnam.

AS previously reported, the current family of 1 As previously reported, the current family of the is being retired to Australia by the scripturity.

Jon Provost, June Lockhart, and Hugh Reilly are to for other roles. Miss Isology that has been first to find our part of a glamor girl when dogs in an episode of the Law."

DOROTHY LOUDON, IL predecessor on "The Moore Show," Carol Bun being groomed for a series own in 1965 and getting the star - building treatment singer-comedienne has appear 27 of the Garry Moore grammes in the past two so the kind of launching that so successful with Miss Burne

LEW AYRES, who was original Dr. Kildare of movies, will show up in teles "Ben Casey" series, in a starring role.

AUSTRALIAN actors in A USTRALIAN actors in the land are being kept bear the "Espionage" series. In me sode entitled "The Liberam Ken Warren co-starred with beald Pleasance, Isa Miranda, Jeremy Spenser, when he plos a Cuban revolutionary. The lowing week Ron Randell appearin "Some Other Kind of Wei when he played an American St. Department official who chapter a group of jazz musicians a goodwill tour of Russia.

"THE SHADOWS" are "THE SHADOWS" are I ming to come back to tralia for a tour with Cliff Rul in January and February next of the Shadows" have starred to show "Sunday Night at London Palladium" twice is a month — once with Cliff Rul and once with Millicent Mann

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said von been to the beach he Whatever happened to suits? Oh, I don't mean the down to your knees, but with at least some kind of ing — and some of the swearing them! I think teel and young girls look nie bikinis, but (as we say south) some of those dressed like lambs—well! I whow some husbands teel their wives walking around that on the beach? And it isn't happening to them. Momma's moral . ber when your wife used it make your meckties out of her old dresses instead of making her bathing suits out of your old neckties

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Air-O-Zone is the modern air freshener and room deodorizer that destroys all unpleasant odours, leaves a wonderful freshness all through your home. The glycol in Air-O-Zone helps kill airborne bacteria. Spray Air-O-Zone in the bathroom and sickroom or wherever there is a risk of infection.

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Page 16





Thanks | HECLA

Husbands don't really know what winter's like. Off the go in a warm car, to a warm office and probably get

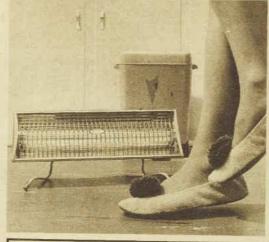
Winter can be a different story at home; cold rooms, cold toes, cold nose - cold everything! Not this year!

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You deserve a personal, portable heater of your ownand Hecla has it! See your electrical store today.



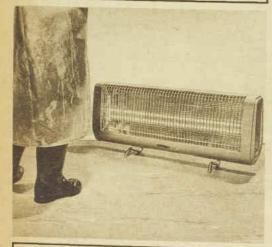
7.00 a.m. No shivers in the bathroom with a —20", 29" and 41" — for wide beam warmth where you want it. From only **£6-5-6**



7.20 a.m. Time to start breakfast. Hint: Switch on the Mini-ray first — your kitchen's warm before you've made the tea. Two infra-red silica bar elements for only **59/6**



11.00 a.m. No frozen feet on sit-down jobs like this. Hecla Flor-ray — long, low and lightweight — gives you wide beam infra-red warmth in two models, with or without switch, from 99/-



3.30 p.m. Kiddies home already — soaking wet dries them out, stops teeth chattering with two-bar infrared heat. £8-10-0 or three-bar at £9-19-6



8.00 p.m. Dishes done: Time to relax with the first infra-red/convection room heater. Gives personal warmth, plus round-the-room warmth. 17 gns.



10.30 p.m. And so to bed to sleep deeper Blanket. Six different models in normal or extra law voltage and priced from just £13-19-6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1964

When Madeline Brenner came back home from a trip to New York last year so bowled over by having heard Angela Giananni sing "Lucia" at the Met, I couldn't resist saying I had known her as a girl. Madeline is one of those people who like to give the impression that their experiences are unique—something that couldn't happen to just anybody—so, of course, her presence in the auditorium while Giananni projected the Mad Scene had some special significance.

I think Madeline overdoes her sensitivity to culture; but, of course, she is in the inner circle of whatever society this town has to offer, and with a marriageable daughter coming on I have to think of everything. I was grateful to be on one of Madeline's committees.

"She was always very dramatic," I said, while Madeline burbled on about how wonderful Giananni was. "I have

no doubt that Angela could cope with the Mad Scene all right."

"She's a real actress," Madeline said, "and rightly named. She sings like an angel!"

"I wouldn't know about that," I said, "but I certainly am familiar with her acting."

"Really?" Madeline asked, impressed at last. "Do you mean you know her personally?"

"I knew her a long time ago."

"Oh, tell me about her," Madeline urged. "Was she always so beautiful?"

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As the light went on, it revealed Barton and Angela Giananni sitting together on the porch.

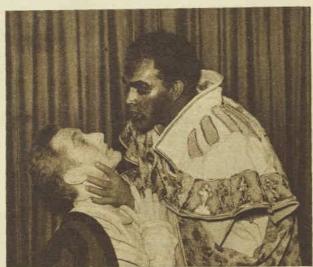
William Shakespeare, born April 23, 156

• On April 23 the world celebrates the birthday 400 years ago of William Shakespeare. He lives on through his characters, who reflect the timelessness of human nature, and the beauty of the language he used.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR: actors' perpetual challenge



PAUL ROBESON played Othello in April, 1959, to open the 100th season of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford.



RICHARD BURTON (right) as Othello in 1956 with John Neville as the villain, lago. Burton is now playing Hamlet in America.

LEAR (left) and HENRY V

One of Shake-speare's most quoted plays . . . JOHN BELL (right) played Henry V under a tent in Adelaide, and this month in Sydney. LEWIS WALLER (below) in a London production in the 1900s. Olivier played it in the film.





He was a magician with words. was the first to use many that he become part of our everyday speed

HIS words are "a fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes," as Benedick says of Claudio in "Much Ado About Nothing."

From language authorities Sir Sidney Lee and Henry Bradley we quote just a few of the "strange dishes" which become almost commonplace today . .

Courtship, gloomy, impartial, changeful, dwindle, hurry, bump, gibber, fallacy, libertine, ominous, jovial, inauspicious, whiz, in vestment, multitudinous in v estment, mand incarnadine.

One can imagine him relishing the sounds of the last two as he wrote "the multitudinous seas incar-nadine, making the green one red . . ." for "Macbeth."

Shakespeare took many words from other languages, such as bandetto, barricado renegado, hurricano, and which were later anglicised and are now part of English as bandit, barricade, rene-gade, hurricane.

popularised He picturesque e pith ets as snow - white, tear - stained, cold - blooded, crest - fallen, down-trodden, low-spirited, hollow - eyed, hot - blooded, heart - whole, home - bred,



Shakespeare (1564-1616

fancy - free, cloud - cm sleek-headed, honey-lin

There was no verbal periment Shakespeare we not try. English swe a multitude of colloquials such as handy-dandy, ke skelter, hugger-muger

Other phrases attri tower of strength, h core, yeoman service, darlings, to a manner made of sterner stuff. melting mood, in my m eye, more in sorrow the anger, the primrose pevery inch a king, a div duty, a foregone conti coign of vantage, a mining angel, the head front, to out-herod Ho

Many sayings and phrases now in daily use come from Shakespeare's works.

"How camest thou in this pickle?" The Tempel.
"I have them at my fingers' ends." Twelfth Night.
"A man of my kidney," Merry Wives of Window.
"I'll go with thee, cheek by jole." A Midnums Night's Dream.

"Tis neither here nor there." Othello.
"Not an inch further." Henry IV.
"Show it a fair pair of heels." Henry IV.
"Master, let me take you a button-hole lower." [pat] Labour Lost.

"At one fell swoop." Macbeth.
"What's mine is yours and what is yours is mise."
Measure for Measure.
"I cannot tell what the dickens his name is." More Wives of Windsor.

"Fat and scant of breath." Hamlet.
"The sleeping and the dead." Macbeth.
"A strange fish." The Tempest.
"Here's metal more attractive." Hamlet.
"Now might I do it pat." Hamlet.
"Nay, I will; that's flat!" Henry IV.
"I know a trick warth two of thee." He

"I know a trick worth two of that." Henry IV.
"Every why hath a wherefore." Comedy of English Conscience doth make cowards of us all

"Goodnight, goodnight. Parting is such sweet sorrow.

Romeo and Juliet.

"The better part of valour is discretion." Henry II

"Since brevity is the soul of wit . . ." Hamlet.

"The course of true love never did run smooth

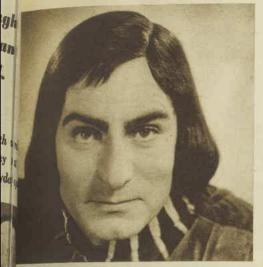
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1



SIR JOHN GIELGUD as Lear in "King Lear" in 1955 with Claire Bloom as Cordelia. Japanese sculptor Noguchi designed the sets and costumes. Gielgud played Cassius in Holly-wood's "Julius Caesar," is now directing Richard Burton's "Hamlet" in New York.

. and living today—400 years later



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER as Richard III. He began his Shakespearian career at Old Vic.

How much do you remember?

PRY naming the plays from which these famous quotes are taken (see answers in panel at foot of

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
whou canst not then be false to any man."

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; For he today that sheds his blood with me hall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile his day shall gentle his condition."

"What visions have I seen.

Methought I was enamour'd of an ass."

"But I am weaker than a woman's tear, Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance." "Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more."

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried; Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

"And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot; and thereby hangs a tale."

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne Burn'd on the water, the poop was beaten gold, urple the sails."

"Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little

O. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!"

1, "This royal throne of kings, this sceptr'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
his other Eden, demi-paradise . . ."

12. Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war . . ."

13. "The evil that men do lives after them, The good is oft interred with their bones;"

14. "What's in a name? that which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet."

15. "How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world That has such people in it?"

16, "But love is blind, and lovers cannot see."

17, "What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?"

18. "To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come When we have shuffled off this mortal coil . ."

19. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead?"

20. "Why, then the world's mine oyster."

21. "How sour sweet music is So is it in the music of men's lives."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - April 29, 1964

LADY MACBETH: an exciting and exacting role



VIVIEN LEIGH as Lady Macbeth at Stratford on Avon, to Olivier's Macbeth in 1955.



JUDITH ANDERSON in her favorite role; she played it at the Old Vic and in the film.

CLEOPATRA: through the ages, forever romantic



ELIZABETH TAYLOR in the color film "Cleopatra," to Richard Burton's Antony.

22. "Why I can smile and murder whiles I smile."

23. "The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath."

24. "Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain."

25. "Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well."

26. "But 'tis a common proof, That lowliness is young ambition's ladder."

27. "Swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon, That monthly changes in her circled orb, Lest that thy love prove likewise variable."

28. "Her voice was ever soft. Gentle and low, an excellent thing in a woman."

29. "The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows: They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd Than spotted livers in the sacrifice."

30. "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life; sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course."



LILY LANGTRY was Cleopatra on the London stage almost 50 years ago.

YOUR ANSWERS

1. Hamlet.

2. Henry V.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

4. Troilus and Cressida. 19. Henry V.

5. Macbeth.

6. Hamlet.

7. As You Like It.

8. Antony and Cleo- 22. Henry VI. patra.

9. Macbeth.

10. King Lear.

10. King Lear. 11. Richard II.

12. Othello.

13. Julius Caesar.

14. Romeo and Juliet. 15. The Tempest.

16. Merchant of Venice.

17. A Midsummer Night's Dream.

18. Hamlet.

20. Merry Wives of Windsor.

21. Richard II.

23. Merchant of Venice.

24. Richard II.

25. Othello.

26. Julius Caesar.

27. Romeo and Juliet.

28. King Lear.

29. Troilus and Cressida.

30. Macbeth.



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8 Sandy Beige Also 9 Capri Blue Snow

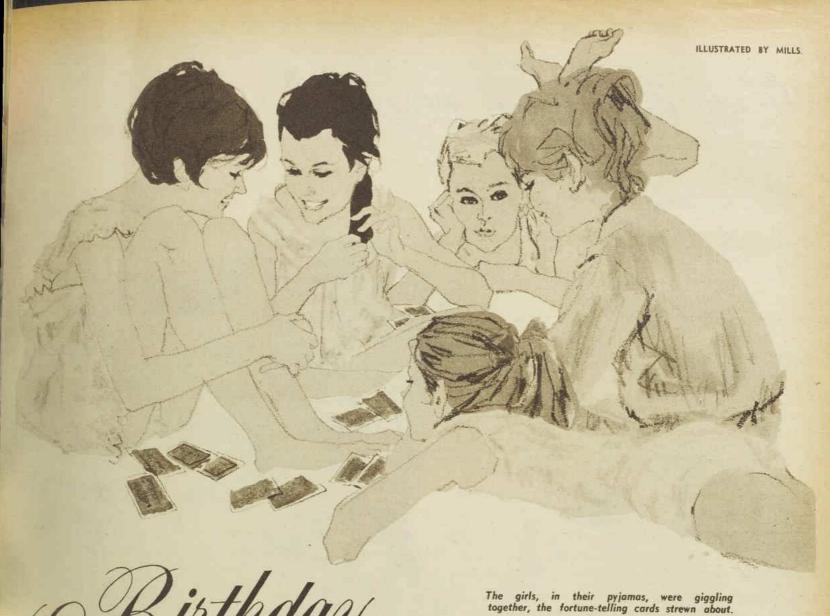
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It was the present she said she wanted the most . . . an amusing short story

H W SHIRLEY JACKSON

I was planned by Jannie herself. Jannie even went so far as to say that if she could have a pyjama party she would keep her room tidy for one solid mit. would keep her room tidy for one solid month, a promise so far beyond the realms of possibility that I could only believe that she wanted the pyjama party more than anything else in the world. My husband thought it was a mistake.

"And don't try to say I didn't tell you so," he said. My older son Laurie told me it was a mistake. "Mommy-O," he said, "this you will regret. For the rest of your life you will be saying to yourself, 'Why did I let that dopey girl ever, ever have a pyjama party that night?"

"What can I do?" I said. "I promised." We were all at the breakfast table, and it was seven-thirty on the morning of Jannie's eleventh birthday. Jannie sat, her spoon poised blissfully over her cereal, her The Australian Women's Weekly. —And

eyes dreamy with speculation over what was going to turn up in the packages to presented that evening after dinner. I list of wanted birthday presents had included a live pony, a pair of roller skates, high-heeled shoes of her very own, a make-up kit with real lipstick, a record player and records, and a dear little monkey to play with.

"You know of course," Lauric said to e, "I have the room right next to her? I'm going to be sleeping in there like I do every night? You know I'm going to be in my bed trying to sleep?" He shuddered. "Giggle," he said. "Giggle, giggle, giggle, giggle, giggle, giggle, Two, three o'clock in the morning."

Jannie focused her eyes on him. "Why don't we burn up this boy's birth certifi-cate?" she asked.

"Giggle, giggle," Laurie said.

Barry spoke, waving his toast. "When Jannie gets her birthday presents can I play with it?" he asked. "If I am careful can I play with just the . . ."

Everyone began to talk at once to drown him out. "Giggle giggle," Laurie shouted. "Don't say I didn't warn you," my husband said loudly. "Anyway, I promised," I said. "Happy birthday, dear sister," Sally sang-Laurie gigeled.

"Happy birthday, dear sister," Sally sang-Jannie giggled.

"There," Laurie said. "You hear her?
All night long — five of them."

Jannie had to be excused from her cereal, because she was too excited to eat. It was a cold frosty morning and I forced the girls into their winter coats. Laurie, who believes that he is impervious to cold, came downstairs, said, "Mad, I tell you, mad," sympathetically to me, "Bye, cat," to his father, and went out the back door toward his bike. toward his bike.

I told the girls to hold Barry's hand crossing the street, told Barry to hold the girls' hands crossing the street, put Barry's mid-morning cookies into his jacket pocket, reminded Jannie for the third time about her spelling book, held the dogs so they could not get out when the door was opened, told everyone good-bye and barony birthday. told everyone good-bye and happy birthday again to Jannie, and watched from the kitchen window while they made their haphazard way down the driveway, lingering, chatting.

I came back to the table and sat down wearily, reaching for the coffeepot. "Five of them are too many," my husband ex-plained. "One would have been quite of them are too many, my hisband ex-plained. "One would have been quite enough."

"You can't have a pyjama party with just one guest," I said sullenly. "And any-

way no matter who she invited the other three would have been offended."

way no matter who she invited the other three would, have been offended."

By lunchtime I had set up four stretchers, two of them borrowed from a neighbor who was flatly taken aback when she heard what I wanted them for. "I think you must be crazy," she said. Jannie's bed-room is actually two rooms, one small and one, which she calls her library because one, which she calls her library because

her bookcase is in there, much larger. I put one in her bedroom next to her bed, which left almost no room in there to move around.

The other three I lined up in her library, making a kind of dormitory effect. Beyond Jannie's library is the guest-room, and all the other bedrooms except Laurie's are on the other side of the guest-room. Laurie's room is separated by only the thinnest wall from Jannie's library. from Jannie's library.

When Jannie came home from school I

When Jannie came home from school I told her to lie down and rest.

In fifteen minutes she was downstairs asking if she could get dressed for her party. I said her party was not going to start until eight o'clock and to take an apple and go lie down again. In another ten minutes she was down to explain that she would probably be too excited to dress later and it would really be only common sense to put her party dress on now. I said if she came downstairs again before dinner was on the table I would personally call her four guests and cancel the pyjama call her four guests and cancel the pyjama

She was, of course, unable to eat her dinner, although she had chosen the menu. She nibbled at a piece of lamb, rearranged her mashed potatoes, and told her father and me that she could not understand how we had and used. we had endured as many birthdays as we

Her father said that he personally had got kind of used to them, and that as a matter of fact a certain quality of excite-

matter of fact a certain quality of excitement did seem to go out of them after—say—thirty, and Jannie sighed unbelievingly.
"One more birthday like this would kill her," Laurie said. He groaned. "Carole," he said, as one telling over a fearful list. "Kate. Laura. Linda. Jannie. You must be crazy," he said to me.

"I suppose your friends are so much?" Jannie said. "I suppose Joey didn't get sent down to Miss Corcoran's office six times today for throwing paper wads? I suppose Billy..."

suppose Billy

To page 78



1964's NEW HATTR THEMES

• This 5-page feature is a guide to new ways to wear your hair. The four main style-themes shown are: flat tops, the Sun coiffure, the peeka-boo coif, and the schoolgirl look.



• FLAT TOPS: In Paris they're doing the Charleston again and bringing back hairdos from the gay '20s and '30s that flatten on top and wave sleekly close to the head. On this page are four 1964 versions of this flat-top Paris hair theme that sent fashion sparks flying abroad.

SLEEK hair caps the head de-liciously (left) in up-to-date version of popular 1930s "look." Of special note are neat, rounded bangs and cheek curve that skirts an ear-ringed ear-tip. By Roger Flor, of Paris. ALL-OUT glamor in a masterly revamp of a special hair "look" that clearly recalls the '30's. Real news in this eye-catching style, which affords a pretty frame for a piquant profile, is the elegant contour shaping of the head.





DIOR'S 1920s look for blondes is a simple hairdo made quietly spectacular with clever shaping, bangs that clear the eyebrows. The effect is new, different — in short, a truly fashion-packed haircut with dramatic quality.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1964

charleston har-style for brunettes (right) designed by Roger Flor, of Eliza-beth Arden's Paris salon, is part of the 1964 hair story that's Note its flat width, cheek-hugging waves, and balanced curves.

Continued overleaf



CARITA'S smooth-line hairstyle (left), another switchabout design that takes on evening glamor with a pin-or chignon, big glittery earrings.

DESIGNS

Continuing ... 1964's NEW HAIR THEMES

 THE SUN coiffure, a new hairstyle designed by Guillaume of Paris, is pictured below in all its splendor.

TWO kinds of cutting and perming are used in this versuly day-into-night hairdo in which lightly waved, square-in hair frames the features and a puffed crown adds slimmin height.

The new shape is full and domelike, but not exaggerated any way.

To achieve this effect, hair on the crown of the head it of in square-ended wisps of different lengths and given a pen which flares from the roots and imparts bulk.

Lower hair is square cut at chin level all round and to lightly permed so that it holds the turned-under sculptured to

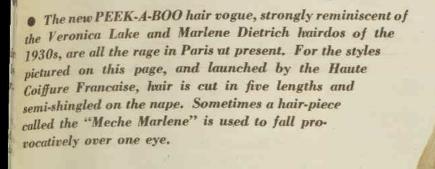
The Sun coiffure, which looks soft and feminine by a becomes a high-fashion eye-dazzler in the evening simply adding a jewelled ornament or two. Here, brilliant stones rather elaborate settings serve to accentuate the simplicing the basic style.

The gifted Guillaume says his day-into-night Sun style; most practical for the career woman who cannot find the into visit a hairdresser before an evening date,

HAIRDO FIREWORKS (below). Spectacular bejewelled ornaments worn in the hair, the ears, and around the neck add sparkle and glamor to these two evening versions of the new Sun coiffure.



FOR DAY AND NIGHT



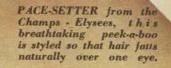


SHAPED in the round and wholly beguiling, the peek-a-boo styling at left curtains one eye very thoroughly in keeping with the newest trend.



SVELTE styling for Paris-after-dark (left), carefully contoured and bouffant, un-covers one ear, curves into low, vampy lines on the other.

AVANT - GARDE adaptation of the peek-a-boo (right) is the epitome of Gallic gaiety with an absurd swatch of hair com-pletely hiding eye.



RAVEN'S-WING black hair, peek-a-boo styled (left), has been revived in popularity by fair-skinned girls with light eyes who like the "colleen" look it gives them. It's chic.



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NEW HAIR THEMES ...

Continued . . .

Schoolgirl Look How to copy it

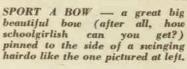


WEAR BANGS - a straight fall of them — below a roll-back, off-the-face straw hat that looks rather like a school-girl's panama made in Paris.



PLAY IT COOL in a highish PLAY II COOL in a nightsn hairstyle that frames the face in three triangles — one de-signed by the fringe, the other two formed by forward-flicking banks of curvy bangs.





STEP LIVELY in a striped suit with the lost of the '30s (above), with the sort of hairdo the all the girls (or at least all the girls who at not wearing bangs) go for these days. Will of forehead, positive cheek points make the most of a pomponed hat set fair and square



..AND NOW, THE MARINA LINE

'30s bob for the fashionable
'30s by the Hair Fashion
Council of the Master
Ladies Hairdressers'
Association of Victoria. The
new Marina line is short
and layer-cut, with hair
curving around the face ...
soft and feathery and often
with a fringe. Effects are
achieved with pincurl
settings on hair that is
lightly permed.

WIDE evening Marina style with bouffant wings on the sides, peaked on the cheeks, a pointed fringe.

> FULL, feathery version (left) flows forward into a fringe. Hair on sides and at back is shortish and curves under.

STRIKING blond hairstyle (below left), the short sides and back curving in feathery strands on nape. Top is sideswept, combs into light fringe.

MARINA styling (below) features curves of fringe, standup curls on top, is soft on sides and at back where hair is pincurl set. A biddable "do."



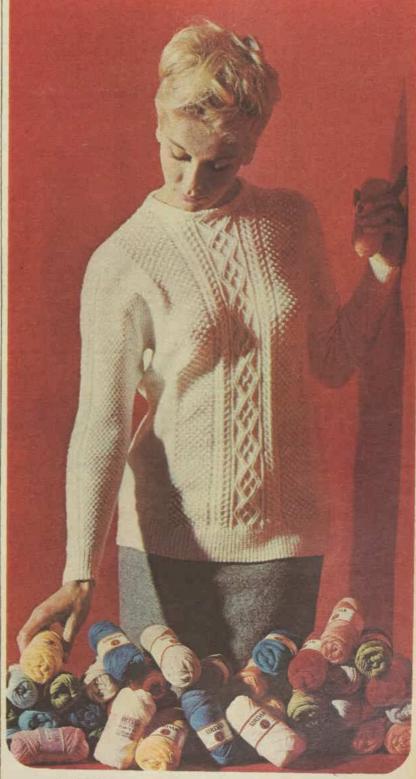
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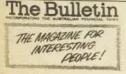




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Page 30



ell letters published. Let ters must be original, not previously published. Preference is Siven to cetters with signatures.

Checking shoppers' bags

RECENTLY "Sauce" (Qld.) wrote complain-ing because she is asked to

open her bag for inspection at self-service stores and supermarkets. All such stores display notices reserving the right to inspect bags taken into the self-service depart-ment, and many have counters where belongings can be checked before entering. The remedy is in the customers' hands.

£1/1/- to "Square Deal" (name supplied), Caring-bah, N.S.W.

DON'T those who complain know that the check-out operator is also embarrassed at requesting to look into bags? As a check-out girl in a supermarket, I understand how hurt customers must feel, but we girls are told that we must do it. We also have some very insulting remarks made to us over this matter. So please, customers, play fair

with us girls.
£1/1/- to "Head Girl"
(name supplied), Surfers'
Paradise, Qld.

AS for men being made to turn out their pockets, a perusal of the daily news-papers will show that women are the chief offenders as shoplifters. In a year I have noticed only two cases where old men have stolen food—which is pitiful in this land of plenty. "Sauce" can always leave her bag and use a basket or trolly provided by the management. This by the management. method is correct and satis-

fies both parties. £1/1/- to £1/1/- to Mrs. O. Tewkesbury, Old Bar, N.S.W.

IF you resent having your large handbag looked into, why not hand it over at the turnstiles before enter the supermarket, where most will supply you with a bag-check until you have completed your shopping. I always do this, as I feel we women carry ridiculously large handbags (how I love them!), and for the dis-honest these are perfectly suited to stowing away half

a week's groceries, £1/1/- to Mrs. M. Adder-Raymond ley, N.S.W.

'SAUCE" and her friends who resent having their bags searched should do as I did — refuse. What happened? Nothing. We should always be on guard to prevent this sort of pushing around, which is only a bluff, anyway. The supermarkets should be able to afford store detectives to

afford store detectives to watch for pillering. £1/1/- to Mrs. M. Mc-Grath, Dapto, N.S.W.

When is tomorrow?

HOW difficult it is to explain satisfactorily to a small child just WHEN tomorrow is. You give a careful explana-tion one day, only to be asked the next day, "Is it tomorrow today?" Being told that she wasn't right in saying she had fallen over tomorrow, my three-year-old came up once more with that baffling question, "Well, when is tomorrow?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Schroder, Summertown, S.A.

Fat, but maybe not healthy

IN this scientific age I cannot understand why so many mothers think a fat child is a healthy child. It often seems that the woman who can prove that her child eats more than any other is regarded by her contemporaries as the best mother. What stranger feminine logic is it that emphasises food bulk rather than food value for the young, and the opposite for herself?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Erica Worsoc, McMahon's Point, N.S.W.

Surnames for wives

WITH regard to a recent suggestion that wives add their own surnames to those of their husbands after marriage, imagine how cumbersome names would become. Ann, daughter of Jean Jones and Bill Smith, on marrying Bill Brown, would end up as Ann Jones-Smith-Brown. And just imagine the size of social service forms needed to accommodate the names of Ann's grandchildren.
£1/1/- to R. Coward, Ben Lomond, N.S.W.

Starting a hope chest too soon

IT worries me to see girls, years ahead of marriage, buying and storing away ornaments and utensils. Fashions change so quickly, and so many new types of articles appear each year, that by the time the stored goods are used, they have become old-fashioned. Far better, I should say, to save the money and buy up-to-date goods when needed. Even after marriage they become outdated quickly enough.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Thomson, Wamuran, Old.

A day to remember

TAKING away a little silver-eye bird from our ginger cat, I put him in the cage with two budgies to give him time to recover. He had enough cheek for six, and before I put him back in a tree had taken over the cage. I can just imagine him skiting to the other birds about his adventures—caught by a cat, rescued, spent the night with two budgies, and still alive. And all the other birds saying, "Oh yeah?"

£1/1/- to Veronica Masterton, Caulfield, Vic.

When the world's a stage



A newspaper report states that "a una orderly crowd" met Richard Burton Elizabeth Taylor when they arrived in N York from Boston.

Small and orderly, the crowd was, Restful and designed to please Those whose private life is public, Limelit figures such as these, Who must weary of the clamor And are noticeably riled When they've made their way, dishevelled Through a crowd that's big and wild.

Yet at times some thoughts uneasy Could intrude when crowds are small: Will they miss the old disorder When there's no one there at all?

- Dorothy Drain

So much effort to keep clean

A FEW weeks ago I had to stay in bed, and an kept me company. One day I watched her was herself, and started to count the licks she made I to 887 when the doctor walked in. What an effort cat to keep clean!

£1/1/- to "Amazed" (name supplied), Ringwood

Not a job for father

AT the office I heard a chap say how tired he was doing "his turn" pacifying the baby most of the a No man who has to work all day should be expec-get up to children during the night. Surely his a mother's job, for she can have a nap during the day

£1/1/- to "A Bachelor" (name supplied), North Carl

The Walshs and the Murnanes

MY family is a mix-up of Walshs and Murnanes father is a Murnane and my mother's maiden was Walsh. Dad's cousin, a Murnane, married a Walsh no relation to Mum. My aunt, a Murname, manie Walsh, again no relation. Mum's sister, a Walsh, man a Walsh—again no relation to any of the aforesaid Walsh—1/1/- to Miss M. Murnane, Warragul, Vic.

Loss Campbell writes..

SMART girls in Paris never carry parcels."

A fashion expert lately supplied is information.

After the first surprise, I had to admit that the girls in question were indeed smart. It is hard to look chic when you are carrying parcels, especially large ones.

I know this from experience. At various times I have had to carry home parcels of queer shapes.

One of the worst was a baby's bath. There was nothing about it you could hold on to.

Nobody, however carefully dressed, can look smart carrying a baby's bath. Parisiennes are quite right to avoid doing so.

right to avoid doing so.

Many things connected with children make awkward parcels. It is one of the snags of reproduction.

Dolls beds, toy garages, chairs (both high and potty), dinkies — I have lugged them all. And damaged my reputation as an elegant man-abouttown in the process.

For women, I suppose the most common carrying problem is the

PACKAGE DEAL

string bag. It is a useful gadget, even if onions tend to fall out

string hag, it is a useful gauget, even if onions tend to fall out through the holes. But it does nothing for a shopper's glamor.

I can imagine a Parisian girl's reaction if asked to carry a string bag: "Zut, alors! Mon dieu!, Quelle horreur!" and the rest of it.



Then there is the suitcase. A girl Then there is the suitcase. A girl carrying a suitcase looks lop-sided and unhappy. She has a poor-little-waif-in-the-big-city appearance. Only one thing can be said for carrying a suitcase: it is a quick way to obtain masculine aid and company.

Granted, then, that carrying burdens is un-chic. It is another thing to get out of carrying them.

to get out of carrying them.
Some shops deliver, but even

these often try to avoid it. They put up signs before Christmas: The parcel you carry gets home first That 'is an old truism (cavens used fo say: "The girl you carry go home first"). But parcels are deried at what a cost in sultry allers.

We are left wondering how that smart Paris girls avoid doing it.

The reason cannot be that the never buy anything. Paris girls as said to be well supplied with the good things of life, from perfume and chignons to claret and tripe !

My guess is that they simply of oit men in the most unscrupulou

fashion,

Fifi rings her boy-friend from a department store:

"Oh, cheri, I am so un'appy—I ave all zees 'orrible parcels—m' at and negligee and ze pet-food for my poodle Gigi and ze oniom and tripe for dinner—"

The poor dinner—"

The poor dupe hurries round and shoulders the burden. While a fashion expert notes: What perfect taste that girl has — never spoils her effect by carrying a parcel—

OME SEE ME DIE

Final instalment of our mystery serial

By MARGOT NEVILLE



bell rang.

INNER was at an end, some hours later, when the doorbell

"Impossible! Don't tell me any-one's ever been three hours late for

During that hour in the drawing-oom beforehand Sarah had gone on atting off going in to dinner, waiting outing off going in to dinner, waiting or Roly. Several times she had lanced at her watch and murmured: We'll give him another five minites"; and another five—and another twe—finding herself more and more rateful to Katie for having insisted m a meal in which there was nothing o spoil.

Furthermore, with everyone now in he full flush of the cocktail spirit, linner had seemed the last thirdy mider consideration. William had tayed on, to make up for Paul's de-

tayed on, to make up for Paul's de-ection, and Sarah had watched him n a mist of happiness as he mixed afrinks and went to and from the titchen on various errands, revealing hat during her years abroad he had been welcomed here by her mother and father as a constant and intimate

However, at last, seated at the inner table, Roly's absence had begun to create an uneasy feeling a people's minds. Though his place had been cleared away, it was difficult not to be constantly reminded of his having neither come nor made an excuse. More than once this was commented on

"So odd, when if anything had prevented him at the last minute he could've rung." This from Kate.

"Are you sure when you spoke to him this morning you made it clear that it was tonight?"

"Quite sure, nothing could have been clearer. I said, "What luck you can come at such short notice."

A few minutes later, the talk having turned on somebody's new car, Roly's latest buy was also mentioned.

"What make is it?"

"I don't know; he didn't say."

"Something that'll pass everything else on the road, you can bet your life on that!"

"At Jast!" Katie exclaimed.

"Don't let him in."
"Tell him we've eaten everything."
"Tell him we've drunk every-

William got up. "I'll go, Sarah," and he went out and answered it. The sound of Grogan's and Man-ning's voices in the hall wiped the smiles off the faces at the dinner-table and the words off their lips. Heads were raised, listening, glasses were put down, eye met eye in startled inquiry. Then, at a sharp note in William's voice, chairs were pushed back and they crowded into the hall.

William turned as they came out, and with crushing plainness his face announced the new disaster. The least histrionic of men in a crisis, in this one he lifted his hands to his head for a moment, as though he hardly knew how to meet it, then came across to Sarah.

"It's Roly," he said. "He's dead."

"Yes," she barely breathed.

"Oh, dear, isn't that mad of him!"

Laurette deplored this.
It was soon after that the door-

"Yes," she barely breathed.

She had known it. How had she known it? No premonition need be claimed. Rather, there had been an underground reasoning going on which had warned her that Theda Berry's death, and the shooting at William, and the stealthy entering of the house by someone were all leading up to a further explosion of violence. Still, the inner conviction was a world away from the flat statement of the fact spoken here and now by William.

"He's in his car," he went on, "not far from the gate."

After the first outery there was a

After the first outcry there was a After the first outery there was a silence; and then they were hearing the detailed account of Roly's killing in the inspector's level clinically mild tone; that he was slumped over the wheel of his car with a bullet wound in his head; that he had been killed from two to three hours ago. The man that lived three doors away had found him. This was Mr. Carson, he'd been taking his dog Mr. Carson, he'd been taking his dog for a walk and when he'd set off for the stroll along the river bank at about nine o'clock he'd noticed THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WERKLY - April 29, 1964

the car drawn up by the side of the road not far from his own gate.

"You two look very happy," Debbie said to William and Sarah when she and Conrad came into the room.

On his way back home, about half an hour later, he'd seen the car still there, and thinking, naturally, it'd be empty, and wanting to have a look at it—a handsome late model —he'd gone round to the front, and then he'd seen the driver apparently dead at the wheel, and had hurried into his house and telephoned the

The driver at the wheel. Sarah re-called how often she had seen him there, had sat beside him going to dances, or bush picnics, or polo matches; had seen him managing his car with the same loving mastery with which he rode a horse or part-nered a girl round the dance floor; with the same obvious pleasure with which he exercised any of his skills. Roly with his boundless love of life—it was impossible to believe him

Yet dead he was in this violent fashion, all in one shattering second, and on his way to yet another enjoyment of drinks and dinner in this welcoming circle. His entrance would have put an added sparkle into welcoming circle. His entrance would have put an added sparkle into Katie's manner, brightened Laurette's smile, and made herself and Debbie feel again like those exquisite dewyeyed schoolgirls — "little Debbie," "little Sarah" — who had once so constituted in his notice. revelled in his notice.

The flood of memories of Roly's personality had shut out from Sarah for a long minute any conjecture as to who could have committed this atrocious crime. For that minute it was as though a bolt from the sky had come down, blotting him out, and not some enemy who hated him to this extremity.

The Law, however, didn't indulge in these flights from reality, wasn't diverted for even a minute from the job of probing into his killing. The inspector's glance was shrewd and speculative in turn on each face

which before-dinner cocktails, and

To page 58

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Slice 'N' Bake

Butter Jiffies

These take-it-easy Butter Jiffes really live up to their name — they're made in a jiffy, gone almost as fast.

12ozs. plain flour (3 cups), } cup castor sugar, ‡ tea-spoon salt, 8 ozs. butter, 1 egg, Iced water.

Sift flour, sugar and salt together in a mixing bowl. Cut in butter with 2 table knives in a criss-cross action. Beat egg and sufficient water to make up 1/8 cup. Sprinkle over butter and flour and mix to a firm dough. Divide mixture into 4 portions and form one portion into a roll 6" long x 14' in diameter. Wrap in foil greaseproof paper and chill in refrigerator over night Cut roll into 4" slices and place in a greased oven tray; bake 10 to 15 minutes. Remove from oven and loosen each biscuit with a knife and allow to cool on tray. When biscuits are cold store in airtight container

HEREBERHERE HER

To the other 3 portions add any of the following suggestions; then treat in the same way as the instructions for the plain portion.

1 Add { cup of chopped walnuts and 1 tsp. cinnamon.

2 Add 1 tsp. of almond essence and a pinch of nutmeg.

3 Add + cup of chopped glace cherries and | tsp. of pink food colouring.

4 Add | cup of chopped green apple and ‡ tsp. ground cloves.

5 Add | cup of chopped pea nuts and | tsp. lemon rind.

6 Add 1 thspn. of chopped mint and 1 tsp. lemon juice.

7 Add 1 tbspn. almond meal and 1 tsp. almond essence.

8 Add 1 tbspn. of orange or mandarin rind and 2 thspn. desiccated occonut.

9 Add ; cup of finely chopped chocolate and 1 tsp. rum

10 Add 2 tsp. orange rind and & cup chopped dates.

11 Add I tsp. peanut butter and I tsp. apricot conserve.

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Another golden Butter Recipe from the

Dairy-Foods Kitchens of the Australian Dairy Produce Board



是是是是是是是是是是

She implicitly trusted her intuition ... a dramatic short story

()F MANA

By EVELYN SLAATTEN

SHE saw her husband's head bobbing above the crowd in the airport terminal and called: "Kurt! I'm over here." And he turned, surprised to see her, but no

He pushed through the people and asked: "How is it that you met this plane? I told you I would be on the evening flight."

childishly pretty face at his tone. She offered Helena's ickered at his tone. to help him with his bags.

When they were driving toward their home, he again demanded to know how it was she had met that plane. Had Mr. Troy told her of the change? She replied that no one had told her. He became more annoved at this answer. So she annoyed at this answer. So she said: "I just felt it, that's all."

"Helena, you're crazy." He stepped hard on the accelerator, driving skilfully but ruthlessly, cutting in on more timid drivers. suppose you are in one of your ridiculous 'second sight' moods again. Why don't you go to a doctor? I've warned you that unless

"What are L to do with a warrant
"""
"But it's true, Kurt," she insisted stubbornly. "You know that when I have these feelings they all come true. They come in threes," she added as if that would make it all clear to him.
"What are L to do with a warrant."

"What am I to do with a woman with sawdust in her head? Have you been able to remember that we are entertaining Mr. Troy, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Steeves, and their wives on Wednesday night?" Tears brimmed in her eyes as she

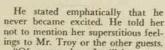
Tears brimmed in her eyes as she declared that she wasn't a complete scatterbrain. She also mentioned that Mr. Troy did not have a wife, which made it awkward.

"He is the head of the firm. He doesn't need a wife,"

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"If you don't know by now, it is no use explaining. To put it in simple, plain English, Mr. Troy is a most important man and a lot depends upon how things go Wednesday night. Can you understand that?"

So she said that Mr. Troy was very sweet and kind to her when he, Kurt, was away on business. And she couldn't see why he became distraught at any mention of the man. THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1964



not to mention her superstitious feelings to Mr. Troy or the other guests. "Of course, dear. I will be a very efficient wife, so you will be proud of me. Do you think chicken cacciatore will be all right?"

"This is no night for one of your cassergles. I told you think chicken

On Wednesday night, cars lined the gravel driveway of the Kurt Arnhem house. The cars were sleek, the wives, too.

Helena looked the homely brown with honoring about the transfer.

wren hopping about the terrace.
lighting candles, asking if the music
was to their taste and she did hope
the dinner would be nice.
No one really listened to her for

long, so she went over to Mr. Troy. As head of the firm, he often ended un sitting by himself after the pre-liminary fawnings by his subordin-

She was enjoying herself until the evening breeze wafted over from the deserted Cavelli home next door, bringing her . . a message.

door, bringing her . . . a message. Her face suddenly became pale under the rouge which she had carefully applied with amateur hands to please Kurt. Her breath fluttered.

fluttered.

She jumped up from the metal garden seat, darted across the grass, and disappeared through the bramble hedge into the trees.

Kurt struggled to keep his voice under control as he asked Mr. Troy what had happened. But Mr. Troy said he, too, was at a loss.

There was nothing for Kurt to do then but so after his wife—all the

then but go after his wife-all the time feeling the stabbing eyes o his guests standing in frozen tableau

Helena emerged from the trees as he skirted the tulip beds. Her brown lace dress was tattered and torn and she looked all forlorn.



"Will you sit in the rear of the plane, Kurt?" Helena pleaded with her husband at the airport.

They all circled around, asking what had happened

"I thought a child was drowning in the pond," she said.

in the pond," she said.
"Go into the house and change your clothes," Kurt said. But Mr. Troy placed his dinner jacket on her shivering shoulders and asked how could she think a child was drowning—had she heard a sound?

Her eyes begged for trust as she said that it was a feeling, that these feelings came in threes and always came true. Mr. Troy looked understanding.

When the guests were departing, Mr. Troy told Kurt: "About the Thy toll Kull: About the trip tomorrow, on that big contract—I think I'll come along. Please make the necessary arrangements." He clasped Helena's cold hands in his before leaving.

Kurt closed the stout, oaken door after the guests. His face, too, was closed to her. She tried to take his arm while crying out: "I'm sorry for what happened!" He made no answer as he systematically turned out the lights and checked ashtrays out the lights and checked ashtrays for burning embers. She followed him about, pleading that she was sorry, but how could she leave a child to drown? "A child, Kurt!" He turned on her: "So where is this child that was drowning?" and she hung her head, whispering that the feeling was still upon her.

"I've had just about enough!" he "I've had just about enough!" he said. "Did you hear what Mr. Troy said about coming on the trip to-morrow? Now he doesn't trust me to handle it alone. Thanks to you." "But I said I'm sorry," she cried. "Why can't you believe my feelings are true?" "Never will I believe your insane

ramblings, your unscientific, maudlin, trashy woman's intuition. Never will I believe without proof!"

The next morning came clear blue. It was a perfect day.
At the airport, Helena pleaded with her husband. "Kurt, would you do something for me?"
"What?"

"Will you sit in the rear of the

He became angry, "Don't tell me you have another one of your feel-ings—not after what happened last night! I have had more than a man can bear. When I return I will seek a divorce.

a divorce."

"You can't do that, Kurt!" she cried. "Who will take care of me?"

"Be quiet. Here comes Mr. Troy."

"Good morning. Lovely day," Mr. Troy greeted them. "I find I cannot make the trip after all. You will have to go alone. Return my ticket, will you?" To Helena, he said: "I will call you later."

Kurt's temper improved with the

said: "I will call you later."

Kurt's temper improved with the departure of Mr. Troy. "I will have a cup of coffee," he said. "Here are the tickets. Return one of them and get a refund. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you." She did not look up from the newspaper. She was reading an item about how police had the previous night saved a child from drowning in a pond on the deserted Cavelli acres.

"I hear you perfectly, Kurt," she said, looking from the newspaper to the boarding passes he had handed to her. One was for seat number 44 in the rear of the plane. The other was for seat number 3 in the forward section.

"I will take care of everything

"I will take care of everything for you." She said it with a smile.

(Copyright)



Fashion changes in suits

• 1964 is a good year for suits. There are all sorts of happenings, but few whims and follies. Jackets are slightly more fitted, but still at ease. Shoulders have new width. Tweeds are thicker yet lighter. Smooth wools are often in gay colors. Skirts will remain short into the spring.



DIOR's young-girl look for grown-ups (above) is a new suit trend for spring. The jacket is short and fitted, the skirt is a whirl of pleats.



MILITARY suit (above) from Maison Dior. The double-buttoned, longer jacket and slightly squared-off shoulders show the autumn suit theme.



A MUFFLED throatline is one of the newest looks in autumn - winter suit fashions. The look is achieved by a high collar or a cravat with its ends knotted and tucked in neatly. The muffled look was shown in the Dior autumn collection. Maison Dior also promoted a military silhouette.

The latter was portrayed by a longer, leaner jacket with broadened and slightly squared-off shoulders. The square shoulderline is neither masculine nor exaggerated—it is gentle and rather feminine. At times, slight padding is used to achieve the "square."

The padre hat added interest to Cardin's elegant, easy-fit autumn suits. The hats were made to match in color the suit fabric, or they were in fur. Vivid color plus a fur trim was a popular autumn twosome contributed by Nina Ricci. This new look of colored suit plus fur trim is strictly for town wear.

Balmain's holly-red suit has its own matching short coat. In traditional tailor's language, current suits are beautifully built; they would never be mistaken for two-piece dresses.

Forward fashion notes:

Spring suits will have interesting skirts—they include a whirl of pleats and a skirt with handkerchief points. Trim schoolgirl jackets embrace the young look in spring fashion. Little - girl jackets can be blazers or shortcut.

A basque jacket, a revival of the 'thirties, is important. Flag colors—red, white, and blue are the newest spring color trend from Maison Dior.

- BETTY KEEP

Overleaf: Trend-setters

AUTUMN suit (left) from Dior has a jacket fitted close to the body and finished with a throat-concealing collar. The suit is in tweed.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - April 29, 1964



PIERRE BALMAIN adds a matching short topcoat to his elegant easy-fit tailored suit (above). Red wool fabric is flecked with black. Accessories, too, are black.

VIVID COLOR and a fur trim are combined in the suit (right). The jacket has a classic cut, the skirt is slender. The suit is from Ricci's autumn collection.



SCHOOLGIRL-TYPE suit from Maison Dior (above) is typical of the fresh young look in spring fashions. The blazer jacket

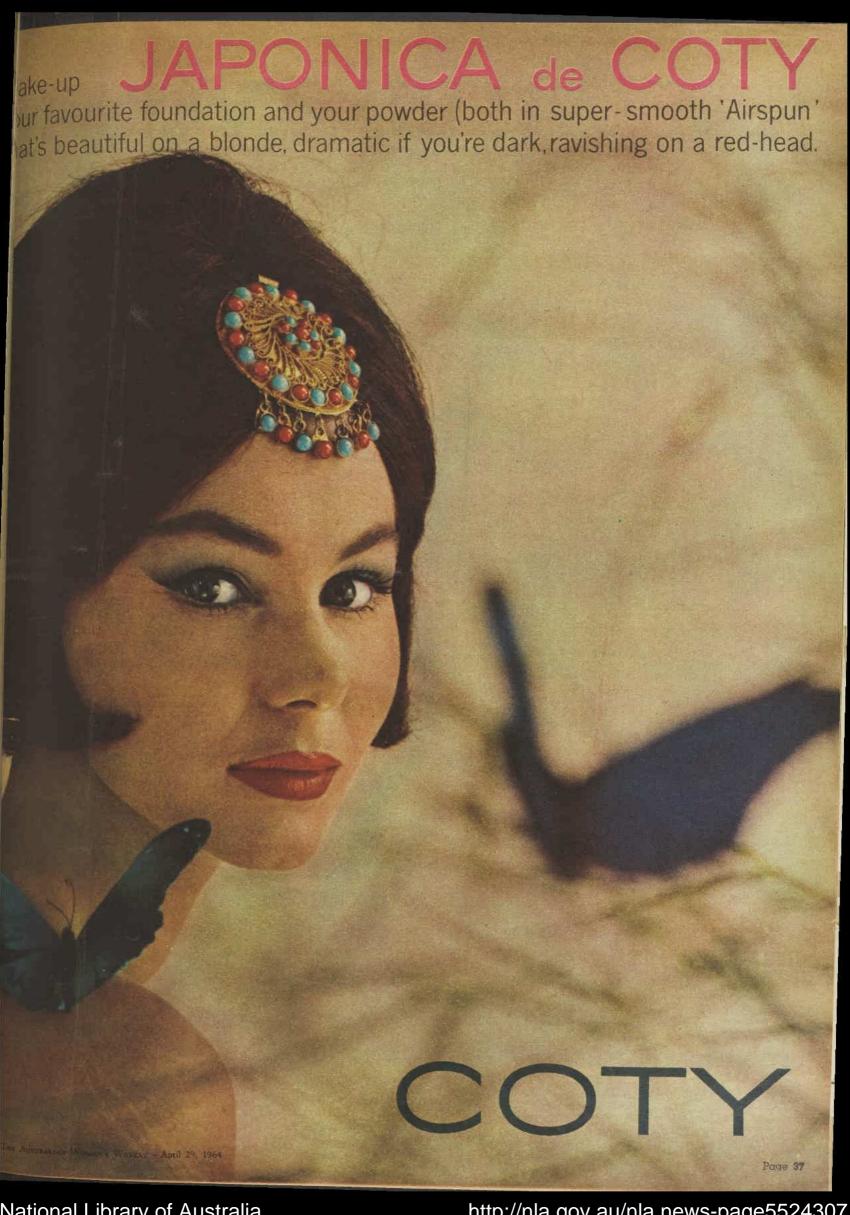
with a textured surface.

has a self-tab fastening. TWEED SUIT (right) has a double-breasted jacket and straight skirt. The tweed (like many winter fabrics) is featherweight, with a terrival Page 36



Celestial colour-harmony in match First time ever! Coty colour-matche texture) in one enchanting new in LIGHT 'Light and Lovely' 'Instant Beauty' ingufoundation for dry onormal skin, each 10/ Bloom Lotion liquid for very oily skin, 8/9. Cream Powder in golden compact, 19/6: 'Slim-pack' refill, 10/9. 'Duette' Compact with lipstick, 29/6. 'Airspun' Face Powder for matte finish over make-up, 10/9. Whichever Coty foun-dation or powder you choose, for dry, normal or oily skin, ask for it in the one new shade, 'JAPONICA' Coty's ex-clusive super smooth 'Airspun' texture is the secret of this perfect matched make-up.

PERSON WOMEN'S WHEREY - April 29, I



ress Sense by BETTY KEEP

• The planned costume look is very new in fashion and I chose this theme to answer a reader's request for an all-purpose ensemble. Part of the reader's letter and my reply are published below.



6125.—Dress and coat available in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in, bust. Vogue pattern 6125, price 9/6 includes postage. Patterns available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W.

"COULD I have a pattern for a smart outfit suitable to wear in the daytime and also after 5? I take a size 36in. bust."

I suggest one of the season's new overcoat-jackets and a sleeveless one-piece dress. For general day wear the twosome could be worn together for a costume look. After five the dress minus the coat would look formal and pretty. See illustrations above and right. Details and how to order are given under the top picture.

"I have an evening frock with one of the new plunging neck-lines. What sort of bra should I wear? The evening bra I usually wear at night shows."

You should wear a long-line, backless, and strapless bra.

"Please tell me the correct way to
iron silk crepe."
Silk crepe needs a moderately hot iron and should
be pressed on the wrong side.
It must not be pressed with
any moisture — so don't
damp the cloth.

any moisture -damp the cloth.

"I have made myself a sleeveless, floorlength evening shift.
It is high in front, and
the low back has
narrow shoulder-straps ending in a bow. The frock looks rather like a nightgown, and as I still have more of the material I wondered if you could suggest an idea to improve its appearance."

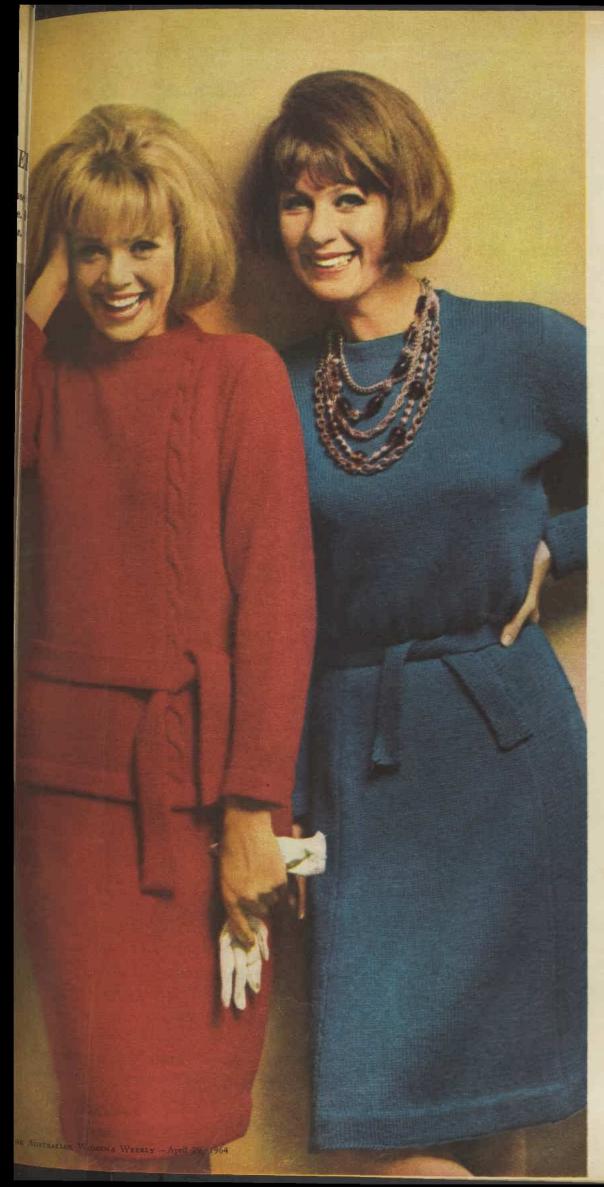
Make the front of the dress slightly more fitted, and add a gathered back panel joined in the side seams. These simple alterations should make the silhouette

"I have saved up to buy a string of cultured pearls and wondered if you would advise me to buy a double or single strand."

I advise a single row of pearls that comes to about the middle of your chest. This single strand neckline is very versatile and can be worn in two or three strands or in one long strand a la Chanel.



Page 38



Neat and nice...

and such a good feeling
to knit your own
in PATONS
TOTEM



Proud and pretty, that's the way you'll feel, and soon. Amazing how quickly you'll knit the dress or suit (or both) with Patons help. The clear instructions in Knitting Book 690 are so easy to follow, and soft, pure wool Totem is a fast knitter. Dressed up or beautifully plain, your "neat and nice" knits are in for a busy life. Begin knitting tonight. With Patons Totem it won't be long before you get that good "knitted it myself" feeling.

Knit it with Patons and you'll be proud of it.



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THIS is really a season for legwatchers. They will see gay textured stockings made in colored wool and wool mixtures and a wide variety of boots,

Paris set the fashion last autumn for colored hose in tweedy patterns, often matched in color and design to the fabric of the costume with which they were worn.

Ever since Saint-Laurent and Cardin sponsored boots in Paris they have stalked through every couture collection throughout the world. Boots have caught on like wildfire in Australia but, if you intend wearing them, don't go too far.

Take thigh boots — they only look right on the right person at the right time.

Boots landed on the right person when the Baroness de Rothschild was photographed at her chateau wearing them with narrow pants.

But take it from me, thigh boots don't fit into the Australian way of

life. And, after all, they were designed for cold European winters.

Another provocative and amusing European winter accessory is the knee-high white kid gaiter.

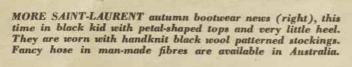
Adding equal parts chic and sheer comfort is the new "nanny" shoe with a low, unshaped heel. In Paris, "nanny" shoes are made in suedes and grainy leathers.

Without doubt this is the most dynamic season afoot,

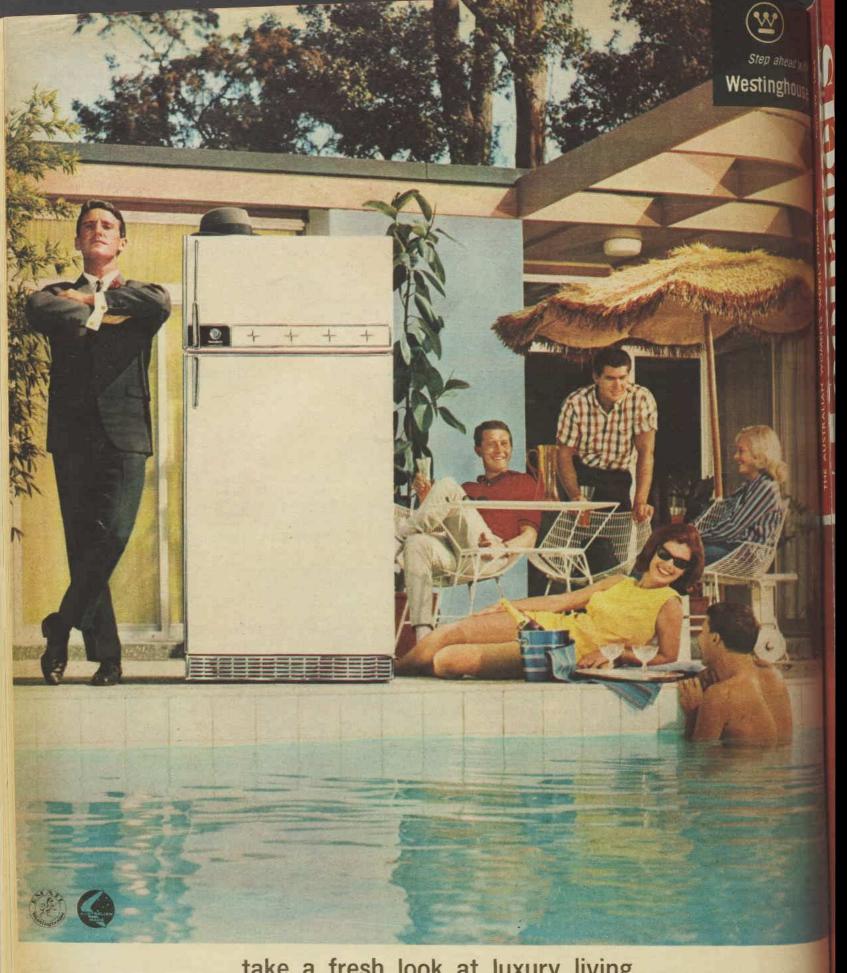
- BETTY KEEP

TOWN BOOTS (right) are typical of those seen around Paris. The boots are kneehigh and made in black shiny kid. Pierre Cardin designed them for his autumn collection.









take a fresh look at luxury living

Dream up your list for luxury living—1964 style. How high on your list would you rate the pool and patio?

patio?
Certainly above the refrigerator which you've come to accept as a dutiful necessity!
But isn't it ice-age thinking to regard today's refrigerator this way?
Westinghouse designers think so.
They've gone way out for luxury as well as living.
The result is here—a refrigerator that does much more than just keep food cold.
This refrigerator takes the shop-and-carry out

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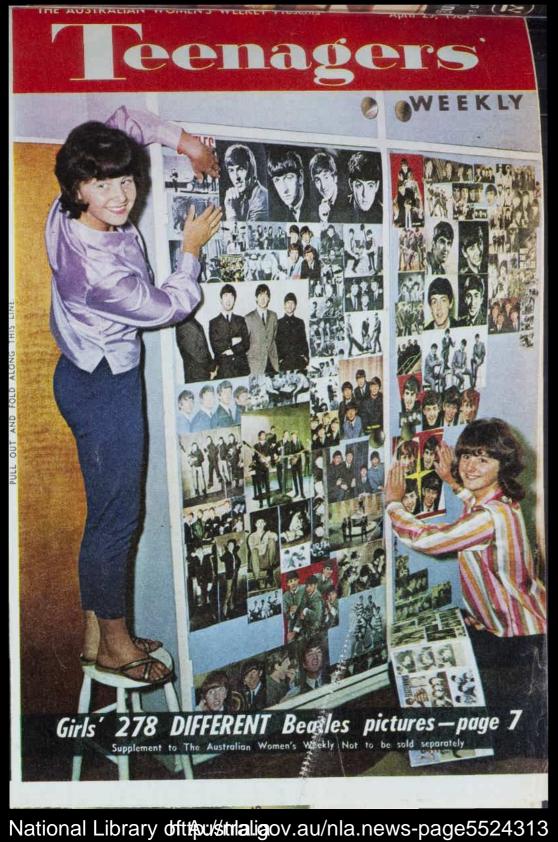
of party hostessing or meal planning. You can buy a whole supermarket-load of food at once and know your Westinghouse will keep it fresh. And see—two doors, two completely separate compartments.

compartments. Inveterate food-peepers (every family has them) can open and shut the lower cabinet all day without affecting the goodness of your special luxury items in the roomy home-freezer up top. The refrigerator never needs defrosting. The ice cubes won't stick together. There's luxury living in every thoughtful detail.

Close by there's a Westinghouse retailer proud if show you all the practical details of this properties and to talk about a luxury tradeprice for your current model.

No swimming pool? Westinghouse looks great in your kitchen, tool You can be sure if it's

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY



Why have school uniforms?

I FIND that one of the drawbacks of secondary education is being com-pelled to wear a school

Having to wear a hat, e, blue shirt, and collegetie, blue shirt, and collegegrey trousers, be side sbeing unattractive, unfashionable, and uncomfortable, is (I feel) a denial
of my personal freedom.

In primary school I did
not wear uniform, and if
I attend university I will
not be asked to wear it.
So why is it that we,
secondary-school students,
are compelled to wear uniforms? — Ross Holmes,
Toowoomba, Qld.

"Old hat"

DURING Adelaide's recent Festival of Arts
I was lucky enough to
attend the very well-done
production of Shakespeare's "Henry V." and
was thoroughly intrigued
by the actors' costumes.
It wasn't their monoral

It wasn't their unusual style that commanded my attention. On the contrary, the similarity of today's men's fashions to these 15th-century creations was quite extraordinary.

Tights (akin to skin-Tights (akin to skin-tight trousers now worn) in off-beat colors and topped by long jackets were apparently in vogue in Henry V's day, too. Beards, currently popular, were also the order of fashion, and to crown it all—the hairstyles!

The shaggy hairdos of the actors were in almost perfect Beatle style Which only proves that fashion

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

does not advance — it merely moves in circles, even if they are large ones. — M. Roos, Brighton, S.A. really not looking forwards.

Barracking

BEFORE leaving for an BEFORE leaving for an inter-school sports meeting we were given strict instructions not to chant the school's name when cheering on a competitor. We were also told there was to be no organised barracking.

Along with my whool-

Along with my school-mates, I consider that ridiculous. Isn't barrack-ing for one's school one of the main reasons non-com-petitors attend? "A Protester," Noble Park, Vic.

Pampered teens

ON the whole, tolerance toward young people is practised more today than it ever has been. Teenagers are pampered by society in everything they do.

by society in everything they do.

In all the schools, homes, and lecture halls that I have visited, teenagers' opinions are listened to with flattering interest, and even if they are not agreed with they are not ruthlessly squashed. Adults are not despotic, and if you treat them with respect they will normally treat you with respect. The attitude of "children should be seen and not heard" is strictly mid-Victorian. "Satisfied Teenager," North Cronulla, N.S.W.

Next week . . .

Be Read how Elvis stands now, in the face of The Beatles' fantastic popularity. Elvis is on the cover and there's also a color pin-up of his romantic interest, Ann-Margret. Bustractions to knit the latest in socks. See color pictures of, and a fascinating story about, Australia's youngest-ever Olympics swimmer. ******************************

SHORTLY I will be a teenager, and am really not looking forward to it because I think it is fussy, costs a lot, and you usually have to be really neat and tidy.

There's nothing better than being young, with no fashions to worry about, and only schoolwork. Do other readers agree?

"Violet," Glenroy, Vic.

Photo-finish

VISITING a friend, I overheard his father tell his (my pal's!) seven-year-old brother that he had to do something about the scribblings on the walls of his room.

walls of his room.

Next time I was over there, I passed the room, and noticed that he HAD done something about it. The scribblings were covered with 128 pictures of The Beatles! — James Huggett, Kelvin Grove, Britbane.

Judo for girls

How many girls have ever thought of learning judo? You might think, "What, me wrestle?" or, "How unladylike!" But now that I have learned, I feel much safer going out alone.

It is not hard to learn, and there are a number of places, both in the city and suburbs, where tuition is given.

So, girls, learn this womanly art of self-protection, and guard yourself against those wolves.

L. Fitzgerald, Bankstown, N.S.W.

I go round with have branded me a square, as I like classical music and not noisy jazz or stomp

Why can't teenagers have individual tastes in music the same as adults, instead of following each other — just to stay popular? — Lindsay Steen, Croydon Park, N.S.W.

Club hints

THERE is a small group of teenagers in this town who think it is a dead town (I am one of them), and we have decided to establish a small club for teenagers.

The group is fairly well behaved, and would need very little "adult look-after."

we have decided to meet once a week and on one weekend night. Our ages range from 14 to 17.

Do readers have any ideas to help us get started? — A. Hubbard, Walgett, N.S.W.

Speechless

WHY is it that when I WHY is it that when I begin to write a letter I can never think of anything to say? Before I begin to write I always know exactly what I have to say — and it is usually clear enough to sound intelligent.

But when I actually be-But when I actually be-gin writing, my thoughts become jumbled, and no matter how or what I say it always sounds like mad ravings.

I have rewritten this three times — I know what I want to say but not how to say it. Is it a problem of simple expression? I was usually obtaining "As" for English essays in high school, so either standards are poor or my command of English is slipping.

Did anyone else notice

Bach-biters

I CLASS myself as an average teenager, whose most treasured possession friends, so I write letters is a small transistor radio. The crowd of teenagers side, Qld.

English is slipping.

Did anyone else notice this problem in themselves?

If so, how did they overcome it? I have two penficiends, so I write letters often. — Cheryl, Morning-ide, Qld.

Page 2 - Teenagers' Weekly

My advice is to apply to a stock and station agent (there are agents in all major cities) for a posi-tion in the bush.

I had several jobs in Sydney before going to Queensland, where I was a jackeroo. I then came to Narrandera and am now an overseer. I also have 1300 acres at Matong, N.S.W.

I am only 22 and have an excellent future. There is ample opportunity on the land for smart young lads. — Ian Brooks, Nar-randera, N.S.W.

Fighting words

IT is becoming extremely fashionable to mention the increasing likelihood of war, yet the average Australian teenager scoffs at any form of military training.

I would suggest to any teenager who is becoming anxious at the proximity of war to our shores that he join a C.M.F. or he join a C.M. school cadet group.

Although this is not Although this is not the only training one needs to become a soldier (or airman), it does pro-vide basic knowledge of warfare.

Thus, instead of bemoaning the indifference of everyone but himself, he should take some constructive action.—Geoff Lawson, North Adelaide.

Smart repairs ior sneakers

IF the "uppers" of your sneakers are getting holes in them, here is an idea to brighten them up.

Collect as many dif-ferent pieces of tartan as you can and cut them into patches which will cover the holes. Then, using cotton the same color as the sneakers, blanket-stitch the patches over the holes.

Since I did mine, many people have asked me where I bought those jazzy sneakers! - Sue Mackie, Inverell, N.S.W.

Jobs on land

I HAVE often heard of boys living in the cities frequently changing jobs and not finding one suitable for them.

My advice is to apply to a stock and station

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I wonder what The Beatles would say about that? — "Another Fan," Wollongong, N.S.W.

No homework

I DO not see why we should have homework.

should have homework. You come home from school, and instead of having a break from schoolwork you have to spend the rest of the afternoon doing homework.

If we stayed back at school every afternoon to do the work, there would be no need to start again once we got home. Do other, people agree with me?—"Homework Hater," Northbridge, N.S.W.



Should a girl lead a boy a merry dance?

■ Is it fair, asked "Fair Play" (T.W., 11/3/64), for a girl to accept regular invitations from a boy with whom she likes dancing, but to whom she knows she will never be more than a friend?

A BOY does not like to
be strung along, even
if it is unintentional. It
makes the moment of parting harder for both, and
eventually, when the
break-up does occur, the
hoy is left more than a
little disillusioned, perhaps thinking he has offended in some way. They
will not part with the
same relationship they enjoyed while dating.

Therefore, it is in the
girl's interest, as well as
the boy's, to discontinue as
gently as possible this
regular dating and to
start looking around for
a "more suitable companion." — "Mac," Boronia, Vic. A BOY does not like to

onia, Vic.

IT is O.K. for a girl to accept an invitation now and then from someone who is only a good friend, but not regularly.

If she wishes to meet someone who is "more interesting" she would have to widen her scope by looking around to show the other guys that she is eligible. — Joe. Coote, Ryde, N.S.W.

YOU have no problem, my girl. Catch the first train to N.S.W. Here

first train to N.S.W. Here most boys are always looking for a girl like you, who wants only to be good friends.

Here, once a boy leaves school and dates a girl more than twice, he automatically becomes excellent marriage material in the eyes of family females.

Jack Norman, Crows Nest, N.S.W. PROVIDED both of you agree, I think you will find an occasional outing (say once a month) would work out fine.

I was placed in the same position as you and found the once-a-month date worked very well. This has been going on for almost a year now, and women's Weekly — April 29, 1964

Here, once a boy leaves school and dates a girl more than twice, he automatically becomes excellent marriage material in the eyes of family females.

Jack Norman, Crous There are many surprises in life, and, don't forget, your feelings could still change toward this boy.—

C. A. Mott, Llangothlin, N.S.W.

we are still only good friends. — "Anne," Sherwood, Qld.

IT is O.K. for a girl to accept an invitation now and then from someone who is only a good friend, but not regularly, If she wishes to meet someone who is "more interesting" she would have the widen her score by look.

He probably feels the

He probably feels the same way about the girl, but she should be able to "factorise that equation."

"Dancer," Bondi Junction, N.S.W.

YOU should continue to go out with this boy, but also to let other boys date you, if you approve of them.

Teenagers' Weekly - Page 3

Group's new 'twist'

Sydney folk-singing trio The Tolmen - who will perform in schools, colleges,

schools, colleges, and universities all over Australia — believe there are no original Australian folksongs!

"WE create quite an upset when we say that "Waltzing Matilda and Click Go the Shears' are only bush ballads, although they are the closest thing to folksongs we've found," said Gordon Tolman, 25, manager, guitarist, and baritone for the group.

"We believe that most of our so-called folksongs stem from overseas tunes of our so-called folksongs stem from overseas tunes of the series of the content of the group.

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"But on our travels we'll be looking out for any old families or characters that may have hidden folksones tunes of our so-called folksongs stem from overseas tunes of the group.

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"But on our travels we'll be looking out for any old families or characters that may have hidden folksones at the state of the content of the group.

"But on our travels world in our own modern style," said tenor and arranger for the trio, Lew Jones, 25.

During the past two years The Tolmen have appeared on most national TV variety shows, including "Bandstand," "Saturday of the past wo years The Tolmen have appeared on most national travels and guitarist should be a contract with the Arts Council of Australia folksongs to travel all over Australia folksongs to travel all over Australia to travel all over Australia presenting folksongs.

"We'll be introducing folksongs to travel all over Australia presenting students.

"But on our travels of the past two years The Tolmen have appeared on most national tra

on folksinging

By KERRY YATES

on several interstate tours and have played and

on several interstate tours and have played and entertained at dances and clubs around Sydney.

"We did a bit of everything — spirituals, folksongs, and musical comedy numbers," said Gordon.
"But now we'll only concentrate on folksinging."

The Tolmen are at present working on a folksong LP and recently released a single record, "Don't Book Me, Officer" (a comedy "send-up") backed by their own folk composition "Moonie," about the Moonie oilfields in Queensland.

Full-time job

And they've also recorded "A Tribute To The Voyager's Gallant Men"—a ballad about the recent R.A.N. tragedy. Proceeds from sales will be given to the relatives of the

Proceeds from sales will be given to the relatives of the lost men.

The Tolmen have given up their regular jobs and other hobbies for their new venture, as they expect it to be a full-time job.

Geoff was a telephone technician and studied classical singing at the Sydney Conservatorium.

"Opera is my main love," he said, "but there's no money in it—so I'll have to put it aside for a while."

Lew worked as a com-

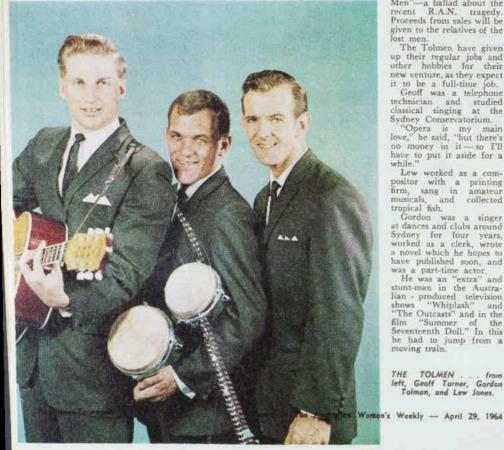
have to put it aside for a while."

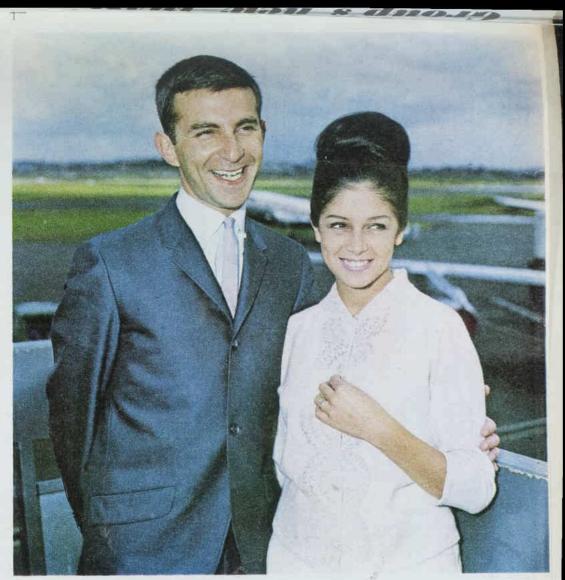
Lew worked as a compositor with a printing firm, sang in amateur musicals, and collected tropical fish.

Gordon was a singer at dances and clubs around Sydney for four years, worked as a clerk, wrote a novel which he hopes to have published soon, and was a part-time actor.

He was an "extra" and stunt-man in the Australian - produced television shows "Whiplash" and "The Outcasts" and in the film "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll." In this he had to jump from a moving train. he had to jump from moving train.

THE TOLMEN . . . from left, Geoff Turner, Gordon Tolman, and Lew Jones.





IF you hear pretty singer Robyn Alvarez, 20, humming "South of The Border," you can bet your boots she's singing about Melbourne—and a certain young man.

For it was in Melbourne that she fell in love with handsome radio station executive David Joseph (Robyn is pictured with him above), and now they are planning to marry.

Two months ago Robyn flew to Melbourne to fulfil a television contract, and at first she missed her Sydney friends and family. Then "Bandstand" producer Warwick

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 29, 1964

Melbourne and in those two months their two-year friendship developed into love. When Robyn came home she announced she was going to marry David and took family and friends by surprise.

Robyn plans to keep on singing after her wedding (in about 12 months)—"so long as it doesn't interfere with my marriage."

They will live in Melbourne, as David works there. Robyn had planned a trip to America this year, but has postponed it and hopes to go with David after they are married.—DIANE ROBERTS.

Teenagers' Weekly - Page 5

BRAILLE DEVISER WAS BLIND 19-YEAR-OLD

 Speaking on the 100th anniversary of the death of a great humanitarian, famous blind deaf mute Helen Keller said: "We, the blind, are as indebted to Louis Braille as mankind is to Gutenberg . . ."

SHE was, of course, comparing
Louis Braille's system of raised
dots, which had opened the world
of letters to millions of sightless,
with Gutenberg's printing developments and their value to the more
fortunate people with sight.

fortunate people with sight.

Actually, Louis Braille had not been born blind. For three precious years he played with his brothers and sister like any other normal child. Then it happened.

Braille's father was a harnessmaker in Coupvray, a village 20-odd miles east of Paris. The family home consisted of two rooms—one unstairs and one diver.

upstairs and one down.

Braille, sen, plied his trade in a partitioned portion of the down-stairs room, and one of his young son's amusements was to play with the tools he used.

Frantic efforts failed

One tragic day, when the father was too busy properly to supervise the child's play, accidentally Louis was spiked in the eye with a sharp awl.

The sight of this eye was lost immediately, and, as fate would have it, an infection developed in the good eye not long after.

Despite frantic efforts to save the eye, methods being what they were in those days, Louis soon became completely blind.

Then began the long, slow, and painful efforts at learning to do things for himself, and to find his way around the village.

Braille's father died when the boy was 10, but, fortunately, he had en-tered the boy's name for admission to a school for the blind in Paris. Louis was accepted at the school in 1819.

His new home opened up a whole new world for the blind youngster. He soon became its most zealous

Page 6 - Teenagers' Weekly

pupil, learnt to play the violoncello and the organ, developing a touch which was decided, brilliant, and

In time he graduated, but, being such a sympathetic teenager, with a deep and genuine understanding of the problems of the blind, he decided to stay on at the school as a teacher.

Inspired by soldier

Casting around some time later for a better method of teaching the blind to read than the institute's pitiful collection of cumbersome, embossed books, each divided into 20 parts and each part weighing 20lb. Louis heard of a system of touch reading which had been invented by an Army officer named Charles Barbier.

Barbier's system of dot and dash symbols, punched out on thick paper, was designed to enable Army officers to read important or secret messages at night without having to run the risk of lighting a lamp or

Barbier had settled in Paris the same year that Braille came to the capital. He had, in fact, actually submitted his invention to the achool for the blind in the hope that it might prove of some use to its scholars. The head of the school, however, rejected the proposal as impractical.

When Braille heard of it, on the other hand, his nimble mind immediately saw the possibilities of the idea. He lost little time in setting about with eager determination to modify and adapt the scheme to the special needs of the blind.

He quickly found three obvious faults with Barbier's system. It required the use of a cipher, a real complication for the blind. It was phonetic rather than alphabetical. And it took up far too much space.



LOUIS BRAILLE

Braille reduced the officer's 12-dot letters to 6. This brought the unit within the span of the human finger-tip.

By a simple arithmetical arrangement, consisting of varying combin-ations of one or more dots in a 6-dot oblong, he then completed his system — alphabet, punctuation,

Louis Braille was just 19 at the

The young inventor modestly mentioned the new system to the head of the school. But the an-nouncement was not received with any great enthusiasm.

Fortunately, this did not deter the blind teenager, who spent the next five years perfecting his sys-tem and teaching it quietly to his own pupils at the school.

"Stamp of genius"

During this time Braille also in-vented a special stylus and slate with which the blind could write, with which the blind could write, as well as starting work on a system of musical and mathematical notations, and went on unacclaimed, tapping his way about in the dark hours and crooked passages at the school.

passages at the school.

Louis Braille died back in the little village of Coupvray in 1852, two years before his system was finally adopted by his old school, and a quarter of a century before it was accorded international recognition by the Blind and Deaf Mute Congress of 1878.

Like the Roman alphabes, the

Like the Roman alphabet, the Morse code, and other very simple inventions, it bore the stamp of supreme genius and as such has prevailed.



MENUAL MANAGEMENT 'ART' GALLER



Properly bitten by The Beatles bug, sisters Pat and Janice Thorpe, of Croydon, Victoria, spend most of their spare time - and a fair percentage of their pocket-money collecting pictures of The Beatles.

JANICE sticks them

JANICE sticks them neatly into a big album, and Par sticks them equally neatly on the blue cumboard doors in the bedroom they share. At time of writing, a "census" showed they had 278 DIFFERENT pictures!

Janice, a 13-year-old Form Two student at Croydon High School, started work on her Beatles album last November and already has 142 magazine and newspaper pictures in it, all arranged artistically and with a fine eye to detail.

eve to detail.

Every picture is different—no duplicates are allowed under local rules, except on the face of the album, which is already nearly half-covered with repetitions of the words "The Beatles" in varying types and colors.

All but three of the 29 girls in Janice's class at school collect Beatles pictures, but she has the most.

When she's not leafing

tures, but she has the most.

When she's not leafing through magazines and papers for Beatles pictures, and putting them carefully into her album, fair-haired Janice (whose hairdo looks suspiciously moppishly Beatlish, but she says it's not. "It's not right at the sides, you see, she explained seriously) is keen on swimming.

And listening to Beatles

And listening to Beatles

And listening to Beatles records.

Asked why she's such a Beatles fan, Janice replied:

"I like their music and I like their personalities.

They're natural and not not not all the time."

Older sister Pat, 15-year-old Form Four Intermediate pupil at Croy-

don High, started later than Janice with her collection of Beatles pictures but already has 106 stuck on the bedroom cupboard doors, and when our picture was taken had another 30 in hand to fill in the remaining gaps.

-Bv -FREDA IRVING

And when she's filled those gaps? "I'll start on the wall then," said brown-haired Pat.

(At this statement there was a slightly dissenting sound from her mother!)

Why does she wan them all there, though?

"Oh," she said, "because it's nice to wake up in the morning and see them first thing. That's why I think the doors and walls are better than an album. You have to turn that over to see the pictures."

Apart from The Bearles.

Apart from The Beatles, Pat is mad keen on horses and will go any distance for the chance of a canter.

But she and Janice are prepared to go even harder to be in the front ranks of The Beatles fans when the four boys from Merseyside arrive in Melbourne on June 15.

And when they do, the girls will be welcoming not only The Beatles but four fellow countrymen, for although they are now dyedin the - wool Australians, they were born in England and came to Australia with their parents ten years ago.



SURROUNDED by still more Beatles pictures to choose from, Janice Thorpe, 13, settles down to a cutting out and pasting-in session with her big Beatles album.

ON OUR COYER. Beatles pictures are stuck on the cup-board doors in their bedroom by Janice (right) and her Beatle-adm.ring sister Pat, 15.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - April 29, 1964

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Bob Rogers'

Hilarious Pacemaker interview

• The Liverpool Show is over and the artists have all returned home. But we are left with the memory of the friendliest and most co-operative cast ever to tour Australia.

The great new five-page pop music review in Everybody's magazine NEWS * PICTURES * AUSTRALIAN AND OVERSEAS CHARTS . REVIEWS * STAR DOSSIER *

STAR of the show was
Gerry Marsden, who
completely captured all
who met him with his wonderful Scouse humor.

Interviewing him and
the Pacemakers proved to
be the funniest hour I
have ever spent with a
visiting group.

Here are some of his
hilarious answers to my
questions:

Q: Gerry, you made
quite an impression when
you arrived with that John
Lennon-style cap you were
wearing.

A: It's not a John
Lennon-style hat; it's a
Gerry Marsden Sweden
Dou't wico

Dou't wico

STAR of the show was
type hat. It was specially
made for me in Sweden.

Q: Well, what about
your shoes, Are they the
cuban-style?

A: They're African
actually. They've got heels
on them to make you look
lift. 3in. when you're
really only 14ft. 2\$\frac{1}{2}\times
in.

Q: Tell us about your
new record, "Don't Let the
Sun Catch You Crying."

A: It's a song I wrote
about two years ago.
Louise Gordet recorded it.
She speeded it up and we
wanted it slow, so we
thought we'd record it the
way we wanted it. Brian
Epstein and our recording
manager helped us to
choose new material.

Q: Could you tell us
something about the famous manager Brian
Epstein?

A: He's a bit of a
'head case." 'He's mad.

A.: He's a bit of a "head case." He's mad. He writes classical music Thead case. He's mad. He writes classical music once every day, plays flute and double bass tenor. He's very young — only 103. No, he's a good lad. Well, look at he money we're makin'. He must be good! Anyway, that's what he told me to say. He said to say he's a good lad.

Q: Could you tell us about the "other group" he manages?

A.: Well, there's Ben Groovis and his Mendy Morees. Hang on, I know who you mean. A group that starts with B. The Bottles, no, The Bootles.



PATSY ANN NOBLE . . . Hit parade breakthrough?

that's it, The Beatles. I think they're makin' a name for themselves somewhere. Seriously, they have been mates of ours about five years. A great bunch of fellas. He told us to say that, and oh, yes, they write their own songs. And he said to say that John Lennon is married and has 47 children.

Q: Now, would you tell us about another artist he manages. Gilla Black?

A: Well, there's something very different about her. She's black. No, she isn't, she's white. It's very confusing. You see her real name is White and they called her Black. Anyway, she's got a black voice and a red head and white feet. Seriously, I know her very well. Together we've met oftenly. It's quite truly amazing.

Q: I believe you have worked often at the famous Cavern?

A.: Yes, we've played there a lot. It's very nice. It's dirty and it's always packed. They cram about a thousand people in and there's grime and people all over. Teenagers love it.

Q: What would you most like to do in Aus-tralia?

tralia?

A.: I'd like to see the sun now and then, go surf-ridin', and shoot kangaroos. I'm not a surfer but I'll have a go. It'd be a good giggle.

New U.S. dance craze

A NEW dance craze is breaking out in America and it's called the

Bandleader Ray Anthony discovered the dance in San Francisco in a club called The Galaxy.

Everybodys Out tomorrow 10

UP-TO THE-MINUTE U.S., BRITISH

AND LOCAL RECORD NEWS.

Now in

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GERRY (second from left) and THE PACEMAKERS

The reaction there has been similar to events at New York's Peppermint Lounge which gave the world the Twist.

world the Twist.

The dance movements resemble swim strokes. The girls wiggle their shoulders, wave their arms, and swing their hips in a most intriguing manner.

Anthony claims it is just the thing to appeal to novelty - conscious teenagers.

novelty - conscious teenagers.
Capitol Records will
shortly release two Ray
Anthony tunes associated
with the new dance. Titles
are "Let's All Do the
Swim" and "Everybody
Do the Swim."
Introducing dances is
nothing new to Anthony.
He has previously been

associated with the Bunny Hop, the Hokey Pokey, and the Twist.

Beatles in good health

good health
SO many teenagers have
written to me asking
if there is any truth in
certain rumors a bout
Ringo Starr that I think
I should clear up the matter here and now.
It is definitely NOT
true that Ringo is dying.
Nor is any of the other
Beatles suffering any dangerous ailment.

Beatles suffering any dan-gerous ailment.

How these stories start I do not know, but you may rest assured that if any such tragedy did occur it would be well publicised in the Press, on radio and TV.

In a similar vein, a woman in Washington D.C., famous for her predictions for the future, has been flooded with letters and phone calls from teenage Beatle maniacs.

The or

It seems they heard she predicted that The Beatles would be involved in a plane crash on their way to America in August.

John, Paul, George would supposedly die, while Ringo would be crippled for life. The lady denies making any such statement.

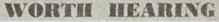
Briefly
speaking...
JOHNNY O'KEEFE
often comments that
his favorite song is "Mockingbird" by Inez Foxx.
The original version
failed to take off here but
I have a feeling that an
O'Keefe version would be
a big hit.

* * *
Norrie Paramor writes
from England to say he is
confident that Patsy Ann
Noble's next disc will be
her big breakthrough on
the English charts.

* *
An American report

"DON'T LET THE SUN CATCH YOU CRY-ING," Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia).

An American report that Paul McCartney was secretly married to Jane Asher has been officially denied by Brian Epstein.



DEBUSSY and RAVEL: Orchestral works.

Works.

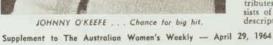
A LTHOUGH Debussy and Ravel, the French "Impressionist" composers of the earlier part of this century, had a great influence on the technique of writing for the orchestra, the number of orchestral works they wrote is surprisingly small. They made their impact not with a mass of works but with a few finely wrought and delicately colored scores.

Debussy's works for orchestra alone would hardly fill two concerts, and Ravel only wrote one "pure" orchestral concert work (excluding ballets, concertos, and arrangements).

This work is the Spanish Rhapsody of 1908, which is paired on an RCA Victorola disc with Debussy's symphonic study "La Mer" (The Sea). They are brilliantly played by one of the world's finest orchestras, the Boston Symphony, and a conductor who is a specialist in French music, Charles Munch.

"La Mer" (first performed in 1905) marks the nearest point that Debussy came to writing a symphony. It has three movements of symphonic size, and the musical scene-painting is put into the frame of a fairly strict symphonic form.

Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" (a much lighter work than "La Mer") is one of the best of the many musical tributes to Spain written by Frenchmen. It consists of four contrasting sketches, ending with a lively description of a fair. — MARTIN LONG.



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Feet always on her mind!

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

Diminutive Margaret Burvill just loves ballroom dancing - but every time she steps on to a dance-floor she has to move as gingerly as a soldier on a minefield.

THE reason is that 22year-old Margaret is Australia's super sprinter, and her feet (particularly in this Olympic year!) are much too valuable to be trampled on.

trampled on.

"A couple of feet quick-stepping in the wrong direction could injure my feet enough to affect my running," said Margaret "As a result, I look after my feet, even when the standard of dancing looks pretty high.

Margaret, a teacher of physical education and general subjects at Sear-borough High School in Western Australia, has good cause to place such value on her feet.

They have carried her at top speed into the company of the world's fastest women runners, and she is a strong hope for success at the Tokyo Games later this year.

Margaret — who hails from Como, W.A., and has the logical enough nick-name of "The Como Comet" — began to take a serious interest in athleties when she was still at school.

when she was still at school.

Her first noteworthy victory in sport was in 1958 when she won the W.A. Inter-High Schools' Athletics title for the open 220 yds, setting a record of 26.1 sec., which remains unbroken.

That same year, just to prove her talent wasn't all taken up on one track, she also set records in the Inter-High Schools' Swimming Championships for the 55 yds. breastroke and freestyle events.

Margaret, who is coached by former Olympian Shirley Strickland, has had ambitions of Supplement to The Australian

winning an Olympic blazer ever since she first donned a pair of running spikes.

spikes.

By 1962, Margaret was running well enough to be hailed as "the best Australia has seen," but her performances at the Commonwealth Games trials were weak and she was considered by many lucky to be included in the team for Perth.

Then came the national

Then came the national championships in Brisbane last year, and Margaret seemed to confirm that her earlier successes had been mere flashes in the pan.

on that occasion she failed to make the final of the 100yds., and could not run a place in the 220, so it wasn't surprising that almost everyone (except doggedly determined Margaret and never-say-die Shirley Strickland) thought her



running career was ended.
Slowly but surely Margaret was helped and encouraged back to form by her coach, and this season she's proved her world-beating potential.

During the early months of this year, the "Como Comet" boosted Australia's Olympic prospects by winning the world 220yds, record, and equalling the

world 200 metres and 100yds, times.

Now Margaret — who trains five days a week and competes on Saturdays, and yet still manages to list squash, hockey, music, and hallet among her "spare-time" interests — is running as she's never run before.

Reauty in brief

THE currently pretty and popular frosted-type nail enamels are only attractively worn when the nails are in good condition — not scrubby or in the "starting to grow" stages. When fingernails are not all that good, false nails are a big help while you're letting your own nails grow in a bit.

False nails, carefully put on, give the hands a well-groomed appearance while your own nails continue to grow underneath. There are several types of nails available.

There's a soft plastic type that is moulded into shape and comes in a do-it-yourself kit. Or another is a false plastic nail already shaped and colored that can be filed to size, fitting over your own nails.

If you do apply false nails, keep

a tube of cement on hand just in case the provided "gum" is used up. The nail cement REALLY keeps nails on.

And be certain to keep your under-nail tips spanking clean by daily swabs with an emery stick while wearing false nails. In other words, don't fall into the error of assuming that false nails are the end-all to ordinary nail grooming. They're nothing of the kind.

But perhaps the wearing of false fingernails is way out of your calculations? Well, then, for nails that are very short, a colorless polish or a pale pink shade is recommended. Bright shades or darkish colors should only be chosen if nails are well groomed, medium length.

- CAROLYN EARLE

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She embarrasses

"WE would like your advice con-"WE would like your advice con-cerning a girl who has been the source of embarrassment for several months. Her main fault is that when we are in the company of boys she makes unnecessary noise and gesticulations. She talks loudly to one of us while she makes cow's eyes at any boys nearby. We don't want to hurt her feelings, but if she doesn't improve we will have to insult her. What would you advise, please?"

"The Clan." N.S.W.

"The Clan," N.S.W.

"The Clan," N.S.W.

You don't need to insult her, but you probably won't be able to get the message across without hurting her feelings a little.

Elect whoever is friendliest with her in the group to have a quiet word with her, and point out that noisy showing-off doesn't really make a big hit with the boys. They may respond to it at the time, but they're wary about dating a girl who behaves that way. (If you can find someone a little older than your-selves — an elder sister, perhaps—to talk to her, better still.)

If she doesn't make any effort to tone down her behaviour after this, dropping her from one or two planned get-togethers will probably have some effect.

But be tolerant if she slips a

But be tolerant if she slips a few times (don't you all try to attract the boys' attention in some way or other?). And remember that example is one of the best teachers.

Stage-struck typist

"TWO years ago my mother talked me into taking a shorthand and typing course, when I was really interested in acting and singing. When I left school at the end of last year, I began working in an estate agency, and found out the second week I was there that office work wasn't my type of work. But when I told my mother I wasn't interested in office work she went mad at me and said I'd have to stay at the office whether I liked it or not. Please, could you help me by telling me if I should stay in the office or go and do what I really want to do—that is, learn acting and singing. If you think I should proce 14—Teengers' Weekly

learn acting and singing, where can I learn that's not too expensive?" K.B., Vic.

Acting and singing might seem a mighty glamorous way to make a living—but in actual fact success in the entertainment field requires a great deal of hard work (as well as talent). And competition is very, very keen.

Your mother persuaded you to learn shorthand and typing because of the wide scope of jobs available for girls in offices. If you're proficient, you should always be able to earn your living.

Why not buckle down to your job for a year, setting yourself a savings target so that you can afford to take a course in drama and voice production? In the meantime, join an amateur theatrical group which stages musicals. You'll have fun, learn something about stagecraft, and meet others with the same interests.

If you're really unhappy in your present job, you could look round for office work with a different type of firm. But I don't believe you've given your job much of a go, have you...?

Beatlemaniacs?

"WE are two Beatle-crazy girls of 16. We are absolutely mad over them, and we cannot concenover them, and we cannot concentrate on our schoolwork. We are always with them wherever they may be. Also, when we are with our boy-friends they may as well not be there. They threaten to drop us like hot bricks unless we pull our socks up. Have you any suggestion?" socks up.

"Miles Away," W.A.

The boys' suggestion is mine, too.
Pull your socks up! Teenage
"pashes" on pop stars are O.K.—
but if you can't concentrate on your
schoolwork it's time you did something to control that Beatlemania.

You've been over-indulging, so I You've been over-indulging, so I suggest you put yourself on a strict diet. No Beatle talk between you in the classroom. No Beatle records until AFTER you've done your homework at night. No looking at Beatle magazines at the weekend if you've broken the rules during the week. the week.

You'll need to use your will-power You'll need to use your will-power (like all dieters). But you can help one another. You might even try a fine of sixpence for rule-breaking—to be put in a money-box until

word from Debbie . .

• Wearing a sparkling new ring on your third finger, left-hand or gazing in jewellery store windows with a Very Important Person?

THEN here is a list of linen and china for a small household which may help you fill your bottom drawer . . .

LINEN

Two prs. double bed sheets, 2 prs. single bed sheets (or 6 prs. single bed sheets if you are having twin beds); 8 pillow slips; 8 bath towels; 6 guest towels; 4 face cloths; 3 bath mats; 6 linen tea towels (for glass and fine china); 6 heavy-duty tea towels (for pots and pans); 5 table-cloths (3 for everyday, 2 for entertaining), or 4 sets table mats (table linen is a matter of personal taste. If you plan an ultra-modern home you'll probably prefer mats); 12 dinner napkins.

SILVER AND CHINA

SILVER AND CHINA

Cutlery and teasets are the sort of things you're likely to find among your wedding presents, so don't splash too heavily in this department. Save

your pennies—and wait and see.
But it's a good idea to invest
in some inexpensive china (pastel
or gay) for daily use. You'll
need:

need:
Six main course plates; 6 side plates; 6 entree plates; 6 dessert plates; 2 extra big cups and saucers (or you may prefer mugs) for morning coffee; tea pot; sugar bowl, glass bowl for coffee crystals; 1 cream pitcher; large jug; large serving platter.

KITCHENWARE

This comes last on your buying list, after your color scheme
is decided—or after your kitchen
tea. But here are some "extras":
Wicker breadbasket; large
chopping board; vegetable
strainer; plain serving tray;
wooden salad bowl and servers;
coffee mill; kettle; sharp knives.

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your spending-money for records might help you to be strong-willed

Lost incentive

Lost incentive

"I AM 15 and doing my Leaving Certificate at school this year. I have made friends (friends only) with two of the young men teachers. I have found myself, for months past, using them as incentives to prompt me with my homework—to make myself get good marks for them. I found this method successful, and I was, in the beginning, led on by success. I gained good marks and a bursary. My trouble is that these two friends will be leaving and going to another school. I feel that the school will not be the same without them, and I'm afraid I may lose confidence in myself and fail. I realise it was a foolish idea in the first place to rely on such a thing to pass exams. But it happened, and now I cannot see a way out. Can you help me, please?"

"Teacher's Pet," Vic.

Working hard to please two

Working hard to please two teachers you like and admire wasn't such a silly idea. But it WOULD be silly of you to lose interest in studying just because they're at another school. (I don't think you'll lose your self-confidence now you've proved you can do well.)

If it helps, remember they'll be watching with interest for your Leaving results. Think, too, of your parents, their pride in you, and their hopes for your success.

But try to realise that the main person you should be working hard.

person you should be working hard for is YOURSELF. Your application to your schoolwork can affect your developing character and personality —and your future,

Meeting secretly

Meeting secretly

"LAST November I was asked to go steady by a very nice boy whom I have known for a very long time. I told him I would have to wait a while, but about a month later I said 'yes' (with my mother's approval). I was 16 amd going steady, which meant my parents' friends and neighbors got to meet him. Some of my friends started to make comments about the color of his skin, my mother took notice, and after a while came to the conclusion that he may have dark blood and if we married and had children they may be 'throwbacks' (this did not worry me). She made me break it off, and I have regretted it ever since. Later on we met at the local dance, and ever since I have been seeing him behind my mother's back. I am getting sick of this, but if I tell my mother she might try again to stop me from seeing him. So what should I do—tell her and let her continue to run

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly - April 29, 1964

THE TEACHER IS

 A British schoolteacher has criticised young girls' "one-track, marriage-mindedness" in their dealings with boys.

THE teacher, Miss Nancy Ruislip, of London, says that from the earliest days of dating boys become aware that most girls look at males with a "view mat."

Miss Ruislip adds that this attitude "instils in boys from tender ages a fear, even a contempt, for an institution they shouldn't have to think of for many years."

She says that girls should not obviously declare their matrimonial interest with casual dates — and should even soft-pedal it with boys about whom they are serious.

"There can be little doubt that everyone is happier if the boy proposes and leads up to marriage," she adds. Good for Miss Ruislip! I sincerely hope girls will take her

Boys ARE often annoyed and made uneasy by gold band-

Oh, the chill that runs down a bloke's spine when a girl, while they're walking along a street, suddenly drags him to a bridal outfitters or a jewellery shop crammed to the burglar-proof glass with engagement rings.

If girls listen to the teacher it will also be a break for young marrieds who have to stop fighting so unmarried girls can show them off to swains as examples of domestic bliss.

And imagine a girl saying to a boy-friend: "I don't want you to come home and meet my mother."

It would be a wonderful world then, wouldn't it?

A girl might start looking with the boy in HIS favorite shop windows—and get hooked by a sports car or shotgun (to be bought by him, of course!).

And, remember, when a bloke finally got round to the subject

and popped the question off his own bat, he couldn't very well gripe that he was trapped!

- Robin adair

my life or carry on with what I am doing? I love my mother and father dearly, but I also love my bcy-friend and I do not want to hurt any of them. So I hope you can help me, because I think your answer involves our future."

"Tangled," S.A.

I think you must realise that you'll have to tell your parents you are seeing this boy again. If you don't, someone else will — and that will hurt them much more than a frank confession from you.

You're still very young, and it's natural that your mother should want to impose restrictions which she feels are for your own good. Have a quiet talk to her, and ask if you can bring this boy home sometimes so that she can judge him for himself — not by the shade of his skin.

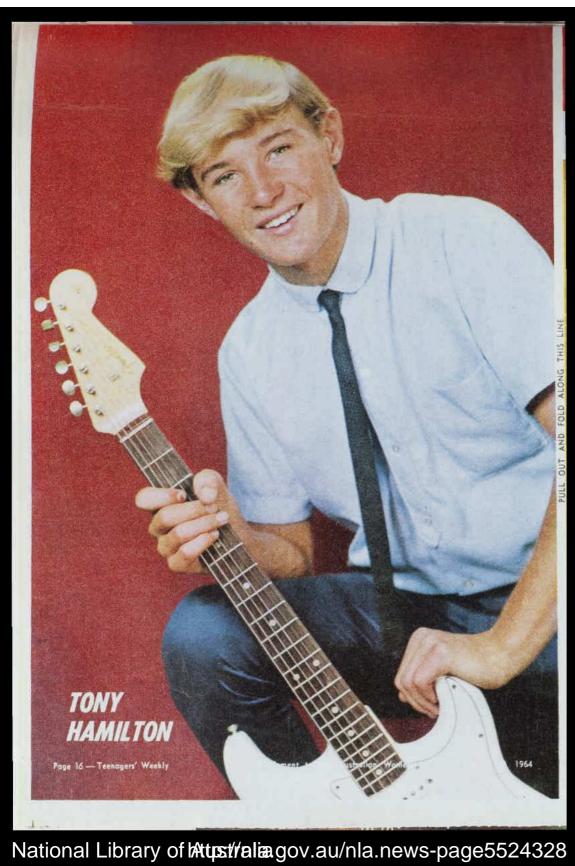
Remember, though, that the sweet emotion you feel at 16 is seldom real and lasting love — so don't worry your parents with talk and plans of marriage.

If you can convince them that you'll be content with friendship for the time being, and will give yourself a chance to meet and date other boys, too, I'm sure you'll have a far better chance of being allowed out with this boy.

He may be your "Mr. Right," but you can't be sure for a while yet.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Tecnogers' Weekly -- Page 15





Fresh from Supertex...

Use this convenient sixteen-page booklet to simplify your Supertex shopping. It provides you with a fully illustrated catalogue of the newest Bedspread and Gown ranges plus a splendid selection of other popular products identified with the well-known Supertex label — your dependable guarantee of better quality.

CONTENTS

BEDSPREADS	2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Australia's top Bedspre	ads - non-iron, easy care

WOMEN'S DRESSING GOWNS .. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11
Fourteen selected styles from the superb Supertex chenille range.

'JUNIOR MISS' GOWNS 12
Five pretty numbers in sizes ranging from tots to teens.

FOR BABY 13
Cot Covers, Nursery Squares and Baby towels in matchless Supertex quality.

FLOOR RUGS 16.
Your colour and size guide for the latest Tuftcraft cotton Floor Rugs and Viscose Glo-Rugs.

AGE 2

SUPERTEX BEDSPREADS IN 20 GLORIOUS COLOURS

NO IRONING! You just can't wrinkle a Supertex spread. Sit on it — lie on it — wash it — remains completely unruffled. This is the chenille that drapes better — spreads better — gives you superlative quality in every durable tuft. It's the chenille that puts every Supertex bedspread in an easy-care class of its own.

HOW TO USE THIS COLOUR CHART. Simply check the colour list alongside each bedspread illustration and refer back to this page.

PLEASE NOTE: All prices quoted are subject to slight fluctuation in some areas.



























For baby...

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And Supertex make sure you get it! Warm, cuddly cot covers—soft, absorbent napkins in that firmly-woven cotton that comes up sparkling white from every wash—towels that dry your little one with proper respect for a tender skin. It's the quality of extra care you can depend on, when it's fresh from Supertex!

SOFT 'N PRETTY SUPERTEX COT COVERS COME IN FOUR DELIGHTFUL NURSERY DESIGNS

Cute? Take your pick of these motifs that give such a charming touch to baby's cot. Lamb and Bear are in screen printed motifs in Blue or Pink on White ground. Poodle and Baa Baa use attractive overwork for the animal motifs on grounds of Pink or Blue. All covers 40" x 60" for standard cot sizes 42/6



SUPERTEX NURSERY SQUARES . . . SOFT AS THE SKIN THEY TOUCH!



The perfect towels for baby. Nothing nicer (or more gentle) than quick-drying Rainbow towels from Supertex. Fresh, cleanly-woven white — always a favourite — pinks for girls — blues for boys. Lots of other pretty pastels too! Ask for Rainbow towels by Supertex. Inexpensive too!

Fresh from Supertex

PAGE 13

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1964







MOTHER'S DAY CAKE WINS

• A Victorian reader wins £5 this week for a recipe for a snow-white-frosted chocolate cake which is adorned with fresh flowers for a Mother's Day treat.

REFRESHING cucum-A ber relish and easy-tomake rum balls win consolation prizes of £1 each.

All spoon measurements are level in these recipes.

MOTHER'S DAY CAKE

MOTHER'S DAY CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute,

† teaspoon vanilla, 6oz. castor
sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon coffee
essence, † cup warm water, 3 tablepoons finely chopped preserved
ginger (drained free of syrup or
with sugar removed), 2 cups flour,
1 teaspoon baking powder, † teaspoon blearhooate of soda, 2‡ tablespoons cocoa, 2-3rds cup sour milk
(or fresh milk soured by adding
lemon or vinegar), whipped cream.

Beat butter and sugar with van-

lemon or vinegar), whipped cream. Beat butter and sugar with varialla until smooth and creamy, addeggs one at a time, gradually add coffee essence mixed with warm water. Add ginger, fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with sour milk Fill into 2 greased 7 in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold, join with whipped cream, coat top and sides with frosting, decorate with a little vase of fresh flowers.

Frosting: One cup sugar, 4 table-

Frosting: One cup sugar, 4 table-spoons water, I stiffly beaten egg-white, vanilla, coloring, coconut.

Place sugar and water in sauce-pan, bring slowly to the boil, boil gently 5 minutes. Pour slowly on to the stiffly beaten egg-whites, beat-ing continuously. Color and flavor as desired. Spread over cake and, if desired, sprinkle with coconut.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Snell, 12 Norfolk Ave., Oakleigh,

RUM BALLS

Eight or nine breakfast cereal biscuits (crushed finely), 1 cup chopped raisins, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup coconut, 1 can sweetened condensed milk, 2 tablespoons rum,

Place crushed cereal biscuits, raisins, cocoa and coconut in bowl. Make well in centre, mix in condensed milk and rum; chill. Take out mall pieces at a time and form into small balls, roll in extra coconut and chill.

and constituent of £1 to Mrs. F. Wadley, Flat C 30, Seville Rd., Holland Park, Brisbane.

Special recipe for dieters

THESE low-calorie biscuits are nicely crunchy and sweet enough to satisfy the dieter. They will keep well in an airtight container.

LITTLE COCONUT

COOKIES

One and a half cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 4 teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 1 egg, 4 cup powdered skim milk, 2 teaspoon liquid sweetener, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 teaspoon almond essence, 4 cup desiccated or chopped flaked coconut.

Sift together flour baking

chopped flaked coconut.

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt Cream together butter, egg, skim milk, sweetener, and essences; heat until well blended. Add dry ingredients and coconut. Shape into rolls lin, in diameter, wrap in waxed paper, refrigerate several hours or overnight. Cut into 1-8th in, slices, bake on ungreased baking sheets in moderately hot oven 7 to 10 minutes until lightly golden; do not overcock.

Makes approximately 8 dozen. Each biscuit has 16 talories.

FRESH CUCUMBER RELISH

Two medium-sized fresh, crisp cucumbers, I small red pepper, I medium-sized onion (peeled and grated), I cup mayonnaise, I cup white wine vinegar, I teaspoon salt, good shake white pepper.

Wash cucumbers, peel them and grate coarsely. Drain well or wring

dry in piece of muslin. Remove seeds and pith from pepper and chop finely. Mix together all ingredients, fill mixture into jar. Cover, chill well. Drain off excess liquid before serving. This relish will keep for several days in refrigerator, and is excellent with cold meats and salads or lunch sand-wiches.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Faulkner, Pte. Bag, Wongavale, via Lismore, N.S.W.

MOTHER'S DAY CAKE. See prize recipe at left.







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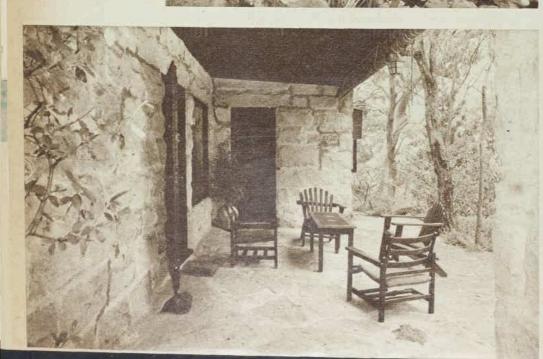
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STONE HOME



DINING ALCOVE (left) used for informal enter-taining. KITCHEN (above) reflects the old and the new - concealed pelmet light-ing gives added brightness.

LODGE (above) com-pletely hidden from the roadway merges into its surroundings. GOLD-FISH POND (right) was built by the owners.



Based on the design of a European hunting lodge, this house is a quiet secluded oasis standing in three acres of natural bushland near Sydney.

A LTHOUGH European in design, Mr. and M. Edward Herman's house "Hi-Brazil," Avalon, N.S.W., echoes the natural colors of A tralia with its unrendered sandstone walls a dark timbered beams.

Reputed to be one of the oldest houses in Asalon stands on a hill overlooking Pittwater and far bent it was bought by Mr. and Mrs. Herman about five ago, and although the house was radically renovate them when they moved in, the basic conception of building was left untouched.

To reach "Hi-Brazil," you must either climb a lift flight of steep stone steps, which eventually lead you the goldfish pond to the main entrance, or take the most constructed driveway that skirts the house itself, so visit enter the living-room through the patio.

This is a house which contrasts sharply with its [lar most part] ultra-modern neighbors, and the roughness stone and timber is a perfect foil for the bushland which it stands.

Full use has been made of the natural textures of and wood; wherever possible the sandstone has been in its original state, both inside the house and out a the beams merely stained a dark rich oak.

The color in the rooms is provided by the mixim modern and antique furnishings, by the paintings a from trophies Mr. Herman has brought back from the

By SUSAN JAMES

Edward Herman is the son of Sali Herman, the known Sydney artist. Edward, or Ted as he likes at called, also paints but in a vividly contrasting style.

The contrast could not be more marked between Herman's delicate watercolors of terraced houses with the Victorian trellised balconies and brightly colored facult and the almost stark absence of exterior color or embelia ment in his son's house

Enter the living-room from the patio and it is almost lit going into a church. There is a great feeling of spate this room with its high-vaulted roof and sombre best Long low windows run along two sides of the room. At one end there is a large stone fireplace been implical stone, of almost baronial proportions, which dealer as an indoor barbecue when the Hermans entertain.

One of many unusual touches in this room is the let camel seat standing in front of the fireplace, wherman brought back from Iraq and made into

Masks and trophies decorate the walls. About didgeridoos frame the windows, and father's and paintings contrast sharply in style and technique.

A doorway at one side of the huge fireplace lead a bright, modern kitchen. The cupboards, also in unpolished wood, are Mr. Herman's handiwork.

While modern in concept, this kitchen, too, has use unusual features—wooden casks from Singapore are used by Mrs. Herman as storage containers, an old company hangs from the ceiling, and a voluninous ancient brick oven, once used for making bread, now see as storage cupboards.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman have turned one corner of a kitchen into an informal dining alcove. The benchs a solid table of Australian hardwood are faintly remnistry of an English pub. Wooden shelves above the table at their collection of Japanese pottery.

A quaint L-shaped bedroom flanks the other side of fireplace, and a small study completes the rooms. It study, incidentally, bulges with Mr. Herman's treasurant trophies which, as yet, have no niche.

"Our one idea was to find a house which gives us po and seclusion," they said, and indeed this they have of for coming back down the hill it was certainly like to from one era into another.

VIEW FROM THE TERRACE is of the surrounding bushland and beyond to Pittwater. To the right is a barbecue area in constant use during the summer.

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built like a hunting lodge



LIVING-ROOM seen through the kitchen door. High, vaulted roof and sandstone walls contrast with the comfortable, provencal atmosphere. On the far wall is one of Sali Herman's paintings done in 1957. French windows (left) lead on to patio. Pictures by Keith Barlow.

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Page 45



BOYS'& GIRLS' PARTY Gay, easy to make goodies all with the healthful goodness of Tulip Australia's quality margarine

MAN-IN-THE-MOON CAKE

oza, TULIP, 3 eggs, pinch salt, 6 ozs, sugar, 5 ozs, S.R. flour, 1 oz, Corntlour, 1 tblsp, warm water

Double the above recipe for two layer cake. Cake trimmins may be used in a party triffe. Cake is placed on a blue board and the required number of candies added.

1. Cream together Turip, sugar and egg yolks until light in colour. 2. Stir in the silted dry ingredients atternately with water. 3. Gently fold in the stiffly beater egg whites. 4. Bake in a mod oven 30.35 mins, in a greased and paper ince 8-12° pan. 5. Cut to shape of your idea of man-in-the-moon or write for a pattern from which the above cake was made (see below) Join cakes together with jam. Decorate as directed.

4 025. Tulip, 1 ib icing sugar, little milk, vanilla, yellow colouring.

Method

I. Mor together sifted long sugar and Tulin, adding milk a little at a time to get a soft spreading consistency Add colouring and vanilla. 2. Cover the sides and top of cake, dipping the knife in hot water to amount to the long are top. 3. When the long is firm, pipe in face features using a little of the using coloured with coop and some coloured with coops of the eye and some coloured with coops of the eye and some coloured with coops for the eye.

4 ozs. Tulip, 8 ozs. P. flour, pinch salt, 3 ozs. sugar, 1 egg.

1. Sift hour and sait into a bowl, rub in Tulip, Stir in the sugar, 2. Mix to stiff dough with the beater and Turn

onto a floured board. Knead well. 3 Roll out to about 1 thickness, cut half the mixture into integer shapes 21 x 1" and remaining mixture into rounds using a 2." bis cut cutter. 4 Place half the lingers onto a greased tray, cut 3 small holes from remaining lingers to resemble traffic lights, lift carefully onto tray and bake in mod oven 8.10 mins, or until golden brown along edges. Cool tray. 5 Place half the rounds onto a fray, using a small round cutter, cut two holes from remaining rounds for the eyes, lift onto tray Bake as fingers. Note: Use a small cream pring noize to cut out the holes. 6, Join the biscuits together, one plain, one cut out, with cream Dust face cut out with cream push for the reprediction of the mouth, sticking them on with cream TRAFFIC LIGHTS.

in this one plan hiscuit and one cut out logisther with cream, fill in the appropriate holes with lemon spread Colour I tolsp. of lemon spread with a few drops of res and green colouring for the remaining holes. SAIL BOAT CAKES

6 ozs. TULIF, 3 regs. pinch salt, 6 ozs. sugar, 6 ozs. S.R. flour, 1 thisp. warm water. METHOD as More Cake.

1. Grease and dust with plain flour, boat shaped pans. 2 furn the cakes upside down to decorate 3. Cut a quantity of ice cream waters to resemble the sails, outline the sails with vienna cream, then dig in coloured aromke, affach to boat with cream. Sail the boats on a plate covered with green jelly. NOTE, This is an excellent mixture for all small cut out cakes.



FREE MAN-INTHE-MOON CAKE PATTERN. Write or phone for your free pattern, and any cooking problems you want answered. The Daffodil Cooking Demonstration Centre, 4th Floor, McDowells, King Street, Sydney, Felephone 20 159, extension 178.





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ARCHITECT-DIRECTED MAN Home Plans Service

• If white ants' attacks on wooden floors prevail in your area, this week's plan is the design for you,

NOTABLE feature A of Plan 630 is the concrete raft-type floor. This type of floor enables the level to be kept very close to the ground and dispenses with underfloor maintenance necessary for normal timber floors.

with a light, airy interior, particularly suitable for a flat site of medium size.

This is a three-bedroomed

house able to accommodate four people. All bedrooms have fitted cupboards. A pas-sage separates these rooms from the main part of the

house.

A stepped level is formed between the dining- and living-room and between the master bedroom and passage. The change in levels gives an extra foor in ceiling height in the living-room. the living-room

Excellent light and venti-lation through the centre of the house is given by clere-story windows above the junction of dining- and living-room.

Steps lead from the dining

area to the large living-room, which in turn extends on to the terrace by means of full-length glass doors. The continuation of the roof over the terrace is a sen-

SKETCH (above) shows extension of roof terrace. over

PLAN (right) shows compact layout featur-ing a stepped level.

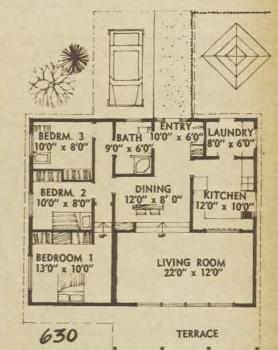
sible idea, giving both shade and shelter. The elongation also serves to make the house appear larger.

Practical ideas in the kit-Practical ideas in the kit-chen include ample work-bench space along two sides of the room and plenty of light provided by windows over the sink. A servery through to the living-room is useful for entertaining.

The laundry is adjacent to the kitchen and is equipped with a work-bench, tub, and fittings for a washing-machine. A separate exit leads to the clothesline.

A protected approach to the entrance is formed by the carport, which means family shopping can be un-loaded from the car in com-fort in all weathers.

The perspective shows this house built of timber occupying an area of 12.1 squares; in brick the total area would be 12.9 squares.



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Make this baby's bath table

 Despite its professional finish, this bath table can be made by a handyman or handywoman with only a little woodworking experience and at a very low cost.

ALTHOUGH a table of the size shown in the sketch will accommodate a sector will accommodate a fairly large bath, it is best to check the size and shape of the bath you require be-fore making the table. Measurements given can

then be adjusted accordingly.

Materials: \(\frac{1}{2}\) in oregon —
one piece 30\(\frac{1}{2}\) x 11in. (back),
one 29\(\frac{1}{2}\) x 9in. (front), two
30\(\frac{1}{2}\) x 11in. (sides), two 30\(\frac{1}{2}\) x 11in. (front rails). \(\frac{1}{2}\) x \(\frac{1}{2}\) in. oregon — two pieces 29\(\frac{1}{2}\) in.
and two 17in. (shelf battens).
1\(\frac{1}{2}\) in. sq. oregon—four pieces

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15in. (legs). in. plywood—one piece 33 x 21in. (top). in. hardboard — one piece 30 x 18in. (shelf). Four small screw-eyes, 2ft. of fine chain, pair of 1in. brass butthinges and screws, ballcatch, plastic knob, 6 x 2ft. plastic covering, 10ft. plastic edging, glue, screws, etc.

Oregon is the main wood used in the construction. The shelf is supported on ½ x ½in. battens, which are glued and pinned to inside of table and are so positioned that the top of shelf is level with top of bottom rail.

Plywood is used for the top and this is cut with an overlap of in. at outside of legs and is fixed with screws to the three sides and front rail.

Screws must be countersunk level with surface of plywood and filled with plastic wood before fixing top covering.

The top and shelf are covered with vinyl sheeting such as that used for flooring.

DIAGRAM gives details of materials required. Note: the height could be adjusted if desired.



BATH TABLE is a very versatile item in the nursery. When the child is older it can be used as a play table or as a storage cupboard for toys.

But other materials such as laminated plastic, linoleum, and self-adhesive plastics would be equally suitable.

Several of the self-adhesive plastics feature animal or nursery rhyme motifs in a variety of colors which have entertainment value as well as being very practical. A plastic strip should be glued

round the top to protect it from damage.

The most important point is to see that surfaces are dirticipellent and as washable as possible. Hygienic surroundings are most important in maintaining the young baby's good health.

To complete the table, the front is hinged and a chain

fixed at each end to hold the front level when it is open and a small ballcatch and plastic knob fitted.

If desired, table could be painted in a pastel tone to match the color scheme of baby's room. When painting, be sure to use a glossy finish which stands up well to hard

HOW TO FEED

SIXTY PEOPLE

at 3/3 per head

With this menu of appetising and sustaining dishes you can give a party for 60 for under £10.

Appetisers Hot Golden Puff Savories

Gingered Sausage Balls Punch

Main dishes

Spaghetti with Italian Sauce Savory Rice with Curried Fish Devon Lilies with Potato Salad

Extra salad

arlie Bread

Continental Coffee Biscuits

JUST think of it — only 3/3 per head. Actually, the cost is 3/21, but we have made it 3/3 to cover any price fluctuations.

All spoon measurements are level. Plain flour is used unless otherwise stated.

HOT GOLDEN PUFF SAVORIES

HOT GOLDEN PUFF SAVORIES

Pastry: One cup water, 2½oz. margarine, pinch salt, 1 cup flour, 3 large eggs.

Place water, margarine, and salt in saucepan and bring to full, rolling boil. Add sifted flour all at once, stir vigorously with wooden spoon until mixture forms a small ball and leaves sides of saucepan. Add eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Paste should now be smooth and velvety. Drop by teaspoonfuls on to very lightly greased baking-sheets. Bake in hot oven until golden and light to the touch, about 15 min. Makes approx. 6 dozen small puffs. A double quantity of the puffs will need to be made. Prepare the second mixture while the first puffs are baking. When puffs are cool, fill with the following savory filling. Just before serving, pop back into a hot oven for a few minutes to heat through.

Salmon Filling: Four ounces margarine, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon curry-powder, 2 pints milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 8oz. can pink salmon, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley.

Melt margarine in saucepan, gradually blend in the flour and curry-powder; cook, stirring, several minutes until mixture is bubbly. Gradually stir in the hot milk (when scalding milk, a bayleaf, some slices of onion, and a few peppercorns can be added for extra flavor; strain milk before adding to sauce). Cook, stirring rapidly, until sauce is smooth and shiny. Stir in salt, finely flaked salmon, parsley; mix well.

GINGERED SAUSAGE BALLS

Three pounds sausage meat, I clove garlic, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, I dessertispoon grated fresh or preserved ginger, 4 eggs, fat for frying.

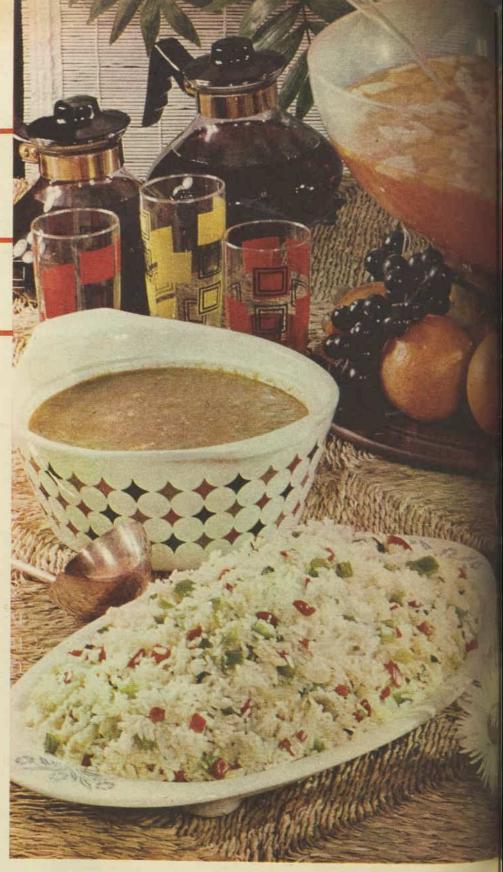
Separate eggs. Beat egg-yolks, mix with sausage meat, crushed garlic, parsley, and ginger. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into the meat mixture. Drop by small spoonfuls into hot fat; cook until golden brown. Drain well; serve hot. If prepared in advance, reheat 5 to 7 minutes in moderate oven. Makes approximately 12 dozen.

FRUIT PARTY PUNCH

FRUIT PARTY PUNCH

Fourteen pints water, 2 bottles fruit-cup cordial, 1 can crushed pineapple, 1 bottle maraschino cherries, 10 bananas (pecled and sliced), 2 large apples (pecled and chopped). Place water in a large punch-bowl and add cordial, crushed pineapple (with syrup), cherries (also with syrup), and chopped fruit. Chill before serving.

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SPAGHETTI WITH ITALIAN TOMATO SAUCE

Three pounds minced steak, 3 tablespoons margarine, 6 onions (chopped), 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 2 large carrots (chopped), 1 bayleaf, 1 teaspoon dried thyme, 1 cup chopped parsley, 4lb. tomatoes (peeled and chopped), 2 cans tomato paste, 2 quarts chicken bouillon, salt and pepper, 6lb. spaghetti.

spaghetti.

Melt margarine, add onions and carrots, and cook until onions are soft. Then add meat and brown well. Add garlic, bayleaf, thyme, parsley, tomatoes, and tomate paste, and simmer 5 minutes; then add chicken bouillon and bring to the boil, stirring. Simmer, uncovered, for 1 hour, or until sauce has reached desired consistency. Season to taste. Cook apaghetti by putting into boiling salted water, and cook until soft but firm, 10-15 minutes. If desired, before cooking, break spaghetti into shorter lengths for easier handling. Drain spaghetti, return to saucepan with a knob of butter, shake about to allow melted butter to penetrate. Fill mo greased casserole dishes in alternate layers with sauce. Reheat in a moderate oven before serving.

SAVORY RICE

Six pounds rice, boiling salted water, salt and pepper, 4 capsicums (2 red and 2 green), 4oz. margarine, chopped parsley, 3 head celery (chopped).

Cook rice in batches in large saucepans of boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Drain well in colanders; allow to

stand undisturbed for 20 to 30 minutes. Transfer to him baking-dishes, season with salt and pepper, and dot salt margarine. Then stir in chopped capsicum and celery. Core with foil and reheat in a moderate oven. Pile on to serous dishes and sprinkle with chopped paraley.

FISH IN CURRIED SAUCE

Three large packets frozen fish fillets, water, juice of lemon, 5 onions (chopped), 4 head celery (diced), 2 lay leaves, few parsley sprigs, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 4 apple (diced), 4 lb. margarine, 3 oz. flour, 1 teaspoon mats 2 dessertspoons curry-powder (to taste), salt and pepper, is cups chicken bouillon (use 12 bouillon cubes).

Place fish fillets in large baking-dish. Pour over a list water and add lemon juice. Cover with a piece of butters paper, poach in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Dan well, cut into pieces; remove any bone. Reserve liquid.

Melt margarine in large saucepan, put in onions, celer and apples. Cook gently until onions are soft and goldin then add bayleaves, parsley sprigs, mustard, flour, mace, and curry-powder. Cook a further 5 minutes, stirring, then per on bouillon and reserved liquid from fish. Bring to the lost stirring, cover and simmer about 1 hour. Season to take Put in the fish pieces and heat gently for 20 to 30 minutes. Remove bayleaves and parsley sprigs before serving.

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DEVON LILIES WITH POTATO SALAD

Pour pounds sliced devon sausage, potato salad, parsley.
Remove outer skin from sausage slices Place a small nound of potato salad on each and fold over into the shape of lily. Secure with cocktail sticks and decorate with parsley prigs. Arrange on an attractive platter for serving.

Potato Salad: Ten pounds potatoes, salted water, bunch shallots (chopped), bead celery (finely chopped), 5 cups reach dressing, salt and pepper, parsley.

Peel potatoe and place in a saucepan with cold water to over. Brings to the boil and simmer until tender but still imm. Drain and slice while still warm. Place in a large bowl and mix in the shallots, celery, french dressing, and season-ag. Reserve portion of salad for devon lilies and serve the temainder in large bowls. Decorate with parsley.

French Dressing: Use two parts salad oil to one of pinegar. Place in a screw-top jar, adding salt and pepper to aste. Shake thoroughly before using.

GOLDEN COLESLAW

GOLDEN COLESLAW

Two medium-sized cabbages, 3 lettuce, 1 bunch shallots (chopped), chopped parsley, 1lb. carrots (scraped and rated), french dressing, salt and pepper.

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Quarter cabbages and remove centre core. Shred finely and place in a large bowl, Break lettuce into pieces and combine with cabbage. Mix in shallots, parsley, and carrot; sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour sufficient dressing over to moisten thoroughly. Toss well, pile into bowls.

GARLIC BREAD

Four loaves french bread, 11b. softened margarine, 4 cloves garlic (crushed).

Cut loaves into in slices, being careful not to cut through the bottom crust. (Or, for ease in handling by guests, the loaves can be cut through the bottom crust, and reasembled in loaf shape on foil.) Add crushed garlic to the softened margarine, mix well. Divide over loaves, spreading between the cut in slices. Wrap loaves in aluminium foil, heat in moderate oven approximately 15 minutes.

CHIVE BREAD

Four loaves french bread, 11b. softened margarine, 1 bunch

finely chopped chives.

Combine chives with margarine. Proceed as for Garlic Bread.

PARTY TABLE gay with colorful, appetising food—caters for 60 people for only 3/3 per head. Color picture by Barry Cullen.

CONTINENTAL COFFEE BISCUITS

One pound self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons instant coffee, 80z. margarine, 40z. sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon almond essence, glace cherries.

Topping: 2 egg-whites, 14oz. sifted icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon almond essence.

Cream margarine and sugar, then add egg-yolks and essence. Work in sifted dry ingredients. Knead well, then roll out thinly on a floured board. Cut into small round shapes, top with a little almond topping and a piece of glace cherry. Bake in a slow oven about 15 minutes.

To make topping beat egg-whites slightly, stir in icing-sugar and essence. Makes approximately 14 dozen biscuits.

Shopping list on page 50

Readers' useful hints for the housewife

 Below is a selection of useful hints on cooking, sewing, cleaning, and other household jobs, which have been sent in by readers. Each wins a prize of £1/1/-.

FINELY chopped seeded raisins and walnuts mixed with sour cream make a delicious filling between layers of devil's-food cake. It's so rich and good that no frosting is needed. — Mrs. Williams, 10 Boronia Ave., Woy Woy,

For home dressmakers: Cover a plastic belt with the dress material, first remov-ing buckle then replacing it on finished belt. This is no

ing buckle then replacing it on finished belt. This is no costlier than buying a belt-making outfit, and the belt will retain its stiffness.—

Mrs. M. J. Edwards, 55 Cook St., Muswellbrook, N.S.W.

To vary scones, spread tops with honey and sprinkle them with crushed nuts and nutneg. For date scones, add a tablespoon of coffee essence to improve flavor and give a richer color.— Mrs. L. Sauverain, M.S. 1180, Millmerran, Qld.

Drop a reel of white cotton into the dye bath when dyeing any material. You will then have a reel of thread that matches exactly for future repairs.—Mrs. T. R. Potter, Flat 9, 4 Chapel St., Magill, S.A.

Labor-saving pillowcases that don't need ironing can be made from 36in plisse cotton. Approximately 17-8th yards is sufficient for two envelope-shaped cases. Slit material down centre.—Miss B. Lowe, 48 Collins St., South Perth, W.A.

Ever thought of serving a cauliflower salad during the winter months when cauliflowers are at their best? Break into flowerets, cook in boiling salted water until just tender but still crisp, drain, and then marinate in french dressing. Additional greens can be added if desired and the whole salad topped with grated cheese. — Mrs. M. Kenny, Murton Avenue, Holand Park, Brisbane.

** * **

To clean a white melusine hat, warm some flour, apply to hat, then brush off with a clean clothes brush.—Mrs. I. Burnard, 8 Alexander Ave., Willoughby, N.S.W.

Pickstone, Dalveen, Qld.

* * *

If your kitchen cupboards have no special place for saucepan lids use a cake-cooler as a rack. Just place it on a shelf and signd the lids on edge between the wire rungs. — M. McKenzie, 66 Hare St., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

* * *

Always keep some screw-

Always keep some screwtop jars or air-tight containers
in the refrigerator with a
selection of grated cheese,
chopped onion, chopped parsley, chopped mint, fine soft
breadcrumbs, or any other
garnish you prefer. Plain
meals quickly become more
interesting.—Mrs. D. E. Zeitz,
9 Cross Rd., Kingswood,
Adelaide.

Remove a fresh grease stain (such as butter, oil, etc.) from a garment by powdering it with tale, leaving about 30 minutes, then brushing off. The tale will draw out the grease and absorb it.—E. K. Henner, 9 Crandon Rd., Epping, N.S.W.

A nice change for crumbed and fried pork chops: After dipping them in flour, then beatten egg and milk, add some dried sage and finely chopped onion to the bread-crumbs before coating the chops.—Mrs. F. Amos, Flat 4, 82 Millswyne St., South Yarra, Vic.

* * *

Yarra, Vic.

For the baby who doesn't like cooked vegetables, try mashing half a banana into them. The banana flavor seems to dominate and it works wonders.—Mrs. P. Hull, 940 Nepean Highway, Mornington, Vic.

Use equal quantities of ful-ler's earth and block mag-nesia, mixed with hot water, nessa, mixed with not water, to remove grease spots from carpets. Apply mixture while hot, leave to dry, and brush well.—Mrs. A. Van Der Ven, 28 Wyalong Rd., Panania, N.S.W.

To make a specially nice wine trifle, add two or three crushed macaroons to the cut cake and make as usual. Crushed macaroons are also delicious in banana custard.

—Mrs. A. E. Francis, 17 Zechan St., Wavell Heights, Brisbane,

* * * *

Store leftover balls of wood in a large screw-lop jar.
The wood is kept clean, protected from moths, and colors can be seen at a glance—
Mrs. C. Taylor, 5 Albert Rd.,
Drouin, Vic.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives information about readers' antiques.

Could you please tell me something about my sideboard which I believe is made of walnut?—H. A. Sanders, Grafton, N.S.W.

Your walnut veneered sideboard (right) is English and was made during the second half of the Victorian era—probably about 1875.

I would appreciate any information you could give me about my jug which stands 3½m. kigh and is of white semi-transparent china.—Mrs. P. J. Godden, North Ryde, N.S.W.

Your jug is English Staffordshire and was made about 1855-60.



Old rocking chair.

Victorian sideboard.

I have a rocking-chair which is mul of honey-colored timber, stained dei brown. Could you please tell me is age and origin?—Mrs. G. de Rend, Clayfield, Brisbane.

Your beechwood rocking-chair [left] is about 70 years old and was probably made in America.

I have a silver hand mirror which is marked with a crown, a lion, a flag, and the letters W & H. On the back of the mirror are the numbers 234 1980.—Miss M. A. Pain, Adelaide.

Your silver hand mirror was made in England by Walker and Hall, of Shediald.

Sheffield (town mark indicated by crown). It bears the date letter for 1904 (Edward VII).

Use the divider from an ice-cube tray to cut out biscuits. It's quicker and the biscuits will be evenly sized.—
Mrs. B. D. Wundersitz, Box 85, Victor Harbor, S.A. *

To soften brown sugar when it is hard and lumpy, put it into a basin and cover with a wet cloth for four or five minutes. It will become quite soft and lumps can easily be rubbed out.—Mrs. G. Earnes, "Dinora," Jackson, Qld.

When hanging socks on the line, place the peg on the instep part where there is little wear. This ensures a longer life for the socks.—Mrs. C. J. Bullock, Staverton, via Roland, Tas.

** * * * *

** Gover a noisy clock on the bedside table with a glass basin. The ticking will be deadened but the time can be seen.—Mrs. J. A. Crawford, "Alara," Congewoi P.O., via Paxton, N.S.W.

** * * *

** Place a fitted piece of plastic foam in the sink and another on the draining-board when washing precious china, glassware, or crystal. This will prevent scratches or chipping, and if any pieces slip from wet hands they will not break.—Mrs. W. Richardson, 6 Brisbane St., Lorn, Maitland, N.S.W.

** * * *

** If mustard powder is mixed

of Brisbane St., Lorn, Maitland, N.S.W.

If mustard powder is mixed with vinegar instead of water it will keep the mustard fresh and moist for days. It also improves the flavor.—Miss S. Mainwaring, 377 East Riadon Rd., Lindisfarne, Tas.

** * * * * *

When taking up the hem of a frock, use paper clips to keep it in place. They can be slipped along as you go and do not mark the material.—Mrs. J. D. Wilton, "Riverview," Box 18 P.O., Bemboka, N.S.W.

** * *

To make a simple bath or shower cap take lyd. colored plastic and 24in, elastic, Cut one strip of plastic 25in, long and 6in, wide. Cut piece of plastic 10in, in diameter, Join long strip on wrong side. Machine round piece to long strip on wrong side. Turn up \$\frac{1}{2}\text{in}\$, hem; thread with leastic to fit head. The cap can be trimmed and lined with foam for extra comfort. When made in a soft material it makes an excellent pin cap—Miss J. M. Clark, Inglewood, Merriwa, N.S.W.

When making a ment is line the bottom and idea pan with bacon rasher in which the rind has been moved. Spoon meat againto tin. The bacon sells flavor to the meat lost also prevent it from mine to the pan when turning Cut loaf with a emedged bread knife to eliminate the sells of the sells of

Hampstead Rd., Norther S.A.

Stir a tablespoon of into the jam when main jam tart and partially coal pastry before adding in it. This prevents soggy and dried-up jam. Min Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd. his sham, N.S.W.

When putting Jam. Min Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd. his sham, N.S.W.

When putting Jam. Min Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd. his sham, N.S.W.

When putting Jam. Min Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd. his sham, N.S.W.

Wise R Hunt, 1 Wardell Rd. his sham, N.S.W.

Driftwood will look me effective if it has bleached and this can done easily. Treat the with alternate application annonia and hydre peroxide until the reason shade is reached, this way it looks particulating annonia and hydre peroxide until the reason shade is reached. The this way it looks particulating annonia and hydre peroxide until the reason shade is reached. The this way it looks particulative with flora greenery arrangement. Miss G. Mole, 55 Bourks. Peterborough, S.A.

N'S WEEKLY — April 29, 8

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY - April 29, 18

Shopping list for buffet party

(See Party Feature on pages 48, 49) DRICES quoted are those ruling when the --14 heads celery, 4/- head 6/-

	was compiled.	menu
	It is assumed that you will have sugar and s	
	ings in your cupboard.	eason-
	From the Grocer:	
		12/02
	1 dozen eggs	6/3
	4lb. margarine, 3/6 lb.	14/-
	I large bottle salad oil	7/10
	I large bottle white vinegar	2/10
	2lb. self-raising flour	1/8
	2lb. plain flour	1/8
	40z. glace cherries	1/8
	11b. teing-sugar	1/3
	6lb. rice, 1/1 lb. 6lb. spaghetti, 1/5 lb.	6/6
	3 large packets quick-frozen fish fillets,	8/6
	4/2 packet quita-frozen fish fillets,	10.00
	4 packets chicken bouillon cubes, 111d. packet	
	2 4oz. cans tomato paste, 2/9 can	3/10
	8oz. instant coffee, 4/01 for 2oz.	5/6
	210. COHEC Crystals	16/2
	A VOLUES FILLS GUD COTAINS 25101 hotels	5.10
	* Small pur maraschino cherries	5/9
	i can crushed pineabole	4/3 2/11
	1 80z. can pink salmon	
	10.00 75 00000 50	37.10
	£	5/10/3
	From the Commence	C CVA
	From the Greengrocer:	
	4lb. onions, 6d. lb.	2/-
	polatoes, pa. 10.	E 1
Dan	- Charles Sugmond	2/6
Page	50	

3 lettuces, 1/3 each	
1 bunch chives	
1 knob garlic 6	
1 lemon	77.7
4 capsicums, 5d. each	
2 cabbages, 2/6 each	
4lb. tomatoes, 1/6 lb 6/	
13lb. carrots, 8d. lb	
4 apples, 5d. each	
Parsley 9	
Mint	
10 bananas 2/	
The second secon	
£2/-	1-
From the Butcher:	
3lb. mince steak, 3/- lb	
3lb. sausage meat, 1/3 lb	9
	2
12	/9
Sec. 93	_
Miscellaneous Shopping:	
6 pts. milk, 1/- pt 6/	
8 long loaves french bread, 1/3 loaf 10/	_
*41b. Devon sausage, 3/6 lb	
£1/10	/-
* Have sausage sliced at the delicatessen. Ask the	

to slice it very thinly so that it will be easy to form the Devon Lilies.

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Penny plain, tuppence colored"

SWEET FREESIAS

• The elegant and sweet-scented freesia, so familiar to everybody, came later to the garden than most other plants, for it was first discovered in Africa in the 18th century.



FREESIA MENDOTA is of the more brilliant modern hybrids still attractively per-fumed. Like most freesias it can be grown in pots indoors. THIS was the cream to white type named Freesia refracta, many thousands of which were brought to Australia by returning veterans of the Boer War. These flowers have remained popular and are probably still unexcelled for perfume.

Plant hybridists are never satisfied, however. The first colored variety, the scentless pink F. Armstrongii, was tracked down in 1898. Half a century of cross-pollinating has produced the widest range of colors in any bulb.

Freesias can be grown from seeds own in February or March. These sown in February or March. These will flower the first spring, but may be small, with few flowers per stem. The preferred method is to plant store-bought bulbs about 2in. deep from March to May. Give them a sunny position in well-drained soil.

Usually they are sold in mixed colors, but up to 40 named varieties are available separately in limited quantities.

Gardening Book - page 307



ABOVE: Freesia refracta alba is the most fragrant type. It naturalises beautifully, and a giant variety, Burtonii, is particularly good for cutting.

ABOVE RIGHT: Flame is the name of this magnificent freesia. Other colors sold sep-arately by some growers include lilac, blue, red, yellow, orange.

LOWER RIGHT: Freesia kewen-sis, or "Sunset hybrids," are cur-rently the most widely stocked type. They're in many colors; are usually sold in mixtures.

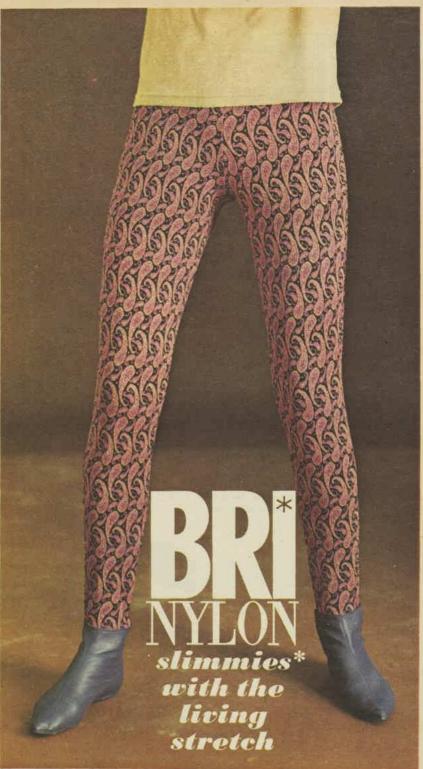




Gardening Book - page 308

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

TE Australian Women's Weekly - April 29, 1964



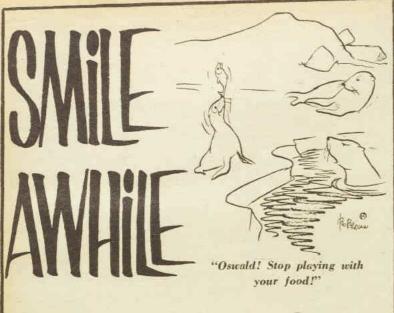
BY MAGLIA

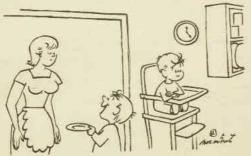
It's not just the stretch that counts...

'BRI-NYLON' slimmies move with you, bend with you, stretch with you - but instantly recover their inbuilt line. (No flowers for the sad-sack look!) Two versions: close-fitting glamour slimmies with simply lots of cling, and elegant tapered classics. 'BRI-NYLON' slimmies are good to every figure. (Because suddenly, you're slimmer!) The BRI is your protection. For top value, tested quality, ask for 'BRI-NYLON' by name.

"Slimmies? The line is lean, the look is new. For you. Bouncy "BRI-NYLON" slimmies in important new patterns ravishing new colours go get them at your favourite store







"I finally persuaded Joey to eat all his spaghetti. I told him it was worms."



"Boys love it. It's a delicate blend of lilacs and jalopy fumes."



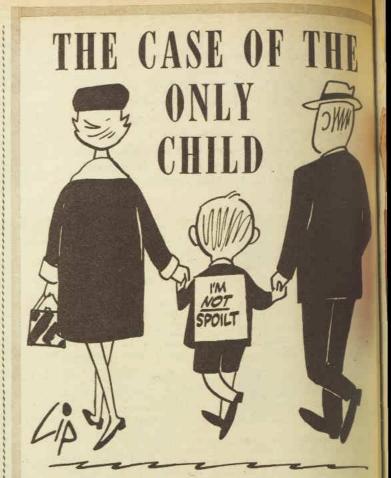


Page 52



"A magician pulled you out of a hat. Now, stop asking silly questions - go and play!"





Parents of only children dread the inevitable remark: "I expect he's spoilt." In fact the only child is often less in dulged than the "baby" of a large family, so the comment is often unfair.

THE biggest drawback for the only child is lack of the constant companionship of other children. Even when he or she goes to a nursery, or to school, other children must be left behind each afternoon.

behind each alternoon.

There is no brother or sister at home to play or squabble with. No doubt this is more peaceful, but it has its snags.

Learning to give and take with contemporaries, to share things, even having to stand up for one's rights — all these opportunities are fewer for the only child.

Many parents of only children are, however, well aware of all these points.

By making sure that their child has the companionship of others every day, from the toddler stage up, they minimise the snags considerably.

Taking another child on holiday with you

snags considerably.

Taking another child on holiday with you as a companion for your "only" is another good idea. So, too, is acting as aunt and uncle to a child in a home and entertaining a child for occasional weekends, outings, and holiday periods.

This is provided, of course, that you really welcome the little guest for his own sake, not just to amuse your child.

I have met several parents who, in an effort not to spoil their only children, rule with a rod of iron. This has the effect of making the youngster concerned feel both lonely and unloved.

lonely and unloved.

"Onlies" need their share of affection and encouragement just as much as other children—but mother love, not smother love. Sometimes "onlies" are over-protected. When parents have just one child it is very understandable that they wish to shield him from all life's dangers and hardships.

After all he is all they have got. It is

After all, he is all they have got. It is truly hard for them to teach him to stand on his own feet, which is the ultimate goal of success for parents.

Going off to a camping holiday with other boys and occasions like this probably cause more qualms with parents of only children.

But such freedom from apron-strings is

By BERYL O. BAILEY

of extra value for these youngst

of extra value for these youngsters at its a wise parent who faces up to the Sometimes I have taught small born girls who were "onlies" and were and politieness and always beautifully the This is fine, provided that they have opportunity to wear old clothes and to steam with other children at time. Children are acute observers. The that his parents are too absorbed by in quickly registered by an only child. Their love could prove an emissional processed to only child. All children enjoy their parinterest, but beyond a certain point in

interest, but beyond a certain point become a trial.

A running fire of questions every time about what their only child but doing and saying causes many a you

doing and saying causes many a period of the clam up.

Several parents of "onlies" have that partly to avoid this over-dependent of the control of the contr

Obviously, parents of only childres the difficult task of steering a com-moderation; of giving sufficient and affection and protection, but not ordi-

The advantages of being an only of may encourage some parents who have gloomily of the snags.

Only children are frequently ver pin adult company and rarely let you before visitors. They tend to be thought and anxious to please.

Possibly their ideas may be more off than those of other children, as find are often bookworms and tend to be home in the realm of ideas.

In short, with wise parents they can up into delightful adults.

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CARDIGAN SUIT Casual two-piece suit can also be worn as separates. It's hand-knitted in a new alpaca mixture yarn with complete directions below.

CARDIGAN SUIT
Materials: Villawool Suralpagas—Cardigan, 8 (9, 10)
balls. Skirt, 6 (7, 8) balls;
1 pr. each Nos. 7 and 10
needles; 1 each Nos. 7, 8,
and 9 circular needles;
crochet hook; 5 brass rings
jin. in diameter; elastic for
waist. CARDIGAN SUIT

jin. in diameter; elastic for waist.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length of cardigan, 23in. (all sizes); sleeves, 16in. (all sizes); hips, 35 (37, 39) in.; waist (adjusted), 23 (25, 27) in.; length of skirt, 24in. (all sizes)

Tension: 11 sts. to 2in. PATTERN

1st Row (right side of work): (K 2, p 2), rep. to

2nd Row: As 1st row.
3rd Row: (Knit into
ont of 2nd st. on left
eedle, then knit 1st st., slip
oth off, k 2), rep. to end.
4th Row: Purl.
5th Row: (P 2, k 2), rep. front needle,

to end.

6th Row: As 5th row.

7th Row: (K 2, knit into front of 2nd st. on left needle, then knit 1st st., slip both off), rep. to end.

8th Row: Purl.

Rom: these 8

Rep. these 8 rows in-clusive.

CARDIGAN BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 104 (108, 112) sts. and work in rib of k I, p I for 1\$in. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. inclusive. Cont. until work measures 12\$in. (or length required), ending on wrong side of work.

work.

To Shape Raglans: Keeping patt in order, cast off 2 (3, 4) sts. at beg, of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until 36 (36, 36) sts. rem. Cast off

in patt.

LEFT FRONT LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 48 (52, 56) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1‡in. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. inclusive. Cont. until 12‡in. (or length required), ending at side edge.

To Shape Rag'an: Keeping patt. in order, cast off 2 (3, 4) sts. at beg. of next row. Work 1 row back to raglan

edge. Dec. 1 st. on this edge every 2nd row 32 (33, 34) times. At the same time, when dec. 22 (23, 24) times and 24 (26, 28) sts. rem. in raglan shaping ending at front edge, shape neck. Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and every 2nd row 4 (6, 8) sts. once, 2 (2, 2) sts. 4 times, at the same time cont. to shape raglan as before until all sts. are worked off and raglan measures exactly same as back raglam.

ragian.
RIGHT FRONT
Work as left front in re-

work as left front in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 48 (52, 56) sts. and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 24in. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. inclusive. Keeping patt. in order, inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and every 6th row thereafter until 78 (82, 86) sts. Cont. until sleeve measures 16in. (or length required), ending on wrong side of work. Shape raglan as back until 10 (10, 10) sts. rem. Cast off in patt.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side.

Press work on wrong side, Using small back-stitch, sew up the four raglan seams. Press seams.

Neckband: With right side facing and using No. 9 needles, pick up and k 119 (121, 123) sis, round neck

(121, 123) sts. routed edge.

Ist Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows, at the same time dec. 1 st. inside each end st. on 3rd, 7th, and 13th rows. Cast off ribwise on next row.

Left-front Band: With right side facing and using No. 9

Left-front Band: With right side facing and using No. 9 needles, pick up and knif from neck edge 139 (141, 143) sts.

1st Row: P 1, * k 1, p 1, rep. from * to end.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until 13 rows worked. Cast off ribwise on next row.

on next row.

Right-front Band: Beg. at lower edge and work as left band until 5 rows of rib have been worked, ending at lower edge.

Next Row: Rib 3 (4, 5) sts., * cast off ribwise 3 sts. rib until 29 sts. on needle, rep. from * to last 10 sts. cast off ribwise 3 sts., rib 5

Next Row: Rib and cast on 3 sts. over cast-off 3 sts. Cont. in rib until 13 rows worked. Cast off ribwise on next row.

TO FINISH OFF

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams.

To Make Buttons: With ring between thumb and forefinger of left hand, work half trebles right round until ring is covered. Join and leaving a length, break yarn Thread yarn and run through outside edge of half trebles. Draw tog, firmly and fasten off securely. Make 5 buttons altog. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

SKIRT PATTERN

1st Round: (K 2, p 2) rep. to end.

2nd Round: As 1st round 3rd Round: (Knit into front of 2nd st. on needle, then knit 1st st., slip both off, k 2), rep. to end. 4th Round: Knit.

5th Round: (P 2, k 2)

rep. to end. 6th Round: As 5th round. 7th Round: (K 2, knit into the front of the 2nd st on needle, then knit 1st st. slip both off), rep. to end.
8th Round: Knit.

Rep. these 8 rounds inclu-

sive.

Using No. 7 circular needle, cast on 192 (204, 216) sts. Join carefully without twisting, cast on and work in patt. inclusive. Contuntil 21in. Change to No. 8 circular needle and contuntil 23in. Change to No. 9 circular needle and contuntil 25in. Cont. in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. Cast off ribwise.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on wrong side. Join elastic and attach to waistline, using a herring-bone-stitch for casing. Turn up hem at required length and slip-stitch down.

Pompon trims cap

Materials: 4 balls Patons Totem Knitting Yarn; a No. 7 Milwards Phantom crochet

SUBTLE

in tone points up the simplicity of this elegant little suit. The all-over

pattern gives firm-ness to the design.

contrast

Measurements: To average head. Tension: 4 d.c. to lin. in

width.

Abbreviations: d.c., double crochet; tr. treble; inc., increase by working 2 d.c. into 1 d.c., dec., decrease by missing 1 d.c.; w.o.h., wool over hook; ch., chain.

CAP

Make 74 ch. and join with sl-st. to form ring.

Make 74 ch, and join with sl-st. to form ring.

1st Round: 1 d.c. into each ch. to end of round.

2nd Round: 1 d.c. into each d.c. to end of round.
Rep. 2nd round 8 times.

Proceed in cable patt.,
1st cable worked as follows:

Hook into pert d.c. wo.

Ist cable worked as follows:

Hook into next d.c., w.o.h.,
draw up loop on hook \$\frac{1}{2}in.
high, w.o.h., pass hook
through next d.c., w.o.h. and
draw up loop \$\frac{1}{2}in.
high, w.o.h. into same d.c., w.o.h.,
draw up another long loop
(there should now be \$5\$ sts.
on hook) w.o.h. and draw
right through these \$5\$ sts.
w.o.h. and draw through remaining st. * Miss next d.c.,
and work 2nd cable thus:

Hook into next d.c., w.o.h.

maining st. * Miss next d.c., and work 2nd cable thus:
Hook into next d.c., w.o.h. and draw up long loop, w.o.h., pass hook again in same d.c. and draw up 2nd long loop, w.o.h., pass hook again into same d.c. and draw up 3rd loop (there should now be 6 sts. on hook) w.o.h. and draw through these and draw through these 6 sts. w.o.h. and draw through remaining sto, rep. from * to end of round. Next Round: Insert hook

round.

3rd Round: * 1 d.c., det l.
rep. from * to end of round
Rep. 3rd round until on th
rem. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press. Make pompon w on top as illustrated



Television SOCKS

Materials: 4 balls green, 3 balls green fleck Patons Jet Tripleknit; Milwards Phantom crochet hook No. 5.

Measurements: Foot, 9½in.
Tension: 5 tr. to 2in. in width

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; g, green; g.f., green fleck; sl-st., slip-stitch.

and worked into back of every

Note: Wool is used double



stitch throughout. With g, make 30 ch., and join with sl-st. to form ring.

1st Round: 1 d.c. into each ch. to end of round. Break off 1 ball g, join in g.f.

2nd Round: 3 ch. to stand for I tr., I tr. into each d.c. to end of round. Join with sl-st. into 3rd ch. Fasten off.

HEEL AND FOOT

With 1 ball g and 1 ball f., make 21 ch., turn.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end of row.

2nd Row: 3 ch., turn, * 1
tr. into each tr., rep. from *
to end of row. Rep. 2nd row
twice. Make 10 ch. and join
to other side of heel for instep. Cont. in tr., working in
rounds. Dec. 1 st. each side
of instep in 2nd and every
round 5 times (6 dec.).
Next. Bound. * 1 tr. in

Next Round: * 1 tr. in next tr., miss 1 tr., rep. from * to end of round. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press, Sew up back seam of heel. Sew foot to top. Press

Purge 54 The Australian Women's Weekly - April 29, 1964



• You need have no qualms about winter when you've something warm and wonderful to put on, like the handknitted sweaters with matching caps at right.

SOME LIKE I

Materials: Boat neckline, 22 (23, 25, 26, 27) balls Woolworths Flash main color, 1 (1, 1, 1, 1) ball Woolworths Flash contrast color, Polo Neckline, 23 (24, 26, 27, 28) balls Woolworths Flash main color, 1 (1, 1, 1, 1) ball Woolworths Flash main color, 1 (1, 1, 1, 1) ball Woolworths Flash contrast color; 1 pair each Woolworths needles Nos. 3 and 7, 1 set of 4 No. 7 needles. Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38, 40, 42) in. bust/chest (actual measurement will be 3in. larger for easy fit); length from top of shoulder, 25 (254, 264, 27, 274) in.; length of aleeve seam, 17½ (17½, 18, 18, 18) in. Cap: To fit average head. Tension: 3½ sts. to lim. BOAT NECK SWEATER

BOAT NECK SWEATER

BOAT NECK SWEATER
BACK
Using No. 7 needles and
m.c., cast on 61 (65, 69, 71,
75) six. Work in st-st, for
1/m. Make hem as follows:
Using spare needle, pick upcast-on sts., then holding both
needles together kmt tog. I st.
from each needle to end of
row. Ghange to No. 3
needles, p I row, work thus:
lat Row: Using c.c., knit.
2nd Row: P I c.c. * p I
m.c., p I c.c., rep. from *
to end.
3rd Row: Using c.c., knit.
3rd Row: Using c.c., knit.

m.e., p 1 c.c., rep. from *to end.
3rd Row: Using c.c., knit.
4th Row: Using m.c., purl.
Cont. in st-st. using m.c.,
inc. 1 st. each end every 10th
row until inc. to 67 (71, 75,
77, 81) sts. When work
measures 16 (16, 17, 17, 17)
in or required length, shape
amholes by casting off 3 (3,
3, 3, 4), sts. at beg. of next
2 rows. K 2 tog. each end
of next 3 (3, 3, 3, 3) rows.
When armholes measure 8
(84, 84, 9, 94) in., shape
shoulders by casting off 3 (4,
5, 4, 4) sts. at beg. of next
4 (8, 2, 4, 2) rows. Cast
off 4 (0, 4, 5, 5) sts. at beg.
of next 4 (0, 6, 4, 6) rows.
Cont. in st-st. on remaining
27 (27, 29, 29, 29) sts. for
6 rows, inc. 1 st. each end of
every 2nd row. Cast off very
loosely.

FRONT
Work

FRONT Work same as for back.

Work same as for back.

SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles and m.c.; cast on 31 (33, 33, 35, 35) sts. Work in st-st. for 1½m. Make hem same as back. Change to No. 3 needles, p 1 row, then work the 4 patt, rows. Cont. in st-st. using m.c., inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 51 (53, 55, 57, 59) sts., at same time, when the same the same time, when the same time, the same time, the same time, when the same time, the same time, the same time, the same time

TO MAKE UP

TO MAKE UP
Press with warm iron and
damp cloth on wrong side of
work. Join shoulder seams,
Stitch sleeves round armholes.
Sew up side and sleeve seams.
Turn back facing at neck
and slip-stitch into position.

POLO NECK SWEATER

Work same as back of boat neck sweater until armholes measure 8 (84, 84, 9, 94) in. Shape shoulders by casting off 5 (6, 7, 6, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 6 (6, 6, 7, 7) sts. at beg.

of next 4 rows. Leave remsts. on spare needle. FRONT
FRONT
Work same as back until armholes measure 5½ (5½, 5½, 6, 6½) in. Shape neck:
Next Row: K 21 (23, 24, 25, 26) sts., leave rem. sts. on spare needle. Cont. on these 21 (23, 24, 25, 26) sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge of next 2 (3, 3, 3, 3) rows, then every 2nd row until dec. to 17 (18, 19, 20, 21) sts. When armhole measures 8 (8½, 8½, 9, 9½) in., shape shoulder by casting off 5 (6, 7, 6, 7) sts.

TO MAKE UP
Stich sleeves round armholes. Sew up sides and sleeve
seams. Press all seams.

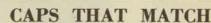
VERSATILE sweaters (right) can be knitted with either boat or polo necklines. Directions at left include five different chest sizes.

at armhole edge of next row. Cast off 6 (6, 6, 7, 7) sts. at armhole edge every second row twice. Slip next 13 (13, 15, 15, 15) sts. on to spare needle and k to end of row. Work to correspond with other side.

SLEEVES SLEEVES
As boat neck sweater.
POLO NECK
Join shoulder seams. With
right side of work toward
you, using 4 No. 7 needles,
pick up and k about 84 (88,
90, 94, 96) sts. round neck,
including stitches left on
spare needles. Work in rounds
in rib of k 1, p 1 for 5 (5,
5½, 5½, 5½) in. Gast off loosely
in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP





Materials: 4 (5) balls Woolworths Flash main color, small quantity contrast color (left over from sweaters); 1 pr. No. 7 knitting needles. Measurements: To fit aver-age head. (Smaller size is woman's cap.)

CAP
Using No. 7 needles and m.c., cast on 87 (91) sts.
Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½in., dec. 10 sts. evenly across last row, 77 (81) sts.
Work in st-st. for 10 rows, then work the 4 rows of patt. as in sweater. Cont. in st-st., using m.c. When st-st. measures 7 (8) in., dec. as follows:

CHARLES

ENFRANCE

COLD

Next Row: K 7 (1), * k 2 tog., k 5 (6), rep. from * to end, 67 (71) sts. Work in st-st. for lin., dec. as follows:

Next Row: K 7 (1), * k 2 tog., k 4 (5), rep. from * to end, 57 (61) sts. When st-st. measures 9 (10) in., cast off firmly.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Sew up back seam. Fold top in half, then into 4 equal parts. Top-sew the tops of each of the 4 parts to form pleated top. Turn to right side. Fold back the rib border to pattern.



STRIPED **SWEATER** AND SCARF

Materials: Sweater: 13 (B
14, C 15) balls main color,
2 (B 2, C 2) balls contrast
color. Scarf: 9 balls main
color, 1 ball contrast color
Patons Bluebell Crepe Yarn;
1 pair cach Nos. 12 and 9
needles; 6in. slide fastener;
set of No. 12 needles.

Measurements: To fit 32
(B 35, C 38) in. bust; full
length, 24 (B 25, C 26) in.;
sleeve seam, 17½in. (all
sizes) Tension: 13½ sts. to 2in.
Abbreviations: M.c., main
color; c.c., contrast color.
FRONT
With No 12 needles and

color; c.c., contrast color. FRONT

With No 12 needles and m.c., cast on 117 (B 127, C 137) sts. Work in st.-st. for 2½in., ending with p row. Join c.c., work 12 rows.

Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in m.c. Work even for 18 (B 18½, C 19) in from cast-on edge.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 4 (B 5, C 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog, each end of next 4 (B 4, C 5) rows, 101 (B 109, C 115) sts. ** Work even until armholes measure 5 (B 5, C 5½) in measured on straight, ending with p row.

To Shape Neck: K 40 (B 43, C 46) sts., cast off next 21 (B 23, C 23) sts., k to end of row.

Working on last 40 (B 43, C 46) sts. dec. once a

Working on last 40 (B c, C 46) sts., dec. once at ck edge every row 10

times, 30 (B 33, C 36) sts.

times, 30 (B 33, C 36) sts.

Work even until armhole measures 7 (B 7½, C 8) in. on straight, end with k row. To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 10 (B 11, C 12) sts. at beg. of next and foll. 2 alt. rows. Fasten off. Join yarn at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Make as front to **.

Make as front to **.
Work even 1½in, more.
Divide sts. in half for back
opening, knitting 2 tog. in
centre of last row. Work even

opening, knitting 2 tog, in centre of last row. Work even until armhole measures 5 (B 5, C 5½) in.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 15 (B 16, C 16) sts. each side of neck, dec. once each side of neck every row 5 times. Work even until armholes match front.

Shape shoulders as front.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and m.c., cast on 55 (B 59, C 63) sts. Work as front until 1st c.c. stripe is completed. With m.c., work 10 rows. With c.c., work 12 rows. Change to No. 9 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. once each end of next k row and every foll. 6th row to 87 (B 93, C 99) sts. Work even until sleeve measures 18½ in. from cast-on edge, ending with p row.

Shape top as follows: 1st and 2md Rows: Cast off 4 (B 5, C 6) sts.

K 2 tog, each end of next 4 (B 4, C 5) rows, then dec-once each end every alt row until 49 sts. rem. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows (17 sts.). Cast off. COLLAR

sts. at beg. of next 8 rows (17 sts.). Cast off.

COLLAR
Join shoulders with backst. Using set of 4 No. 12 needles and m.c., beg. at centre back, knit up 146 (B 150, C 154) sts. round neck, dividing evenly on to 3 needles. Work backwards and forwards in st-st. for 5 rows. Change to c.c. Work 12 rows. Change to m.c. and dec. 30 sts. evenly along row. Work 3 more rows. Change to c.c., dec. 30 sts. again evenly along row. Work 10 rows and cast off.

TO MAKE UP
Press. Join side and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves Fold m.c. in half at lower edge of sweater and slip-stitch down. Insert slide fastener.

SCARF
With m.c. in half at neck edge and slip-stitch down. Insert slide fastener.

SCARF
With m.c. and No. 9 needles, cast on 108 sts. Work in st-st./ throughout. Work 12 rows m.c., 12 rows c.c.
Cont. in m.c. until scarf measures 60in. Work 12 rows m.c., 12 rows m.c., 12 rows c.c..
Cont. in m.c. until scarf measures 60in. Work 12 rows c.c..
Cont. in m.c. cast off. Press. Fold in half, join side seam, stitch each end.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - April 29, 1964



in white by right, or scintillating black, with

NEW Pretzel Peach

Here's a great new colour . . . Pretzel Peach . . . for your Cutex wardrobe of colours. A sophisticated peach for day and night, Cutex specially blended it to highlight black, white and the new

winter fashion colours. Prove you have a flair for fashion . . . be first with new Pretzel Peach by Cutex, the world's best-selling nail polish, and its partner in beauty, Cutex Lipstick.

CUTEX; The world's best-selling nail polish. Pearl Polish 6/9, Creme Polish 3/9, Lipsticks 6/11 and 5/6.

... at your lips and fingertips

Page 56



 Warm as a north wind, the gay, polo-necked poncho at right is knitted sideways. Its unusual pompon trim is repeated on a zany cap. Directions for making are below.

PLAYTIME PONCHO

Materials: 20 balls Patons Bluebell Crepe Wool; 1 pair No. 9 and set of 4 No. 11 knitting needles; curtain rings. Measurements: To fit 34-

36in. bust.

Tension: 13½ sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p,
puri, inc., increase; dec., derease; "Inc." pick up thread
which lies between next 2
sts., put on left-hand needle,
and knit through back of
loop; st-st., stocking-stitch.

Note: Poncho is knitted

Note: Poncho is knitted ideways in st-st.

FRONT
Beg at right sleeve, using
No. 9 needles, cast on 30 sts.
Work 2 rows.

No. 9 needles, card on some Work 2 rows.

3rd Row: Knit, inc. 10 sts. evenly along row. Work 1 row straight. Cont in st-st., inc. 1 st. at beg of next and every foll. 3rd row, at the same time, inc. 1 st. at the end of next and every foll. 4th row until 124 sts. on needle. Cont. inc. at lower edge as before, but inc. every 8th row at shoulder edge until 140 sts. on needle, ending with knit row. Still inc. every 3rd row at lower edge, cast off 6 sts. at neck edge in next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row 6 times. Work straight at neck edge for 20 straight at nack edge for 20 rows (137 sts.). (Centre of cape is now reached, work should measure approx.

Work 20 rows straight at neck edge, at the same time, dec. 1 st. at lower edge in next and every foll. 3rd row. Inc. 1 st. at neck edge in next on 6 sts. at neck edge in next row. edge of sleeve. Work rounds state the same time, decided the same time, and slip-st. along edge of roll. CUFFS

Join underarm seam for 15in. Using four No. 11 needles, pick up 60 sts. round edge of sleeve. Work rounds Still dec. every 3rd row at lower edge, dec. 1 st. at shoulder edge every 8th row until 124 sts. on needle, then dec. every 4th row at shoulder edge and 3rd row at lower edge until 40 sts. rem., end-ing with purl row. Dec. 10 sts. evenly along next row. Work 2 rows straight. Cast

BACK

Work as front until 140 sts. on needle. Work straight at neck edge to centre (149 sts.). Work second half of back to

NECKBAND

Press. Using back-st. join shoulder and upper sleeve seams. With 4 No. 11 needles and right side of work facing, pick up 130 sts. round neck, divide evenly on to 3 needles.

1st Round: Knit.

2nd Round: * K 2, "Inc," rep. from * to end of round. Rep. 1st round 5 times.

8th Round: * K 1, k 2 tog. p. from * to end of round. rep. from

Work rounds of k 1, p 1 rib for 4in. Cast off in rib. Slip-st. the two edges of the st-st. band together on wrong side to form roll. Fold

Join underarm seam for 15in. Using four No. 11 needles, pick up 60 sts. round edge of sleeve. Work rounds of k 1, p 1 rib for 5in. Cast off in rib.

off in rib.

No. 1 Facings (Make 2):
Using No. 9 needles, cast on
10 sts. 1st Row: K 2 tog., knit
to last st., inc. 1. 2nd Row:

Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until facing is long enough from centre point to end of sleeve seam. Cast off.

No. 2 Facings (Make 2): Cast on 10 sts. 1st Row: Inc. once in first st., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. 2nd Row: Purl. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until same length as No. 1 facings. Cast off. Cast off

TO MAKE UP

TO MAKE UP
Join facings 1 and 2 across
cast-off end. Back-st. to lower
edge of front and back of
cape, matching centre point,
turn back and slip-st. on
wrong side. Press well. Finish
lower edge and sleeve seams
with large pompons if desired.
Turn back cuffs for 2in.
Attach curtain ring to finishing thread of each pompon
and stitch to lower edge of
poncho.

CAP

CAP
(To fit average size head.)
Using 4 No. 11 needles,
cast on 150 sts. Work rounds
of k 1, p 1 rib for 4in., then

cont. in st-st. until work measures 7in, from beg, Shape Crown As Follows— 1st Round: * K 4, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round (125 sts.). Work 4 rounds straight

straight.
6th Round: * K 3, k 2 tog.,
rep. from * to end of round
(100 sts.). Cont. dec. in this
manner in foll. 4th rounds

Work 3 rounds straight.

Next Round: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round.
Work 2 rounds straight.

Next Round: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end of round.
Break off wool, run end through rem. sts. Draw up and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Press, Turn back ribbing for 2in. to wrong side and slip-stitch. Cover crown of cap with pompons.



Teamed for town

Materials: 19 (B 20, C 21) balls Patons Patonyle 4-ply Knitting Yarn; 1 pair each Nos. 10 and 12 knitting needles; 5 (B 5, C 6) in. slide fastener; Jin.-wide clastic for

Measurements: Jumper, to 2 32-33 (B 34-35, C 36-37) bust; length 19‡ (B 20‡, C in bust, length 19‡ (B 20‡, G 21‡) in to top of shoulder; skirt, to fit 34-35 (B 36-37, C 38-39) in hips; length, 25in (finished) or as required. Tension: 15 sts, to 2in. Abbreviations: g-st., garter-stitch

SKIRT:
(2 pieces alike)
Note: For a shorter or longer skirt, work in less

or more between first few decreasings, allowing for the difference whenever a measurement is stated.

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 192 (B 201, C 210) sts. and work 5 rows st-st.

Next Row: Knit into back of each st. for fold of hem. Change to No. 10 needles and work 2in. in st-st., ending with a purl row.

Next Row (1st dec. row):

K 1, k 2 tog., * k 58 (B 61, C 64), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * once, k 58 (B 61, C 64), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1, cont. in st-st. until work measures 4½in., ending with a purl row.

Next Row (2nd dec. row):

Next Row (2nd dec. row):

K 1, k 2 tog., * k 56 (B 59, C 62), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * once, k 56 (B 59, C 62), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 1. Cont. in st-st. until work measures 6‡in., ending with a purl row. Cont. thus, dec. 6 times on next row, and at 2in. intervals, working 2 sts. less between decs. each time until 126 (B 135, C 144) sts. rem., ending with a dec. row. Work measures approx. 22in. above ridge. ridge

Work 9 rows st-st., then dec. as before on next and foll. 10th row—114 (B 123, C 132) sts. Work 9 rows

st-st.

Next Row: K 11 (B 6, C
11), * k 2 tog., k 8 (B 4, C
4), rep. from * to last 3 (B
3, C 7) sts., knit to end104 (B 104, C 113) sts. Cont.
in st-st. for 1½in., ending with
a purl row. Cast off loosely.

JUMPER FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 124 (B 132, C 140) sts. and work lin. in st-st., finishing after a purl row.

Next Row: Purl for ridge of hem. Cont. in st-st. for lin., beginning and ending with purl row.

Change to No. 10 needles and work 10 rows st-st., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every foll. 18th row until there are 134 (B 142, C 150) sts. Cont. straight until work measures 11in. from beginning, ending after a knit row.

To Shape for Gusset: Dec. 1 st. each end of next 16 purl

SMART jumper and skirt combination to wear under topcoats on luncheon dates in town.

rows-102 (B 110, C 118)

sts. Leave for present.

Right Half Sleeve: Using
No. 10 needles, cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: Knit twice into

ch st. 2nd Row: Purl to last st.,

inc. in last st.

3rd Row: Knit twice in 1st st., knit to last st., knit twice

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows 8 times more, then 2nd row again (32 sts.). Leave on spare needle.

Left Half Sleeve: Using No. 10 needles, cast on 2 sts. 1st Row: Knit twice in

2nd Row: Purl twice in 1st

st, purl to end.

3rd Row: Knit twice in 1st st, knit to last st, knit twice in last st, knit twice in last st. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows 8 times, then 2nd row again (32 sts.).

again (32 sts.).
Assemble sts. thus—Next
Row: Inc. in 1st st., k 31,
k 102 (B 110, C 118) main
sts., then across other sleeve
sts., inc. in last st.—168 (B
176, C 184) sts.
Next Row: Purl to end,
Now inc. 1 st. each end of
next and foll. 12 (B 14, C 16)
knit rows—194 (B 206, C
218) sts.
Next Row: Purl.

knit rows — 194 (B 206, C 218) sts.
Next Row: Purl.
To Shape Top of Sleeves:
Dec. 1 st. each end of next
16 (B 20, C 24) rows—162
(B 166, C 170) sts.
To Shape Neck — Next
Row: Cast off 3, k 70 (B 72,
C 74), including st. on righthand needle, leave these sts.
for the present, cast off next
16 sts., k 73 (B 75, C 77).
Next Row: Cast off 3, purl
to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., knit
to end. Rep. last 2 rows 3
times—53 (B 55, C 57) sts.

Next Row: Cast off 3, purl

Next Row: Cast on 3, puri to end.

Next Row: K 2 tog., knit to end. Rep. last 2 rows once 45 (B 47, C 49) sts. Now dec. I st. at neck edge on next 4 knit rows, at same

time casting off 5 on next 5 purl rows—16 (B 18, C 20) sts. Then keeping neck edge straight, cast off 8 (B 9, C 10) on next 2 purl rows. Return to rem. sts. Next

Return to rem. sts. Next
Row: P 2 tog., purl to end—
69 (B 71, C 73) sts.
Next Row: Cast off 3, knit
to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.
Next Row: P 2 tog., purl
to end. Rep. last 2 rows
twice more—54 (B 56, C 58)

Next Row: Cast off 3, knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.—50 (B 52, C 54) sts. Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows once—46 (B 48, C

2 rows once—4b (50) sts.

Next Row: Cast off 5, knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows 4 times, then cast off 8 (B 9, C 10) on next 2 least rows. 8 (B 5, knit rows. BACK

BACK
Work as front until 102
(B 110, C 118) sts. rem.
Leave for the present.
Left Half Sleeve: Work as for right front half sleeve (32 sts.). Leave these sts.
Right Half Sleeve: Work as for left front half sleeve (32 sts.).
Assemble sts. thus—Next Row: Inc. in 1st st., k 31, k 102 (B 110, C 118) sts., then other sleeve sts., inc. in last st.—168 (B 176, C 184) sts.

Next Row: Purl. Now inc. Next Row: Purl. Now inc. 1 st. each end of next 2 (B 8, C 8) knit rows—172 (B 192, C 200) sts.
Next Row: P 84 (B 94, C 98), k 2, turn and leave rem. sts. for the present.
Next Row: Knit to last st., inc. in st.—87 (B 97, C 101)

Next Row: Purl to last 2

Next Row: Purl to last 2 sts., k 2.

Now keeping 2 sts. in g-st. at back opening, inc. 1 st. at side edge on next 10 (B 6, C 8) knit rows, finishing after a purl row—97 (B 103, C 109) sts.

To Shape Top of Sleeve: Dec. 1 st. at shoulder edge on next 16 (B 20, C 24) rows, then cast off 3 on next 5 purl rows, 5 on next 5 purl rows and 8 (B 9, C 10) on foll. 2 purl rows. Cast off rem. 22 sts. Go back to rem. sts. and work to match other side.

Guerrets (2 alike): Using

A high-style handknit

Gussets (2 alike): Using No. 10 needles, cast on 10 ats. and work in st-st., inc. I st. each end of every 3rd row until there are 34 ats., ending after 2 rows straight, then dec. I st. each end of next and every alt row until 2 sts. rem. Next Row: P 2, now k 2 tog, and fasten off.

TO MAKE IIP

TO MAKE UP

Press work on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth.

Skirt: Join side seams. Turn up and slip-st, hem at lower edge. Turn waistband in half to wrong side and thread elastic through.

half to wrong side and thread elastic through.

Jumper: Note — Cast-on edge of gusset forms part of sleeve when joining. Join side seams. Back - stitch shoulder seams. Insert gussets with increased edge to cast-on slope of sleeve piece, and decreased edge to armhole slope. Turn under, slip-st. hem at lower edge. Make bias strips for sleeve facings thus: Using No. 12 needles, cast on 9 sts. 1st Row: P 9. 2nd Row: Knit into back and front of 1st st., knit to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Rep. these 2 rows until facing fits sleeve edge. Cast off. Make another strip the same. Neck Facing: Make as for sleeve facing to fit round neck, ending with knit row. Work as follows: Purl to last 2 sts., turn. Next Row: Inc. in first st., knit to last 2 sts., turn. In last 5 sts., turn. Next Row: Inc. in first st., knit to last 2 sts., torn. Next Row: Purl to last 5 sts., turn. Next Row: Inc. in first st., knit to last 2 sts., torn. Inc. in first st., knit to last 2 sts., torn. Next Row: Purl to last 5 sts., turn. Next Row: Inc. in first st., knit to last 2 sts., torn. Next Row: Purl 10 last 2 sts., turn. Next Row: Inc. in first st., knit to last 2 sts., turn. Next Row: Inc. in first st., k2 tog., turn. Purl 9. Cast off.

Face neck and sleeve edges with the bias strips. Sew in

Face neck and sleeve edges with the bias strips. Sew in slide fastener. Press seams.

Wester - April 29, 1964

ALIAN WO

good food, and champagne had left, as it were, momentarily naked and unshuttered. Sarah found that Grogan's eye had come to rest on herself.

had come to rest on herself.

"I gather, Mrs. Robins, that you'd invited a few friends for dinner tonight," he was saying, glancing beyond the foot of the stairs toward the lighted dining-room from which they had all emerged, "and that Mr. Lovat was one of them?"

"Yes," she said, and told how to her surprise he hadn't turned up, nor sent any message, and that they had waited till eight-thirty before going in to dinner without him.

had waited till eight-thirty before going in to dinner without him. "What time were your friends in-vited for?"
"Half-past seven I asked them for, about half-past seven."
"And when did the most of 'em turn up?"
"All pastly much as a limit of 'em

And when the most see that up?"

"All pretty much on time, I'd say.

Mr. Huxtable was here—be'd come in to see me about something a little earlier—when Mrs. O'Hara arrived, and then the Wakefields and Mr. Appleton came more or less in a bunch."

"I see. And then you went into the drawing-room, I suppose, and started having a few drinks, and you were in there for an hour, you say. That right?"

"Yes."

"Now, I wonder if you could

"Now, I wonder if you could remember if anyone left the room and went out during that hour?"

and went out during that hour?"

"Well," Sarah said, "I don't know what you mean by west out—out-aide the house, do you mean?—but naturally people didn't stay in the room all the time." She was purposefully vague, juggling with the question he had put to her, and seeing in one quick look round at the others how soon concern for Roly's fate had been supplanted by concern for their own.

She was aware of this sudden

She was aware of this sudden callousness inside herself, too. For what was one to expect but this official probe when a man, known to them all here, and fied up with the killing of Theda Berry, was shot dead almost at one's, very gate? Weren't the movements of every one of them vital to the inquiry?

GROGAN'S next words, however, robbed his question of any personal application.

"You see," he said affably, "with half-a-dozen people or so talking away in there and laughing, and that, the noise'd keep them from hearing anything going on outside, wouldn't it? But if anyone left the room they might've chanced to hear something—raised voices at the gate, say, an altercation, something like that—that'd help us fix the time a bit more exactly. See? You might hear sounds that you'd think nothing of at the time but that might mean a heck of a lot now."

that might mean a beck of a lot now."

Hubert appeared to be little deceived by this mellow note. Standing beside Katie at the foot of the stairs, he groped for pipe and pouch, then changed his mind and took out a cigarette. He looked massive and flushed, and if not worried at least keeping an irritation well under control.

"I went as far as the garden," he said, "I was standing near the long window in the drawing-room talking to my cousin Mrs. O'Hara, when I said, 'Wait a jiffy, that sprinkler's washing away the soil from those fuchsias, I'll move it,' and I stepped through the window and did so. But I'm damned if I heard anything—at the gate or anywhere else. Not a thing. If I had I'd've been out to investigate quick and lively. In a place like this, you know, people don't go brawling out in the road without calling attention to themselves."

"Any idea of the time you stepped out, Mr. Wakefield?"

Hubert frowned, puffed, blinked. "Oh, round about eight perham

out, Mr. Wakeheld?"
Hubert frowned, puffed, blinked.
"Oh, round about eight, perhaps.
I was outside—might've been five
minutes. I suppose that's the sort
of thing you want to know. Inspector? Katie, my dear, speak up!
I know you went out for something
or other, didn't you?"

He word!

or other, didn't you?"

He turned and glared at her, the irritation finding an outlet on her, if not on the inspector. "And if anyone's got sharper ears than you have!"— He strode into the dining-room and came back with dining-room and came back with a glass of champagne, emotied it and put the glass on a table.

Continued from page 31

"I did," Katie said, brisk and composed as ever. "But I went into the study, and naturally I couldn't've heard any street noises from there. Mr. Huxtable and I were talking about a new record he'd bought, and we couldn't agree as to who was the earlier, Purcell or Vivaldi, and I ran across to look it up in the encyclopedia." True to form, she murmured: "I True to form, she murmured: "was right, Purcell was the earlier.

was right, Purcell was the earlier."

Not waiting for her father's elbow in her ribs, Debbie told that she'd been out of the room, too, but no sounds from outside had reached her. Nothing. She spoke in a plaintive tone that combined grief for the loss of a friend with a wish to co-operate in tracking down the destroyer. She told that she had

COME SEE ME DIE

gone along to the morning-room—
there were masses of relics stored in
there—to look for an album with
a snap of herself in it that she
wanted to show Conrad. This
snap actually—yes, actually it was!
—was of herself on her first pony,
with Roly Lovat leading it round
the paddock.

She sank on to the bottom step of the stairs and put out a hand to Conrad. He took it and held it, stooped over her and murmured a few words.

Straightening up, he said to Grogan: "That's right, she brought it in and we had a look at it. Terrible when you think of it now." He looked across at the two detectives. "Though I'd like

to say that if the real purpose of your questions, Inspector, is to disto say that if the real purpose of your questions, Inspector, is to discover if one of us went out and shot Lovat between drinks—well, I personally didn't leave the house. I went just as far as the washroom at the end of the hall. I had a dry-up in there after I'd spilt a martini over my trousers. You can guess how long that'd take."

"Yeah," Manning said on a long sceptical note that said plainly, without any waste of further words, Yeah, I know how long it'd take, mate, to rub a bit of martini off your pants. But what I'd like to know is, how the folk left behind with the bottles were goin' to notice-if you were out of the room two, five or ten minutes!

Disregarding the separation ingful tone, Sarah sale for our an occasion like the always easy to say just be you were out of the work in the kitchen more than so was Mr. Huxtable a solidly built old house all the trees and shrule very little from outside por was the displayed to the work of the control of the work of

"When he didn't turn un ning asked, "didn't you the phone him to find out was delayin' him?"

She shook her head "No"

"Huh. Seems funny to me
When Manning taid to
the word seemed to carry to
host of other meaning. Yet
host of other meaning.

"The word of the meaning of meaning
mentally moronic, or meaning
pect up to the hilt.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 3

"I suppose I wouldn't have exmeted to find him at home," Sarah
sid excusingly,
ought he'd been held up somehere out in the country. His
b takes him pretty far afield. No,
didn't ring him. The telephone
and used all the evening."

"Oh, wait a minute, darling," aurette put in hastily. "I'd rather e quite exact about that. I used once, I rang Paul."
"Did you?"

"Yes." Turning to Manning, aurette explained that her hussond wasn't here tonight because he var getting a bad cold, and that a quarter to eight she rang to a do not hinself some dinner. But ney could see—shut away in the dephone room—how insulated rom any noise she'd have been.

"A quarter to eight," Grogan re-

Continued from page 58

peated, looking across at the delicately pretty slim figure of Laurette, whose unacquaintance with crime, violent or otherwise, seemed to be written large on her quickly flushing and paling face and eager, open expression. "And as you were at the phone there," he went on, "after you'd had a word with your husband, I take it you gave Mr. Lovat a tinkle?"

"Oh, no, I didn't. But I didn't. I didn't speak to him at all. What do you mean?"

"Well, I'll tell you. We think somebody might've rung him at just that time. Dr. Lovat's house-keeper tells us—the old doctor was out himself, for dinner and bridge with friends—and the housekeeper,

COME

she tells us she was in her room right at the other end of the house, listening to her radio. In one of the intervals of the music at a quarter to eight—she places the time by the programme—she says she heard the phone ringing and she got up to answer it, but before she reached the door the bell stopped and she sat down again.

"She couldn't say—she couldn't hear—if it'd been going some time and not being answered the caller had hung up, or if Mr. Lovat had answered it himself. She doesn't know the first thing about his movements after he came into the house at five-thirty and went upstairs to bath and change. Him

going out to dinner and the doctor out, she was off duty, too."

He stopped. The stillness on every face, the guarded eyes—they might all have been inwardly hearing that telephone ringing in the Lovats' house; someone summoning Roly to ask if he was coming, when he was leaving, and finding, perhaps, that in five minutes' time—it would take no more than that to drive over from the Lovats'—he would be drawing up in Riverhill, with someone to meet him; "someone" whose absence from the drawing-room need be no longer than a few minutes, not long enough to be remarked on by anyone.

But not necessarily Laurette,

But not necessarily Laurette, Sarah thought, leaning weakly against the stairway. Anyone

could have stepped into the tele-phone-room and put in that call. Anyone . . . anyone.

Anyone ... anyone.

Hubert's "anyone," as he plunged in now, came from further afield. Who knew the first thing about a popular bachelor's life? he demanded to be told, or what poor old Roly might have got himself mixed up in. These little towns seemed safe and respectable on the surface, but there were shady characters in them and a certain amount of underworld goings on. Everyone knew that. The kind of characters that wouldn't think twice of following a man across town or lying in wait for him and putting a bullet through his head. Nobody liked Roly better than he did, but he was a gay and easy-going sort of chap and might easily have stepped on someone's toes.

"I expect you'll be on to some of

"I expect you'll be on to some of the hot spots of Corramundi, eh?" he ended.

Grogan said: "I'll answer that question with another, Mr. Wakefield," and looked across at Sarah. "What did you give your guests for dinner, Mrs. Robins?"

The unexpectedness of the question made Sarah for a moment unable to collect her wits. That dinner eaten just now — a lifetime ago, rather! — that simple uninspired meal planned for the minimum of trouble! And heavens, what trouble had come out of it!

Staring stupidly, she recounted what they had had, not forgetting the mangoes before the chicken and the brandy on the strawberries.

Grogan nodded at each item, waited till she said: "That was all. We hadn't had coffee when you arrived," then he asked: "Any caviar?"

"Caviar?

"Caviar? Caviar?"

The word was repeated round the room by each person with the same disapproving intonation, as though some flippant irrelevancy had been introduced into a life-and-death discussion. But the inspector waited, and Sarah had the impression that the longer she took to answer the more interested his expression grew; that this was no irrelevancy but rather one of those occasions when a player is poised for a winning stroke in a game, and confident that he will make it.

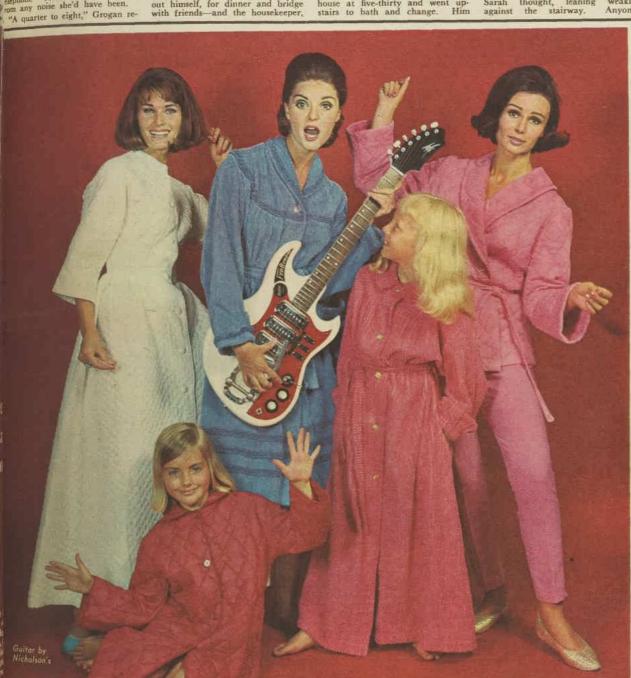
To page 60

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By RUD









On the lelt, among the big girls, in the harmonious group above is Jeldi's "Princess" gown, collarless, three-quarter sleeved in woven nylon, and buttoned along all its graceful length; with the Anmin Hi-Look filling, too, and in sizes 32 to 38; blue, pastel bink and this glowing white, about £11/9/11.

The guitarist wears "Swiss Miss." a famous Jeldi chenille brunch coat available in sizes 32 to 38. It's washable, wearable, day-to-day luxury with a soft collar and cozy long sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38, in burnt orange, flamingo, coral rose, ocean blue, aqua, petal pink, tilac or snow white. About £3/19/6.

Dashing the shortic coat and pants on the right, with long, free lapels lightly appliqued; figure-flattering with a tie belt, and supremely comfortable because of the Anmin Hi-Look filling. Sizes 32 to

38, in pastel pink, coral rose, aqua, cherry, sapphire blue, cassata green, white, pale jacaranda blue. About £5/12/6. Pants to match, additional.

The delightful blonde on the floor models "Gretel" brunch coat in nylon tricot that keeps a little girl warm, neat and sweet. The junior sizes are 33 to 51, and the colours: pastel pink, coral rose, aqua, cherry, sapphire blue, cassata green, white, pale jacaranda blue. From 56/3.

Her playmate wears a Jeldi little-girl classic in "Junior Miss," a soft chenille floor-length house-coat with elasticised waist and cuffs. Sizes from 24 to 51, and the colours are pastel pink, coral rose, aqua, burnt orange, flamingo, ocean blue, lilae and white From 41/3.

P.S. Wouldn't your mother love a Jeldi gown for Mother's Day?

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THE Australian Women's Weekly - April 29, 1964

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time your immaculate new
nails and cuticles will amaze
you. From chemists and stores.





Continued from page 59

The guests of her shattered party all looked as unable as she herself felt to face a possible new danger in this stalk through the jungle. Only the detectives seemed fresh and unwearied; they and the cooler air stealing in from the flower-scented garden, and the sedate dignity of the old-fashioned hall, and the aloof white phlox in the ornate vase.

Pulling herself together with an effort, Sarah said that no, there hadn't been any caviar at the dinner, but that beforehand in the drawing-room they had had it with their drinks.

Grogan said, Was that so?

their drinks.

Grogan said, Was that so?
and nodded complacently,
and was it black caviar or
red? Black, eh? More complacency. The small eggs or
not German. His nod plainly
said that she had given precisely the right answers.

"And so?" she asked, when
the stopped.

"So, Mrs, Bobins.

"So, Mrs. Robins—or may-be I should say Mr. Wake-field—it doesn't look like it was any of these underworld characters that followed Mr. characters that followed Mr. Lovat across the town and shot him out there. It looks like the dead man had con-tact with someone at this little party, because as he lay dead at the wheel of his car there were a couple of grains of this sort of caviar-mind,

there were a couple of grains of this sort of caviar—mind, I'm not saying the same, I'm only saying the same sort — on his shirt front."

Dismay giving place to horror swept over Sarah.

She turned aside at his words, looking away, looking down, as though it was indecent now to look at any of the faces round her. Lifting her eyes for one instant, she caught William's eye and exchanged with him a fleeting signal of calamity. All the questions about their brief absences from the drawing-room were now lighted up by a new sinister glare.

Only a minute, just long enough to move the sprinkler from the fuchsias. Only a minute, pop into the telephone-room — the study — the morning-room — the kitchen. Only a minute, with a trace of caviar on your hand, to meet Roly at the gate, and with that hand to push him back as he went to get out of the car, while with the other you put that bullet through his head.

Grogan's next words, howhis head.

his head.

Grogan's next words, however, seemed to promise a possible reprieve.

"There's one thing," he said: "When you folk left the

There's one thing, he aid: "When you folk left the drawing-room and went in to dinner, the front door was open, I take it, and the long windows on to the garden. That right?"

"Yes."

"Well, was there any caviar left behind in the dish?"

Sarah caught at the hope, Oh, let it be so! Let it be so! And let Roly have come in quietly, not heard by anyone, and helped himself to some, spilt that morsel on his shirt, then hearing the voices in the dining-room and for shirt, then hearing the voices in the dining-room and for one reason or another deciding not to stay have stepped out again and gone back to his car and there met up with that underworld character that Hubert had talked about, that enemy who had followed him to Riverhill.

Her hope was quickly

Her hope was quickly shattered.

Her nope was quickly shattered.

William said: "Does caviar ever go begging, Inspector? Not when I'm about As we were leaving the drawing-room I saw there was a shred of bread and butter left and a scrap of caviar, and I finished it off to the last grain."

"You did, did you?"

Grogan said. "So we got to wash out that hypothesis: that unseen by anyone he came in while you were at disner and helped himself to the stuff. It's out to that."

Out to that, out by no

means out to all the rest, to means out to all the rest, to an agonising repetition of every detail of those hours since Laurette had come call-ing at the front door at half past seven. As time dragged on even the young looked jaded and Laurette suddenly on even the young looked jaded and Laurette suddenly middle-aged, and no one now would have told Katie that she looked as young as her daughter! Hubert, slumped on the rug box beside her, punctuated every pause with a tremendous yawn dramatically stifled, and an occasional groan of protest.

Not these protests, however, but sheer inability to garner another grain of information it was that made Gregan put an end to the proceedings.

Or what just then seemed to be an end to them.

He made a move to go, and Katie, released, stood up. "Well, Sarah," she said, "Hubert and I'll be off," And with one last flicker: "Thank you for a very nice dinner, Debbie and Conrad will wait here with you to clear up."

Debbie and Gonrad will wait here with you to clear up."
Sarah nodded and mur-mured to Debbie: "And to think that this was going to have been an exorcising party, and that after it I was going to sleep safely back home again?"

Manning caught the mur-mur. "So the new front lock's been fixed, has it?" he in-quired.

SCENTING fur-DCENTING further disapproval, she turned and looked at the gloomily ever-vigilant sergeant. "Well, as a matter of fact," she said —a school kid caught out in a misdemeanor—"It was to have been. I expected the locksmith all the afternoon, but he didn't turn up."

"Dilatory sort o' bloke."
"Yes, but in a way I suppose I've been sort of dilatory, too. I could have had a simple bolt put on and taken one of the other door keys when I went out. But every day I expected Parkes' man to come along to do it. I sent him an urgent message by Norm

along to do it. I sent him an urgent message by Norm Kerrigan today."

Hubert, emerging from the dining-room where he had gone to salvage Katie's bag, said: "Kerrigan, eh? It wouldn't surprise me if he told Parkes he needn't come at all, or passed on some garbled yarn. I saw him at the Rose this afternoon when I dropped in to leave an I dropped in to leave an order and have a drink, and there he was in the bar, looking as sozzled as an owl."
"Was he? He was turning into the pub when I met him and he offered to give Parkes the message."

the message."

"Odd for Kerrigan,"

Laurette said: "He's not a

Laurette said: Tre's not a boozer."

Everyone faintly revived. So nice to be discussing an absent one!

"Wife won't let him, I suppose," Hubert threw in.

"Living up his legacy, perhaps," Conrad suggested.

It was the detectives who left first, not Katie and Hubert, and their going revived Katie still further. William went and got another bottle of champagne. Like liquid heaven, after the uneasy dry-mouthed hour or so

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COME SEE ME

just past, it flowed through tired limbs and sagging

tired limbs and sagging spirits.

Its magic was short lived, for quickly on the elation followed the pay-off, with Laurette showing signs of revous jitters and declaring that she was afaid to go home, and Hubert consoling her with over-warm cousinly kisses, and Katie growing progressively more waspish, progressively more waspish, and Debbie dissolving in tears as she bemoaned this last affront to Mrs. Appleton and rejecting Contad's reassurances, and William becoming grimly cheerful.

Almost at screaming points.

grimly cheerful.

Almost at screaming point,
Sarah made a sign to William
to take Laurette home, and
before very long Larchwood sank back into its own
haunted silence, except that
the luminous night streaming
through the windows surprised those incongruously
festive remains, the disordered
table with the half-full and
empty glasses, the fruit plates
and melting cream, the ashtrays and thrown-down napkins.

kins.

On leaving Larchwood, Grogan and Manning drove straight to the Kerrigans' cottage. Though nearly midnight, Norm and his wife were still up. On the revolution in their lives of the boss' death was foundering every tight little routine and self-imposed discipline of the Kerrigan household.

The unlovely small sitting-room beside the front door showed the successive waves of tea which had lapped in since the news had broken with the first neighbor to come running. Summoned by telephone from her mother's, Mrs. Kerrigan had come home to find her husband for once not exhibiting signs of early. once not exhibiting signs of guilt. The happenings had turned aside her attack from his afternoon lapse and directed it toward the cruel fate that might now cause Norm to be looking for an-other job.

The last of the neighbors departed by the back door when the two detectives were admitted by Mrs. Kerrigan at the front. She left them alone with Norm, who got up and then sat down again, sketching an invitation for them to do likewise, and Grogan and Manning seated themselves among the dazzle of patterned cretoines: blue and pink foxgloves, frail exotic lilies, and Chinese teahouses. last of the neighbors

NORM made none of the conventional comments. Sitting sideways at the table, one long arm dangling among the tea debris, he let Grogan lament Mr. Lovat's death and speculate about his killer. Not one personal item about Roly's life did he bring forth to shed the smallest ray of light on his death. So far as he was concerned, Roly might have ceased to exist every evening when at five-thirty Kerrigan shut his office door and walked the deadly straight half mile to his deadly straight wife and home.

This afternoon, though, Norm hadn't even done that, because after lunch, so it was extracted from him, he had gone into The Rose and Shamrock for a drink. No, not the usual thing for him to do. Didn't know when he'd done it last. Could be the day was a bit extra bot, and there wasn't a lot doing at the office. He put two cups and saucers together and pushed them away from him.

Given the smallest opportunity, Norm always seemed to be trying to close the subject in hand, to resist all

further jabber and finalise it. His manoeuvre didn't work this time.

Manning asked as the rattle of teacups stopped: "What time did you leave the pub and go back to work?"

"I didn't go back to work."

"You didn't?"

"No."

"No."
"Why?"
Out it had to come, that today Norm Kerrigan, who as a rule was wound like a worthy clock that you could tell every minute of the day by, hadn't gone back to his little hot box behind the fly-buzzed pane, but had sat on, free as a lord, inexplicably, recklessly, drinking the hours away.

away.
"So you stopped on at the pub?"
"Yes."
"Alone?"

'No.

"Who with?"
"Mr. Wakefield. He came
in and we got talking."
"What about?"

"My aunt's death, and that, and some of the things that's happened since. Then he asked me to join him and two friends in a drink."
"Beer?"

"Beer?"

"No, whisky he ordered. Very strong stuff it is, too."

So, patiently, the needle was inserted into Norm and the drops of information were drawn off: that after Mr. Wakefield's shout it got to Norm himself ordering a round or two. This last was

yielded up in little man an agonised mutter to a possible wifely caves And at last? Well, And at last? Well is Norm appeared to fact self at home, though self at home, though couldn't say for sure hos got there. Anyhow hed to sleep. How long his sleep? Until it got time to his wife's mother's for the sleep.

"So you were round to all the evening, were my you and your wife and a mother?"

lowed. "No. She was to the wasn't, I stayed home." "Oh? Why was that "I didn't feel too ga and she said I didn't low! I had a headache." "Here all shore, you?"

to give a message about a new lock on he door."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - April 29, 18



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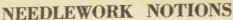
HE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1964

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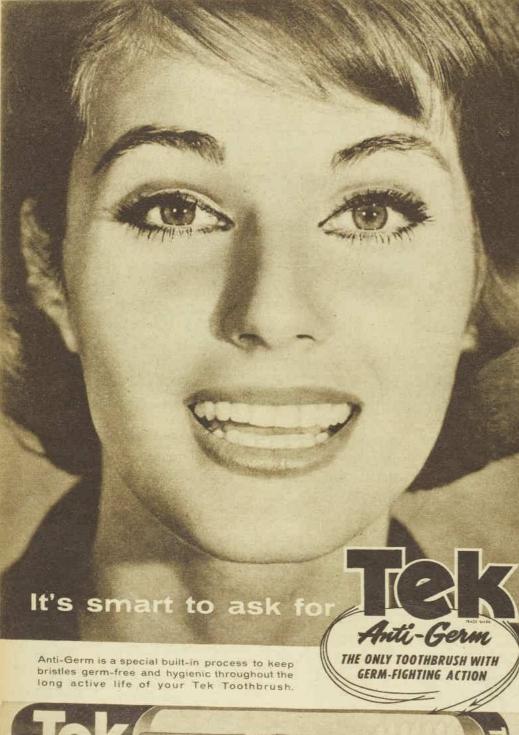
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COME ME

Continued from page 60

"Heavens!" Norm gaped,
"I clean forgot it."
"You never told him?
"No. Went clean out of

"No. Went clean out of my mind.
"I see."
Grogan was silent for a minute, while Norm sat waiting, seemingly hopeful that his confession of this last crime — of having let Mrs. Robins down — would close the score of his iniquities.

Robins down — would close the score of his iniquities. Whether it did or not was not apparent. What was apparent was that the inspector had began to hark back from Roly Lovat's death to that of Theda Berry. Pulling out his notebook, Grogan took Kerrigan over his evidence of his watch, at his aunt's request, on the river bank on the afternoon of her murder. This point? And that? And the other? Correct?

This part of the interview was entirely Norm's cup of tea: the detectives doing the talking and all that was required of himself being an occasional nod, a grunt, a murmured: "Yeh . that's right . um . that's so." Not one detail did he amend. There was only one small point added at the inspector's last question.

Standing now in front of his chair ready to leave, Gro-

point added at the inspector's last question.

Standing now in front of his chair ready to leave, Grogan said: "But look, you say that from your seat on the bank you could even see Lovat stop on the path and stoop to tie his shoe."

"That's right." Slowly Norm got to his feet, too, watching Grogan warily. "Why shouldn't I? I was only across the road and directly opposite the gate."

"Yes, but that gate, now. It's a solid wood affair with a thick hedge on either side."

"So it is, but it doesn't shut automatically. You have to push it shut. Mr. Lovat walked in and tied his shoe, as I told you he did, then he turned back and shut the gate."

Driving along deserted Maple Street to The Rail-way Hotel where they were putting up, Grogan and Manning browsed somewhat wearily among the more maddeningly unknowable aspects of the case.

of the case.

"It's a puzzle, all right,"
Manning mourned, flipping
his cigarette butt out of the
car window, and ready as
ever to voice disgruntlement.
"I'm not sayin' there's no
such thing as a coincidence,
but look at it how you like
it's damn funny that these two
blokes that never go wearin'
out the seat o' their pants on
pub stools have to start
boozin' today."

Grogan n o d d e d, and

boozin' today."
Grogan nodded, and watched a cat, like the symbol of evil, slip from dark doorway to dark doorway, silent, self-obsessed, amoral.
Like someone else in this town. Another stands in my way—is filching my pleasure—or is threatening prestige—or my ambition—or my security. So death to that other.

other.

That's right, pussy, up the black lane there. And keep hoping you're as safe from discovery in your nefarious ways as you think you are!

Manning was glooming on.

"Did Kerrigan get himself tight as an excuse to forget to deliver the message to Parkes, or did Wakefield fill him up with whisky to keep him from delivering it? Gabbin' there about this and that, Wakefield could've found out that Kerrigan had

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promised the Robins word the locksmith Grogan nodded "Yes the key

Grogan nodded
"Yes the key
key. Who wanted in
operable, and what in
Manning was off or
tick. "Wakefield he
a lot of his local till
these past few weit
that could be on se
the new charges on l
tries, and not a naMis. Cornelius"
"Could be, too."
The key.

Mrs. Cornelius."

"Could be, too." To
The key.

The car turned the
and The Railway Has
in sight. Two engines,
and shunted on a
along the line.

"One-horse town"
ning sniffed "You a
think there was all the
fun offerin here the
bloke O'Hara, cold
cold, would tou in a
to a champagne
Wonder if he felt and
to a champagne
Heft and decided any
have a few fare,
his own? Caviar, the
They got up ami
the steps into the
"You tell me, Les,"
murmured. But the
something clae the
something clae the
something clae the
the back of his man
the steps into the something clae
the something clae
the something clae
the something clae
the something an answer
question.

HOWEVE it ride for now, he Sleep on it.

The encircled to distant from the in feels the pull when movement shoreward closing in, closing the element it so still apparently un still the same fam

atill the same familie
Late the following
noon, Sarah, cross
hall at Larchwood,
pened to glance a
front door and see la
Grogan behaving in a
mysterious fashose,
though herself only
in the net of mulawas struck at that ma
an unaccountable li
that the catch was albe hauled in and lami
Grogan had open
gate, turned and polshut behind him, add
at a snail's pace to w
the path.

the path.

the path.

Only a few pace, he
He didn't appear to a
didn't look toward the
Head bent, eyes or
ground, he seemed
searching for somethin
some small object lost
thing dropped last nigh
a footprint, a tiny of
behind by Roty's lift
some disturbance of the
in the beds of pale
verbenas that flanked to
neither side?—tossi

worbenas that flanted the on either side? tough flowers that would blees summer through now they might cause yield up.

Sarah felt a renewal a sinking apprehension and grapped her all last and all today. It had like a physical sicking she hadn't been all struggle against. She had to be pretence of interest in day things and population of the comings and at mealtime.

Net leaving the flags.

and the comings and part mealtime.

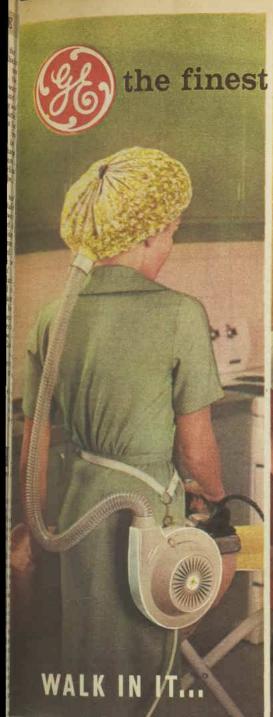
Not leaving the flags path, the inspector greatered at his feet, they looked again, came only for about a third way, when he turned and peated his mysterious perbulations.

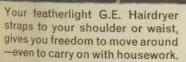
Now his back was presented to Sarah's puriled they was presented to Sarah's puriled they

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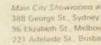


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SEWING & APPLIANCE CENTRES

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Through their actions, children tell things about themselves that they can't put into words, but too few parents understand this "language of behaviour"

RVERY PRANK THAN IS STORY

By MARVIN R. WEISBORD

• For five years I've been studying a strange foreign language, rich in metaphor, eloquent with symbols, lacking grammar and, as far as I know, without a formal name.

MY three teachers, aged five, three, and one, sometimes grow impatient with me; for this is the hardest language I've ever studied, and I've been a remarkably slow learner.

A social worker friend of mine (who has names for everything) calls this "the language of behaviour." Let me describe one memorable lesson taught by my energetic

everything) calls this "the language of behaviour." Let me describe one memorable lesson taught by my energetic older son, Joey.

Some years ago, in self-defence, I ruled my study-cumoffice permanently off-limits for children.

To Joey, then two-and-a-half, abstractions like off-limits meant no more than truth or infinity. It became his habit to barge into my office, eyes round as saucers, hands searching out forbidden desk drawers.

I don't know any writer whose love for children increases the more they interrupt his work. But each time I ejected Joey, snarling at his mother to keep him amused elsewhere, I caught a flicker of hewilderment on his face. Joey's bewilderment was nothing compared to mine the day I found my office wrecked. Sheets of manuscript lay beneath the overturned chair.

Drops from an empty ink bottle formed a trail to the wastebasket, wherein the ink was poured. From the open desk drawers, like fruit from a cornucopia, spilled paper clips, rubber bands, wire staples, typewriter ribbons, nails, screws, pencils, and junk I had forgotten I owned.

This, I told myself, was an inside job; for everywhere inky fingerprints pointed to the culprit's identity. Joey had done all but carve his name in the desk.

I wasn't just angry, I was black with fury. Not only had my off-limits rule been violated, my son had betrayed me.

In a flash I saw the future play out like a movie reel

me.

In a flash I saw the future play out like a movie reel—my son, habitual delinquent at age three, embarked on a life of defiance of society's necessary and reasonable rules. Where might it end? It was too terrible to imagine. Had Joey poked his inquisitive nose over the threshold I would have whaled the daylights out of him.

When I told my wife about the incident, she laughed. "You know," she said sensibly, "that boy is just trying to tell you something. You ought to listen."

With these words Dotty swiftly changed the scene in my imaginary movie of delinquency and crime. On the screen I now saw the wordless creature—my son Joey—communicating the wisdom of his tribe the only way he knew.

Joey taught Dad a lesson

So, disengaging the engine of justice, I held my tongue until after supper. Then I said, "Joey, how would you like to come into my office for a minute?" My son's face lit up and he grabbed my hand and tugged toward the door. Inside the room I opened a desk drawer. "Help yourself," I said. "Have a paper clip." Joey looked up, puzzled, then reached in and came up with a fistful of clips. Then he took a rubber band. He laughed. I laughed.

"And now," I said firmly, "I have work to do. Minute's up. Go show Mummy your booty." He trudged off without a sound, closing the door carefully behind him.

From that day on I've never had to enforce the "off-limits" rule, for Joey has never touched anything in my office without permission.

Instead, three or four times a week, he comes to visit "for a minute." I sit him on my lap at the typewriter, and we make important words like "dinosaur" and "cat-in-the-hat" and "Joey" on a sheet of yellow paper; then Joey folds the paper in half, staples the halves together, picks up a paper clip or a pencil, and is on his way.

The lesson he taught me the day he tore up my office has been worth more to both of us, I'm convinced, than almost anything else I've taught him.

I began wondering, how often do we mistake what children do for what they mean? How often do we react to Tee Australian Women's Weekly — April 29, 1964

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behaviour-crying, breaking something, hitting a brother or sister—by calling it "misbehaving" or being "bat and miss completely what the child is trying to tell us?

Children have small vocabularies, but they're fluent in the language of behaviour. They have direct and specific ways of indicating what's on their minds and in their feel-

Their ways make sense to them; and if we misread behavioural language, it means that we expect kids to communicate in adult terms. But children can't do this. They speak a symbolic language of their own.

One day, for instance, we took Joey and Nina to the

Joey likes large animals, and he was all over the place, rushing from one exhibit to another. But Nina suddenly began tugging at my leg, commanding, "Carry me!"

I looked down and smiled, and went on talking to Joey. Nina began to cry. Then she screamed, "Carry me! Carry me! I'm too tired to walk!" She began stamping her feet.

We had only been in the museum a few minutes and I knew she wasn't tired.

She needed understanding

For a moment I was annoyed. Then, remembering the incident with Joey, I realised that my little girl was trying to tell me something. It occurred to me that Nina, a little young for museums, had not been getting much of a kick out of the stuffed animals—or out of the fact that Joey was getting most of the attention.

"Nina," I said, "do you know where we're going when we leave here?" "Where?"

'To Grandma's and Grandpop's house?" Nina smiled,

tentatively.

Suddenly she was walking at my side, holding my hand and talking about Grandma. In a minute she said, "Oo, look at that animal, Daddy," and dragged me off to see some exhibit or other in a cage.

We stayed a while longer and Nina didn't ask to be carried again. She hadn't really wanted to be carried in the first place. But she had wanted somebody to respond to her — to show her the animals, too.

the first place. But she had wanted somebody to respond to her — to show her the animals, too.

I know that at one time or another I've punished or ignored Nina or Joey for this kind of behaviour because it struck me that they were just being "bad."

How many times have I growled at one or the other, "You be quiet and eat!" when my wife and I were discussing something at dinner and one of them began singing, or banging knile against fork.

Once (I remember with no pride) Joey burst into tears and I sent him into the living room "until you can behave yourself at the table." He got the attention he was looking for, but it didn't make either of us happy.

Now I try to say something like, "Look, I know you want to talk to me, too, and if you'll just give me a few minutes more to talk with Mummy, then you and I will have our discussion."

Of course this doesn't always work beautifully, but mostly

Of course this doesn't always work beautifully, but mostly

of ten our children use real language—words and ideas—to tell us something quite different from what the words themselves mean.

A. Ning graw older, for instance, my wife and I felt

As Nina grew older, for instance, my wife and I felt
—as many parents do — that we had to duplicate for Nina
whatever trip, toy, or game Joey received, so that she

wouldn't be jealous. If we took Joey to the zoo, Nina had to go, too. If Joey got a truck, Nina got one, too.

This kind of thing made us vaguely uneasy, for we know our children are quite different in personality, habits, tastes, and interests. Besides, Nina is 19 months younger than Joey—a giant gap for children under five.

Yet Nina, not able to express herself in any other way, would reinforce our behaviour by yelling, "And me, too!"

At first we took her literally. "I want a set of tools like Joey has," she would say. So we'd get them for her, but soon she'd ignore them and never play with them again.

She didn't really want them, but it was important to her to know whether she mattered enough to get things, too. I think this is a common problem of the second child, who is nearly always forced to lie in a bed made by the older brother or sister.

Lately we've been asking ourselves what Nina, herself, cares about.

cares about.

We've discovered that she likes music; it's one of the few things she'll sit still for. Once, when Joey asked me to read a nature book to him and Nina demanded to be let in on it, I said to her, "Look, how would you like to sing a song instead? As soon as Joey and I finish this book, you and I will sing songs."

Her eyes sparkled and she sat by patiently waiting her turn, confident that we were going to do something to meet her interests, not merely to imitate her brother's.

In misunderstanding Nina's "And me, too!" language of behaviour, we had given her toys and taken her to places which were not at all interesting to her.

The result had been more demands—to be carried, to be

The result had been more demands—to be carried, to be held, to be given this or that. It could eventually have grown out of hand—frustrating for Nina, irritating for us.

Those impossible demands

I wish I could say I qualify as an expert linguist in the language of behaviour. Alas, I can't.
I envy those parents — I'm sure there are many — who

language of behaviour. Alas, I can't.

I envy those parents — I'm sure there are many — who respond instinctively to what their children mean rather than to what they do. There are too many times, I'm afraid, when my teachers give me lessons I can't absorb.

Joey goes bumping from one activity to another, pulling Nina's hair, scattering newspapers around the room. Nina makes some impossible demand—to go outside in the rain at bedtime, for example—the refusal of which leads to tears and tearful consolation.

But I think there's a danger, too, in taking such behaviour seriously all the time. Sometimes my children will do things I simply don't understand. And vice versa. In studying the language behaviour, I try to narrow the gap between their motivations and my comprehension, but I don't pretend I can close it.

But I think I see now that everybody—including small children—badly wants to be understood.

This is part of the deep-scated human need to communicate, a need that cuts across all ages and interests, and makes each of us say, in one way or another in all that we do, "Pay attention to me."

We do this to reassure ourselves that we exist and our lives are meaningful.

So, when our children "misbehave," instead of throwing up our hands in ansuish or anear, we should remember

So, when our children "misbehave," instead of throwing up our hands in anguish or anger, we should remember how difficult—and how essential—being understood is, and ask ourselves, not "What is he doing?" but "What is he trying to tell us?"



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WHEN IT COMES FROM THE PACK WITH THE RED SPOON - IT'S BEST!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29

saional mass.

Suddenly he stopped, crouched, nd unfortunately the back was just oo broad for her to see exactly what was doing. She waited, lost to he tutored beauty of the garden it a scents and its faint sounds and the deepening blue of the sky ad the deepening side of the sky.
He stood up, and she saw his hand
to his pocket.
Involuntarily, she spoke: "What
a earth are you doing, Inspector?"

He turned quickly. "Do I have answer that one?" he asked like any another unwilling witness beste him. But he had a cheerful rin on his face as he came on up to path toward her and joined her the verandah. "Is it the weapon?" she said. "Is the revolver you've found?" "Puts puss puss!" he teased, "I know. Still, you can hardly

"I know. Still, you can hardly repect me not to be curious."
"Mrs. Robins, you'll have to wait little bit longer."

A little hit longer — the words at a shiver down Sarah's spine. he afternoon seemed suddenly full feold menace. The sweet garden as a sham. Even it had contributed strand to the net closing in.

"You'll have to put up with me sking the questions a while longer, or instance, yesterday afternoon, ou had these preparations to make ar your dinner, and that kept you tetty busy, I suppose?"

"Yes, not quite alone, though, the washing Washington came, in and

not quite alone, though. Wakefield came in and

"You two are just like sisters, nyone might think."

"We are, too, we were almost rought up together, each an only hild, living side by side. This oue is like her home and hers is ke mine."

"Is it now? Yes. Well, now, could on recall exactly what you did ntil your guests arrived?"

otil your guests arrived?"

"Oh yes, casily." She sat down u one of the verandah chairs at be table on which such a little hile ago Theda Berry had placed be tray with the coffee and her amous hot cakes and the cup for Villiam which he so stiffly ejected. Grogan sat down at the ther side of the table.

She said: "Yesterday afternoon ce'd got through what we were oing, and at half past six Debbie ent home. At the same time I hut up the house and got into be cat. I wanted to see William turable about something — he adn't been able to accept my avitation to dinner—so I drove long to his flat."

THE rest followed, of it being out and of her ringing or hat she was going to run out to two Creeks but should be back by all-usst seven; and of her meeting wo Creeks but should be back by all-past seven; and of her meeting attrette O'Hara outside the post office, who had told her that William had said he was going out to two Creeks; but that she had only ot half-way there when she realised and shouldn't take the risk of keeping her guests waiting; so, feelingth of the control of the cont her guests waiting; so, feeling her silly and frustrated at the t of wild-goose chase, she had ned and driven back home.

Grogan sat fipping the pages of magazine on the table, watching or, listening, nodding with contrimory murmurs of "Yes yes I see um."
When she ended; "At what time as that?" he asked.

"It was seven o'clock when I got m, too early, of course, for anyoe to be here, so I brought the hings for the party from the kitchen into the drawing-room, and hen ran upstars and changed Wilsam Huxtable arrived at a little fier a quarter past—he'd found he vas able to come for dinner—and hen Laurette O'Hara turned up, and the others, as I told you last ight."

Sarah was watching him now, not the her. But what was there to read a his face, ever? Nothing, though its hand went once to his pocket, teminding her that for all his deadwan expression something had happened since he walked in at the gate

Continued from page 62

that must be spelling triumph for

him.

When Grogan had gone, Sarah got out the car and drove to Maple Street to do some odds and ends of shopping. There was a dim satisfaction in going in and out of shops, making the necessarily restricted contacts over some small buy. Intimates and friends needled you, wanting to discuss the horror, wanting to know more, and finally grew slightly irritated with you when you wouldn't—couldn't—give. For that very reason she had firmly avoided all sociabilities since the first fatal day.

She was crossing the pavement to the car when she ran into Debbie. "Coming home?" she asked, throw-ing her parcels on to the back seat.

"No, I'm meeting Conrad presently. I met William a little while ago and he asked us to drop in there for a drink. Don't go home, come too."

home, come too."

For just one moment Sarah hesitated, but after her promise to him in the drawing-room last night.

"I won't worry you about it any more"—she felt calm enough to meet him and keep that promise.

Debbie said: "You go up and tell him we'll be along soon."

Sarah drove to the flats and

Sarah drove to the flats and went up the steps. William's door was open, and she stepped in and called: "It's me, William. I've come uninvited."

He appeared at the door of the sitting-room, "Hullo, Sarah. Good Come in."

"I met Debbie. She and Conrad will be here shortly, she told me to tell you."

Debbie would be here, Conrad would be here. For all she knew, Hubert, Katie, Paul, and Laurette! How long would it be before they would cease to cling together in a tight little knot like people who have survived in the teeth of some catastrophe, a shipwreck, a bombardment?

ment?

Sitting in the chair where she had sat the other night, Sarah's new detachment stayed with her. Her feeling for William was like a crisis that she had weathered. She loved him and he didn't love her and that was all there was to it. To fight and protest against his non-love—how could she have been so insensitive and childish?

He had just come in and thrown his coat over a chair and laid a briefcase on the desk. The room had its usual air of slightly impersonal bleakness, the room of someone who didn't live here but simply blew in and out to sleep, to work, and occasionally to eat. Books and records were tidily stacked, but looked as transient as their owner, waiting for a more satisfying home. For all the angarent warmth with

looked as transient as their owner, waiting for a more satisfying home. For all the apparent warmth with which he had come to the door to greet her, Sarah wondered if he was still wary of her as he brought her drink across and sat down with his own. He began to talk rather quickly about last night's events, and she listened in silence, lifting her glass and sipping, booking away from him out the window into the green and the maple leaves. Too, too often, up to today, she had kept her eyes on his when he talked, trying to draw him nearer, trying to melt his coldness with the banked-up fire of her longing. She had learnt better now, was reformed.

Still he was restless, getting up every now and again on some small pretext, to shut the westering sun out of the room, to get cigarettes, an ash-tray, to search for his lighter.

He sat down for the third time and said suddenly: "People are odd, aren't they?"

Slowly she brought her glance

Slowly she brought her glance back from the tree. "Are they? Who, for instance?"

"In what way?"

"Well, when you were all the time asking me what was wrong—why I seemed so different—when you were all the time probing and tormenting me with your questions, you reduced me to a clammed-up silence. Today, when you don't seem to care any more, it's I who can't keep off the damn subject."

"Well, you don't have to go on," she told him, looking down into

ME

her glass, afraid to move one step to meet him for fear he would re-

"Don't I! Don't I!"

"Not on my account."

"Not on my account."

"Of course I have to go on. I simply can't understand it," he burst out, "It's a complete mystery to me. How any woman could think what you do about a man, and yet put out something — all the time, every time she meets him!—

"that makes her so acquisingly lovely time, every time she meets him!— that makes her so agonisingly lovely and lovable! Such crashing falsity! So that in spite of everything I can't get you out of my mind, I've got to go haunting Larchwood on some trumped-up excuse or other. It's a complete mystery."

SARAH was silent, looking back at him in amazement.

He flung out of his chair again with a gesture of bewilderment. "Why don't you say something, Sarah?" he shot at her. "Aren't you going to say you didn't mean it, that you've changed your mind, or some such guff?"
"Oh what are you talking."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" Her head back, she stared up at him as he towered over her. "What have I done? Somebody's told you some lie about me, have they?"

He waved this aside. "No, no, no! No, nothing like that. I saw it with my own eyes. This is my confes-

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

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wad! But this was you—and me! I thought you loved me the way I did you, I thought we were going to get married. And then to see those words in a letter to your mother!"

She forced herself to be calmer than he was. "And when did you see those words? Begin at the be-ginning—when—how—where?"

"The morning I looked in to get your necklace to take to Syd-ney to have the clasp mended, of course." He almost shouted at her, course." He almost shouted at her, as though she were being wilfully

stupid.

"Yes, yes. I'd gone out early and you came in. Well?"

"Perhaps you've forgotten, but the necklace was on the desk in the study. Right slap bang up against the letter in the typewriter, with that top line in view! I put out my hand to pick up the necklace, and my eye fell on my own name and—just took in the rest: 'You know, Mum, William is a fearful bore and a drip."

Sarah gave a cry. "Oh! No... no!"

Sarah gave a cry. "Oh! No ... no!"

He attempted to laugh, but his hand was shaking as he picked up his glass and drained it. "Those were the words, all right."

"And you believed it? You didn't see, you didn't see,

"Didn't see what? What was there to see but that swipe in the eye? Me, who'd been running round you in circles from the mo-

by TIM

"Yes, she did her job well."
"But why? Why want to slay
u and me?"

"But why? Why want to slay you and me?"
"Why does a snake have venom? Poor, wretched, twisted, demented creature she was. She had to get back on you for an imagined slight, for refusing to take up her case against Conrad and the Wakefields. You and I were happy—we mustn't be left so." "If she could do that," he said,

"If she could do that," he said,
"what else did she do that drove
someone to kill her?" He was
thoughtful a minute. "And how
did she dare, in case I charged you
with it?"

"She gambled on you being too sore to speak of it, I suppose." "And how nearly I didn't!"

"Didn't - wouldn't. All these

"How could I? Can't you see--"

"I see one thing, that you must have been blind and deaf not to see that all these weeks I've been dying of love for you."

She was in his arms

In a minute, Debbie's voice sounded in the hall: "Hey . .! Here we are, William." She came in followed by Conrad. Glancing at Sarah and William, she said: "You two look very happy."

William's voice sounded so unlike

William's voice sounded so, unlike mself. "Do we? We've been drinking."

"Good for you," Conrad said, and stepped to the drinks.

stepped to the drinks.

They hadn't been in the room three minutes; Conrad had only had time to down a whisky and Debbie to throw off the big loose linen hat which she wore so elegantly when other women went bare-headed; when a rush of quick footsteps crossed the hall and Laurette irrupted into the room.

Laurette stopped in the doorway and stared at the four, stood irresolutely as though uncertain whether lutely as though uncertain whether to advance or retreat. She looked totally unlike her everyday self, the trim and pretty and carefully turned-out Laurette. Her hair stuck up in wisps on her head and mascara had spread damply around her eyes, giving her a look of fevered illness. With her crumpled clothes and wild expression she looked like an escapee from a prison camp.

"Laurette!" Debbie exclaimed, voicing the general consternation.

"The detectives!" Laurette gasped: "They're at the library. I couldn't stay any longer to hear the things they were saying to Paul!"

William hurried forward and took her by the arm, brought her in, and tried to calm her; but her words went on, pouring out in a panic-stricken stream:

"They're going to arrest him. They're talking all about our feud with that wicked old devil and the scandal she was threatening to bring about our ears for circulating indecent books and corrupting the young! But she never could have done anything, because everyone knew what she was."

The expression on Laurette's face

The expression on Laurette's face was savage. She was twisting a handkerchief into a tight knot; tighter and tighter with straining fingers.

fingers.

"Paul's such a fool!" she cried.
"He's antagonising the police at every turn. Just as he did Mrs. Berry with his jibes and high and mighty ways! They know she hated us, they know he hated her. But Paul murder anyone! He couldn't do it, he can only talk! And that won't save him now, and I can't face what's coming."

Beside herself, she walked about

Beside herself, she walked about the room, refusing to sit down, waving away the drink William was holding out to her.

"I knew it was coming," she raved on, "I felt it somehow. I didn't have a wink of sleep all night. I just lay thinking of poor Roly dead in his car. His beautiful new car that he'll never drive again!" A shudder went through her and she covered her face with her hands.

"I couldn't open the library this morning, I couldn't face people. Paui hung a notice on the door - 'Glosed' for stocktaking.' Stocktaking!" She laughed hysterically. "What a stocktaking it'll be when we're both carted off to gao!! Well,

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- FOR THE CHILDREN -

sion, not yours, I involuntarily saw something I shouldn't have — and what I've suffered since right! Except that I defy to have done otherwise."

"What did you see?

"Oh, think back, Sarah, think back! I can't believe you haven't guessed by now. Think back to that letter you wrote your mother."
"But what letter, what letter?"
She plopped her drink down on the table and caught at his sleeve. "I've written her dezens."

written her dozens.

written her dozens."

"Not dozens like this one, I hope! That was part of the misery of it for me, that it was to your mother. She's always been fond of me, and heaven knows I have of her. I can't forget that she can't be feeling the same about me any more. Now that she knows her darling daughter thinks I'm a fearful bore and a drip!" The words came out as though they had been fired from a gun.

"What?" Sarah pushed him away and sprang to her feet. She felt

what: Sarah pushed him away and sprang to her feet. She felt as though she was caught in a dream swamp that was covering her with some sort of slime that she could never wash away.

He stood in front of her with his hot angry gaze on her face. Then he turned away.
"Why did I have to start this? Why did I ever begin?

"It's one of those things that should've been bitten on and swal-

should've been bitten on and swal-lowed and never, never spoken of. What a fool I am!" He stooped and picked up a couple of books and thrust them on to the shelf, trying to regain composure.

"I don't know. - perhaps I've taken it too seriously," he said, coming back. "Everyone shoots off their mouth about people they know. Somebody's a fool, some-body's a snob, somebody's a tight-

ment you came back, and think-ing I was actually getting some-where with you, while this was ing I was actually getting some-where with you, while this was what you were thinking of me! It wasn't only heartbreaking, it was wasn't only heartbreaking, it was humiliating, it was—"
"Listen! will you listen to me for one minute!"
"Till listen, Sarah. Go ahead. What can you say?"
"That I didn't write any letter to mother that morning. I didn't leave any sheet of paper in the typewriter. Or the necklace near it—anywhere near it."
"What?"

"What?"

"It was still lying on the coffee table in the drawing-room when I went out. Now do you begin to

The stood stock still, the glass in his hand. His face had changed color under its deep tan. "Mrs. Berry?" she said. "Mrs. Berry?"

"Mrs. Berry, she said.
"Mrs. Berry,"

"Yes. A sheet of the airmail paper I use put in my typewriter—and those foul words ticked out on it—and the necklace laid down right beside it so that you were practically bound to see. She sent you in to get it, didn't she? Didn't she?

He nodded slowly. "She did. I telephoned first and told her Pd be in looking for it. She came up the hall when I rang at the door and said in that smooth, repressed voice of hers: "You'll find it in the atudy, Mr. Huxtable."

"That's it; she had it all arranged."

As the truth began to break in on him an immense joy lit his face. "Darling. darling. is it possible! All the misery I've been through, the rage, the disillusion, and it wasn't true!"

To page 68

they can take Paul but they don't take me. There's poison—there's a knife—there's the river."

The deep level in everyone that responds to hysteria now began to make itself felt in the quickening breathing and keyed nerves of her four listeners. To give way—oh, blessed relieft Laurette was doing it for them. No one tried to stop her as her voice went on and on, now rising, now falling, in pure unmixed terror.

Sarah kept her eyes away from her, wanting to scream with her. She saw how white Debbie had grown and the hypnotised look on Conrad's face as he stood by the table gulping down whiskies.

"Do you know what they even asked him?" Laurette cried. "They asked him if he'd opened any caviar last night when he was alone, and they're searching in the kitchen

and the dustbin!" A long thin wail

and the dustinin A long tinn wan escaped her.

Unable to stand it another moment, William took her by the shoulders and forced her on to the sofa, held a glass to her lips and made her drink the stiff brandy.

Almost at once she was silent, lying back in a daze of exhaustion.

lying back in a daze of exhaustion.

"What's going to happen? What can we do?" Debbie murmured.

Conrad refilled his glass before he spoke. He looked across at Debbie and said: "There's one thing we can do. It's about time, I guesa." Another swallow of the almost neat whisky. "Go on, Debbie. It's up to you."

His speech was thick, and Sarah, glancing up quickly, knew that she

would never forget the look that came over Debbie's face at that moment, a look of such utter giving up, giving in, as you might see on the face of a prisoner before a firing squad. "Go on, Debbie," Conrad

the face of a prisoner before a firing squad.

"Go on, Debbie," Conrad prompted in that same slow slurred voice. "We're waiting."

"You mean I have to—?" Debbie got out at last, and stopped.

"Yes. Have to."

"I can't, Conrad. Don't ask me. You know already."

"Not from your lips, Debbie, that's what I've got to have. Go on, go on." He filled the glass again with whisky and poured it down his throat.

Now they were speaking as

though they were alone together, as though the rest of the world had been swept away, leaving only them and their own stark private

and their own stark private tragedy.

Conrad didn't move, just waited, not looking at her but at the carpet at her feet, as though anything but that spot of neutral ground were too painful to let his eyes rest on. His silence hung, encircling Debbie with its relentless pressure. Her words came at last in a voice that seemed to be holding itself steady by a superhuman effort. Laurette, the cause of the crisis, looked the only one remote from it, as she lay back on the cushions, eyes shut, mouth gaping.

"I met him at Larchwood,"

Debbie whispered had taken pains to he that when she went the key under a stone I told Roly and at Three Wednesdays in the house was empty," again. again.

the house was empty, again.

As she stood there a light of late afternoon, ing beauty of her aubus flawless creamy kin and green-gold eyes, the purisher body in the alceveles scanty summer dress may passion that had been passion. And suddenly sare their growing-up we remembering how believe to attract had magnetically to every came her way.

"Go on." Again Concame: "Go on." Again Concame: and again Debbis mean anything to me reattrally. It was just the something that was really something that was really something that was really mon witnesses and cape we heard somebody is and opened the window down the pear tree and then—"

With a quick more hand Conrad silence!

and then—"
With a quick more hand Conrad silenced worry about anybody he broke in. "Stick to Cut to last night—last

Cut to last night—langed bebbie gave a cry. I can't. Don't ask me more. I can't.—I won't Conrad sighed heavely a pocket and stood holding in his hand.

With an exclamation started forward. "Put a away! Stop this stor at Conrad shouldered in "Get out of the way, will be a nuisance. It's too Go on, Deb. Six-thirm

+++++++++++++ FROM THE

BIBLE

• "The heavens clare the glory of 6 and the firms showeth His her work,"

Psalm 1

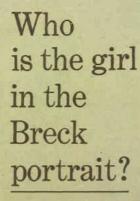
afternoon, When Sand from the post office and me. Not to hurry, he

was masses of time would be arriving fill seven! Go on from the Rigid with fear, Debwere fixed on the gun in hand. She opened her obey, but at first the wars come; and then in a rad. "Yes, yes, I rang Rob, really for the last time rad, you must believe wanted to tell him to him realise that I was agoing to meet him again. "Of course, of course voice was a croak, like of a crow cawing over landscape. "It's alway time! And he cameafter seven. He got, the tunder the stone, and pu when he'd opened the came in calling for voice was a croak, like of a crow cawing or landscape. "It's alway time! And he cameafter seven. He got, the tunder the stone, and pu when he'd opened the came in calling for voice round for Surah that num conjured up with unbeardness: the opening door, the Larrchwood, and Roly award in his unknowing, reckless pursuit of pleasured in the terminal strolled into the drawings a bit of caviar, then when he saw something him racing for his cat."

Debbie screamed. She and fell into a chaft, leplummeting from a inscreamed again—and out a hand that implements.

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PM4382 JCP THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 2



She's a teenager in Coolangatta, a career girl in New York, a grandmother in Perth, a homemaker in Washington.

She is like you in many ways. She treasures precious, private moments . . . a gift of flowers when least expected.

She is well-groomed, makes the most of her natural beauty She has Beautiful Hair. Clean, soft and shining . . . because of pure, gentle Breck Shampoo.

She goes under many names -- Susan, Carol, Ann, Margaret. And this one's name is Gini.

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Page 68

Potter 8 Moo



Conrad stared down at her with a look that was almost empty of emotion. He started to speak, and stopped, as though he had no heart left to say the rest, and no voice left to say it with.

Then he muttered: "Take it easy, Deb. It's all over." Stepping forward, he dropped the gun into her lap. "Here you are; it's not loaded. I couldn't even bother to reload it." He turned and lurched from the room.

There were steps in the outer entrance hall; other steps besides Conrad's; and then came a rumble of voices; Grogan's; lastly Conrad's: "All right, Inspector, I know. Take it easy. S'all over."

It wasn't till much later that evening that all the ramifications of Theda Berry's

that evening that all the ramifications of Theda Berry's disastrous plotting were made clear. In William's flat, Grogan presented the facts to Sarah and William with a mixture of solemnity and satisfaction; with a sympathetic eye for Sarah's distress and one of complacency for the man of the law.

"It's strange," he was saying, "how a few chance words, and an intonation, will jump clean out of the picture at you. That first morning, Mr. Huxtable, when you told us that Mrs. Berry had rung you and summoned you to Larchwood for three that afternoon. Everyone exclaimed, and Miss Wakefield said, 'That's very odd,' and Appleton said, 'Too damin odd!' The words hit on my ear at once. I thought to myself he didn't believe you, his words and tone implied that it was too damn odd to be true, that you hadn't gone there at Mrs. Berry's bidding, but for some other purpose. Now why should he doubt the word of a good

Continued from page 68

friend and man like your-self that's generally believed and trusted? Mind, the remark didn't make any real sense to me, but I stored it up, and I mentioned it to Sergeant Manning that very

day.
"As you know, the dead woman's mania was for revenge. She'd seen signs of something going on between venge. She'd seen signs of something going on between Lovat and Miss Wakefield. The pair of them, they'd hid-den it from everyone, but not from Mrs. Berry."

WILLIAM said:

"Yes, the eye of hate is a good deal more penetrating than the eye of love."

"That's right. And what a weapon it handed her! A chance to bring down the Wakefield family and Appleton in one grand coup.

"Casual like, she lets drop to Miss Wakefield that when she goes out—for fear of losing her handbag or having it stolen — she puts her key under one of the flagstones. Well, this bit of information was a handout to Miss Wakefield and Lovat—a safe place to meet, free from every spying eye or gossiping tongue.

to meet, free from every spying eye or gossiping tongue. In a small town like this it wasn't safe for them to be seen anywhere alone together.

"So when they'd fallen into her trap a few times Mrs. Berry summons her audience for the finale; Kerrigan to be on the river bank to see his boss go in between two and half past, Appleton for shortly before three, and yourself at three sharp, Mr. Huxtable, the man of business who wouldn't be able to deny the truth of her story if they lied and tried to pass it off somehow. Of course, when Lovat

heard Kerrigan say he'd been told by his aunt to watch from the river, he hops in and explains his going there by saying Mrs. Berry had summoned him, too.

COME

SEE



about feeling it her duty to put him wise that his fiance is deceiving him, that every Wednesday afternoon she lets herself in with the hidden key and meets a man up in the sitting-room, but she doesn't say who the man is.

"Half med with room."

"Half mad with rage, Appleton creeps up the stairs after her, only to find when she throws open the door that the room's empty.

"Then his rage turns on her. He grabs her by the shoulders and shakes her and calls her a liar. She starts

scream and he's afraid Mr. Wakefield, in the garden, maybe, will hear her and run in. He pushes her down on the sofa and puts a cushion over her face, and when he takes it away she's dead. He opens the window review to review. the window, trying to revive her, and there down below he sees you. Mr. Huxtable, going away, apparently, after your descent by the pear tree!

ME

"Now he believes it all right, believes you're the man. Also, now he can smell the scent Miss Wake-field uses in the room, and there on the floor is a little white box and its wrapper, a present you've just given present you've just given her, he concludes. He pockets the box and hides the body behind the long curtain. How he was prevented from removing it and making it seem that Mrs. Berry had got clean away with your jewel-lery you both know."

lery you both know."

William nodded, and Sarah said: "Shall I ever forget!"

"Yes, no man's fix could be much worse than Appleton's was then. With this jealous madness and grief cating him up, he's got to seem to go forward with the wedding until he's struck down the fellow that's massacred all his happiness and all his hopes.

"The night he took those

all his hopes.

"The night he took those potshots at you, Mr. Huxtable. Miss Wakefield, she'd sent him home immediately after dinner that night, saying she's going to bed early. But is she, is she! At about nine-thirty—he's been parked in a lonely spot since he left her—he walks along to your flat to spy. And what does he see? The Wakefield car parked near your corner, and you in your room, talking and handing drinks to some-

one! In his state of mad jealousy he needs no more proof, and when you step out into the street he shoots. But then out into the road, calling to you, runs Mrs. calling to you, runs Mrs. Robins, not Miss Wakefield, and all his certainty about you being the man is shaken. Who is it, then? Find out he must."

tinued. "So that night he creeps into Larchwood with the key—putting it back under the stone, of course, to trap them again if he can—and leaves the box." "Now that was GROGAN.

and leaves the box.

"Now that was smart of him, making us do his homework, and next day he's learnt, like everyone else, that Lovat had hought that bracelet, but he wasn't fooled by him giving it to Mrs. O'Hara. He guessed rightly that that was after Miss Wakefield had refused to accept it, on the ground of discretion.

"Maybe, though, his nut-

accept it, on the ground of discretion.

"Maybe, though, his putting the box back wasn't as smart as it first appeared, because it confirmed me in the idea that this was a crime of passion, not one for gain of for fear of scandal, or any of the motives we'd uncarthed while we were investigating; and since the taking of your jewellery, Mrs. Robins, had been only to make it look like Mrs. Berry's doing, I guessed when he came in with the box he'd take the opportunity of restoring the jewellery. It's one thing to bump off your rival and quite another to deprive a friend of her valuables!

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fic-titious and have no reference to any living person.

JUST AS THIS INVISIBLE SHIELD PROTECTED ME-SO NEW IMPROVED COLGATE WITH GARDOL PROTECTS YOU AS IT HELPS FIGHT TOOTH DECAY AND STOPS

BAD BREATH

"Last night at after Miss Wakelie phoned him, he gen car and drives at speed to Larchwood

you got in unexpected by you got in unexpected seven, he was already in the letter of the letter of

ever be the same apin anyone.
"Don't be too sure don
Mrs. Robins. Human anim
not all that faithful.
When Grogan had an
Sarah still lamented the
Conrad. He hadn't mynn
left to live for when is
lost the one person had
his heart on."
"And that makes plans
sense for me," William
THE END.

THE END.

The novel "Come Sec.) Die" is published by Co frey Bles Ltd.

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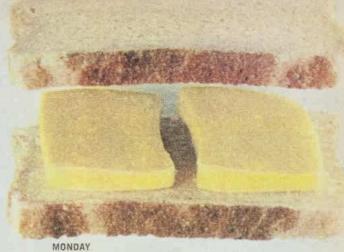
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEERLY - April 20

Give them goodness they need, variety they like ... with

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Fill buttered wholemeal bread with slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Include some sultanas in lunch box.



Split a crusty bread roll, butter and fill with lettuce and slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Pack a few celery sticks and a red apple separately.



Fill buttered white bread sandwiches with slices of tomato and KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. A banana, or a small container of fruit salad completes the meal.



buttered wholemeal bread sandwiches with slices of KRAFT Cheddar ese and chopped celery. A small packet of peanuts is a popular addition.



Split a round bread roll, butter and fill with VEGEMITE* yeast extract and slices of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese. Add an orange to the lunchbox.

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for good food and good food ideas

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1964





AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

At the National Housewares Exhibition in Chicago this year one of the newest bits of gadgetry was the slipper mop.

SLIPPER mops (you'd need a pair of them if you're equipped with the usual number of legs) are mits that fit over your shoes so that you don't have to push a mop or get down on your hands and knees with a polishing cloth - you just wear the mitts while you do the housework, and your floors get polished painlessly.

That's the claim, anyway. Personally I think they must have been invented by someone who has never been responsible for keeping a bare board or a linoleum floor clean — probably a bachelor who lives in a service flat with wall-to-wall carpets.

The average housewife, as she knows only too well, beats a track backwards and forwards along passageways and

arross the centres of rooms, and between the stove and the refrigerator and the sink.

Those bits would get polished beautifuly during a morning's housework, but there would be awful areas of I dust-covered desert round the edges.

The only way to finish the job would be to go and dance an energetic charleston in the corners of your rooms, and bang your shins trying to push your mitt-covered feet under beds and chairs. I think I'll stick to my mop. It's

Mops and buckets may soon be wielded by women on Her Majesty's British ships—an idea that might well make Lord Nelson revolve rapidly in his grave.

Dockyard men and sailors in Britain bicker rather-bitterly with each other about the condition of Royal Navy ships when they come out of dock and go back into

The Navy claims that the dockworkers make the mess, and that as ships in dock for refitting have a reduced crew aboard there's not enough labor to keep things clean

Now a woman Conservative Member of Parliament, Miss Joan Vickers, has suggested during the Navy Estimates debate in the House of Commons that the obvious way out of the difficulty is to employ women cleaners to work on ships while they're in dock.

All my ideas about the dazzling cleanness of ships are rather romantic ones gained from reading C. S. Forrester's books, where the decks were holystoned for hours each day by sweating sailors.

day by sweating sailors.

I can remember how surprised I was when a friend of The can remember how surprised I was when a friend of mine married a naval officer a good many years ago and had her wedding reception on board a renowned Australian warship (no names, no packdrill!) to see the state of its decks. They were distinctly dingy where I had expected dazzling whiteness, and I hate to think what the hem of her pale satin wedding dress must have looked like after a couple of hours of trailing back and forth.

Kitten capers — here, there, and everywhere!

THIS is the kitten season with us again, and kittens are turning up in the most unlikely places all over the house.

places all over the house.

All our cars, I think, are slightly mad. They firmly believe that if the kittens aren't moved to a new home every two or three days, bunyips and boa constrictors will track them down and devour them.

When Melly gets the moving mania, she "tries out" various places, so that the kittens get distributed all over the house, and even she goes through a few bad moments every now and again when she can't for the life of her remember where she has parked the last one.

They turn up in ironing baskets and shopping baskets, in

newly emptied grocery cartons, and in any small container that is high enough to be out of the dog's reach.

She needn't worry about the dog-except that she likes worrying. He has lived through so many litters of kittens that he's completely blase about them, and they'd be perfectly safe if she decided to move them into his kennel. Anyone who is foolish enough to leave a drawer open.

for a few minutes will find next time he goes to it that it has a tenant—one small lonely kitten that lifts its head and bleats "Where's everybody?" as soon as it sees you.

I am very unpopular with Mike at the moment, because I flatly refuse to honor a promise he made on my behalf without consulting me.

I'm quite used to the children coming home and announcing that they've said I'll run the White Elephant stall or make half a dozen cakes or ten pounds of toffee for the school fete, but I jacked up when Mike announced that he'd arranged for us to give a kitten to be raffled.

It's not that I'd mind giving away a kitten, heaven knows, but I have the strongest objection to any live creature being raffled.

This is not due to sentimentality, but to hard facts. I've seen the same thing happen over and over again at

Something—a puppy or a kitten or a bird—is raffled, and all the children are positively dying to win it, and you can bet dollars to doughnuts it will be won by some pathetic little child who's in the seventh heaven over his win, because he has always longed for a puppy or a kitten and his mother won't let him have one.

So the miserable animal goes home to a house where of the instraore animal goes nome to a nouse where it's totally unwelcome, which means that it won't be properly looked after. The child may love it passionately, but, as every mother knows, it's Mum who really looks after the household pets! And if Mum is against pets and horrified at being landed with one, then it's going to have a pretty rough sort of life.

I wish people wouldn't raffle animals. Or, if they must, make the price of the tickets high enough to ensure that the child's parents would have been consulted before the ticket was bought.



How can you possibly make realistic plans unless you know where you stand financially?

You save — think about education needs — consider what ought to be done about the mortgage - what income would be needed if your income stopped - how much you'll need when

You take out insurance - but you take it piece by piece, from time to time. If it fits your family needs perfectly all is well; but how can you be

An A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP removes all doubts and uncertainties - provides a proper basis for realistic planning.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1964

"Well," I said, "she was a bit on the voluptuous side for my taste, but she had those large eyes and a lot of dark hair."
"She has a stunning figure," Madeline said, "and such an air— so aristocratic."

Aristocratic! I could hardly keep from laughing. Angle Giananni, whose father ran the candy store whose father rail the candy stole and whose mother could scarcely speak a word of English, aristo-cratic? It was too much. "She was always considered quite pretty," I said carefully. "I suppose money and success haven't been a hind-

Were you two in school to-

"Not really," I said, "I'm a few years older. She was once — engaged to my brother."

"She's a countess now," Madeline said. "The Countess di Piranho. I saw a photograph of her in one of the fashion magazines. How did your brother let her get away?"

I did laugh then, "Oh, it was just one of those things," I said, and took up my bag to go before she could pursue the subject.

"I'm so glad you're friends," Madeline said, following me. "I've already put her name before the Civic Music Committee for next year's concert season. I think it's high time we had a real celebrity on that series."

"I eavil; think she'll really course"

"I can't think she'll really come," I said. "She seems to be riding the crest of a wave."

"She's doing a concert tour next year," Madeline said. "I made a point of finding out. The commit-tee feels it can persuade her to stop off here on the way to the coast." "Won't it be expensive?" I asked faintly.

faintly.

"It'll be a sellout," Madeline said.
"Just what the series needs to put new life in it."

"Well," I said, "it will be a real feather in your cap if she agrees to come."

"We're already planning a gala for after the concert," Madeline went on, "You must be one of the hostesses, because you know her."

IN any other circumstance I would have been pleased to be chosen for Madeline's little coterie, because they really do run things; but now I felt chilled, though Mrs. Brenner was beaming on me, at least "Oh, I don't think so," I demurred. "I haven't seen her in years. We never had very much in common."

"Don't be so modest. It's all settled."

"Thank wow.

"Thank you very much," I said,

Was I never to excape the prison of those dismal years? I was sixteen in 1931, when my father's business collapsed and he with it. I could see it all again: my father—unshaven, in his shirt-sleeves, his eyes bloodshot from drinking—pawing among the useless papers on his desk. My proud, distinguished father! It was there we found him finally, slumped over, dead.

My brother, Barton, was ten years

father! It was there we found him finally, slumped over, dead.

My brother, Barton, was ten years old then, my mother's pride and joy, as useless as he always remained. He was a heedless, emotional child, clinging to my mother, mingling tears and assuring her, without any reason, that everything would be all right. I could not take part in these rites. I was never demonstrative, and I was numb from shock.

Of course, Barton was only a child, but his weakness seemed to be built-in. My mother was only slightly more mature. She was a pretty, silly woman, always sheltered by my father and protected from the facts of life. She had been utterly dependent on him and did Page 74

Continued from page 19

not know which way to turn. Her approach to life became a kind of wan coquetry and the unfounded optimism that things, of their own accord, would take a turn for the better.

There was no money, except a dribble from the insurance, and the house, which represented our capital and for which, in 1931, there was no market. She wanted to give the house away, literally, and go live in some hovel; but I was stubborn and spoke to the lawyers. Nothing else remained of my patrimony.

It would be difficult to describe the poverty of those years. My mother's spirit seemed to be broken. She complained of her troubles and the gloom of the house, and

A SUBURBAN MATRON'S STORY

retreated more and more into her-self. It devolved on me to hold the place together and try to arrest deterioration with my

hands.

I was at an age when the evidences of status seemed important, and I wanted to indicate to my peers that nothing had changed. I saw no way out of my dilemma except a proper marriage. I had never been exactly a belle. Without this background the prospect was bleak. I was always planning — planning as the years passed, trying to make something happen.

Barton was the opposite. He was

Barton was the opposite. He was handsome in spite of his sloppiness, and popular through no endeavor of his own. What I struggled for came

to him without effort. Though I stinted and slaved, working my way through college, with the help of a meagre scholarship and demeaning jobs, he went free, as a football hero.

jobs, he went free, as a football hero.

He sneered at my preoccupation with appearances. Although he made no effort to keep up acquaintances with the people we had always known, he was perennially in demand, and could have chosen among the daughters of the best families in town. He was amiable enough to make himself available at their parties, but he seemed to prefer undemanding company. We never saw eye to eye on anything.

I don't know when Barton first

I don't know when Barton first began to frequent Giananni's candy

store. It was a place favored high-school crowd: but after a ton was in college he mill me his headquarters. I supposed basking in the admiration of me people, for he seemed to sent sort of reassurance. I don't much attention to it, one we the other. I was already goes Warren, and I didn't war, thing to go wrong.

Warren was a lawver.

Warren was a lawyer a ing out; but he had good tions. I had met him as of one of my college friend seemed interested in me ambitious and wanted a would be a credit to him.

He came of a straitlaced England family, very siff

To page 75



dlines and position, and fer he began to call on me felt that my long fight had een justified. I admired him een justined. I admired nim-ery much and I was at-acted to him. He wasn't ardenlarly good looking, and e had a ponderous person-lity but a strong sense of

If you think of love in an grubby, grappling, hot-anded way, f don't know thether I was in love; bur I santed to be Warren's wife. That was the summer arton took it into his head , fall in love with Angie manni. She couldn't have en more than seventeen, lder. He had another year

Continued from page 74

made little academic pro-gress. Heaven knows he hadn't a dime and had no prospects, any more than had Angela, the candy peddler's daughter.

daughter.

Barton never could do anything by halves, and the flagrance of their romance had the whole town talking. (Lovers were somewhat more circumspect in those days than they are now.) The gossip may have been intensified by the fact that Barton was a member of a family hanging on to the periphery of society in spite of bankruptcy and suicide, and Angela Giananni was no-

SUBURBAN MATRON'S STORY

body, the girl singer with the high-school band.

Barton, who had no sense of the amenities, took Angela everywhere he went — to all the parties of the young social crowd, where she certainly couldn't have been much at home.

People may have talked be-People may have talked be-cause they were such a beau-tiful pair. Barton was tall, with a face like Achilles'. She was small and lithe, with slumbrous eyes, a ripe mouth, and a long, dark mane. The animal attraction between them was embarrassing to look at. animal attraction between was embarrassing look at.

When I became aware of this affair, my instinct was to take it up with Barton and read him the riot act. But then it seemed to me that all it needed was my disapproval to push it to some kind of unwelcome conclusion. Barton never paid the slightest attention to anything I said, unless I made a demand on him, and then he flouted it.

I snoke to my mother.

he flouted it.

I spoke to my mother.

"Barton is running around with that little Giananni girl," I said. "I think you ought to say something to him about it."

"He has to have some

pleasure," my mother re-joined, with her usual permis-siveness. "There isn't much going on in this gloomy old place. Who is the Giananni

place. Who is the Gananii girl?"

"Angela Giananni," I told her, "of the candy-store Gianannis. She sings with the high-school band."

"But she's just a child," my mother said.

"I know that, but she's pretty precocious," I said.

"They're together day and night. He's had her at the country-club swimming pool, where they lie around ogling each other. They sit in a borrowed car half the night on Guardhill Road. Everybody's talking about it."

"I can't imagine what her

"I can't imagine what her mother is thinking of," my mother said.

"I can imagine. Honestly,
Mother, isn't there some way
we can get Barton out of
town for a few months?"

"I wouldn't know how to
do that."

"Do you want him to marry that—that—"
"I want him to marry someone he loves — someone who loves him," my mother said, with more spirit than she usually offered, "but he can't very well marry anyone now."

"He certainly can't, especially since he is unable to support himself."
"You have marriage on the brain, dear," my mother can't.

"All I need is such a sister-in-law," I said, "to have it nowhere else."

To compound the insult, Barton, instead of making an effort to try for a decent job with some of Father's old friends, which might have given him some sort of start in life, went to work in a service station. I couldn't hide my annoyance. "Don't be such a snob," Barton said to me. "It's honest work and I need the money."

"I'm sure you have a good place to put it," I said. "You never bring any of it home. I suppose Angie needs it more

I suppose Angie needs it more than we do!"

This put him in a rage. We had a violent quarrel, and to judge from some of his in-coherent statements his affair with Angie was as unpopular with her parents as it was with me. This was under-

**

*:

*

standable, but more than I had expected from them.
"You can all stop minding my business," Barton shouted, finally, and stamped out of the house.

finally, and stamped out of the house.

From that time on, I think, his meetings with his sweetheart were clandestine. I believe that Papa Giananni had forbidden him the precincts of the candy store, and there was some gossip to the effect that Mrs. Giananni had locked her daughter in her room to cool off. Barton was as headstrong a man as I ever knew, and I don't think he would have been stopped by anything.

They did meet, because I surprised them in our own house one summer night.

surprised them in our own house one summer night, when Warren brought me home from a concert.

When I turned on the porch light, they untangled themselves and got up from the swing-hammock.

Barton sheepishly introduced us. "This is my sister, Mary," he said. "Angela Giananni."
"Pleased to meet you."

"Pleased to meet you,"

Angie said.
"How do you do," I said.
"I've heard so much about

The girl said nothing and looked sullen.

looked sullen.

"I guess we'd better be getting on," Barton said.

"Don't let me interfere," I said. "You seemed to be very busy. How do you get back into your own house this time of night?" I asked Angela.

Angela. Angela.

A storm cloud crossed her childish forehead, and she drew in her breath.

"Come on, Angie," Barton said. "We've got to go."

"It's none of your business," Angie said to me.

"You really have a lot of gall." I said, as Barton dragged her away.

Shortly after that Angie

Shortly after that Angie disappeared from our high-ways and byways, and the news was that she had been sent to relatives in New sent to relatives in New York, where she was to be-gin the cultivation of her voice. I had a life-size pic-ture of that! She was more likely washing dishes in a spaghetti parlor.

spaghetti parlor.

Barton was wild, raging, and morose by turns. He had had a showdown with Mr. Giananni, who had refused to tell him Angela's whereabouts. Mrs. Giananni had taken the girl to her sister, somewhere on Long Island, and had not returned.

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Please give me a name!

DOLLS LIKE ME!

PRIZES: 50 winners will receive a beautiful 18" doll with nylon hair and a pretty pink and white dress. Grand Prize — for the entry judged best of all, the doll comes with 5 complete outfits of clothes.

JUDGING: Entries will be judged by an independent judging organisation on the basis of 1. Originality of name.

Suitability and originality, interest, and neatness of brief written statement.

decision is final and no correspondence relating to the competition will be entered into. All entries remain the property of Kimberly-Clark of Australia Pty. Ltd., for any or all purposes, and none will

Employees (and their immediate families) of Kimberly-Clark, their Advertising Agency and the judging organi-sation are not eligible to enter the competition.

NOTIFYING WINNERS: Winners will be notified in writing about 6 weeks after the con-test closes. This allows time to judge every entry. A complete list of winners will be published in the Australian Women's Weekly on or about August 5.

I think Miss Dawn's first name should be

BRIEF STATEMENT WHY	
NAME	
ADDRESS	
	STATE
	KKD37

-NO TIME TO STARE-

Methought I'd make a garden neat Wherein at times I could retreat -To view my flowers and lawns with pleasure, Or roam or dally at my leisure.

Now that everything is growing, I find that I must do some mowing; I rise at dawn to cut the edges Or else to trim the blanky hedges.

At evening I must wield the spray To keep the aphides away; At night with torch I have to lurk To catch the slugs and snails at work.

On summer nights I use the hose On thirsty lawns and flower and rose; When frosts abound you'll find me tagging To cover tender plants with bagging . . .

My garden is a lovesome spot Where I may linger? Oh, what rot! 'Cause when the bugs and wogs are banished I find my leisure has just vanished.

- DOROTHY LOCKETT

IT'S EASY! Just choose the

first name you consider most suitable and explain why you have given her the name.

The doll is 18" high, and is dressed in the pretty pink and white striped dress

that you see her wearing on the opposite page She's cuddly! She's cute! She's pretty! You will love her 'So send in your

entry right away. Cut and post the entry

HOW TO MAIL: Print plainly

your name and address on your entry. Mail entry (on official entry form or a plain

Submit as many entries as you wish. Each entry must be accompanied by a wrapper from Dawn Tollet Tissue (except in those States where this is contrary to

CLOSING DATE: Entries must arrive at P.O. Box 220, Crows Nest, N.S.W., by May 15th Entries received after that date will not be considered. No responsibility will be accepted for entries delayed, damaged or lost in transit.

Nest, N.S.W.

paper) to: P.O. Box 220, Crows

Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.

In a few weeks Mr. Giananni sold the candy store and moved his household effects, and the Gianan-nis disappeared from our town as if they had never lived.

If they had never lived.

That was a terrible summer, Barton began to drink, and I was terrified that Warren would arrive some day when Barton was in one of his stupors. My mother was frantic; I think Barton's excesses must certainly have contributed to her coronary. She sustained a terrible fright in the middle of the night when he came home in that condition, and she never regained ronsciousness.

Angela's letter came for Barton

Angela's letter came for Barton during that confused time, and I put it away for safekeeping. I did

not think that Angela Giananni should be allowed to intrude on our mother's funeral. The letter got lost in the upheaval of closing the house, so I never was able to find it. It seemed cruel to tell Barton after that

After Mother died he did pull himself together, and a few days later, without waiting for the settlement of the estate or staying to settlement of the estate or staying to help me close the house, he signed up with a recruiting force that came through the country looking for crews for oil tankers to transport oil to the European war, which was already going on.

The pay was extravagant, but it was dangerous, difficult, and secret work. I begged him not to do it;

but, as usual, he sneered at don't know what I would he without Warren then, the took charge of everyth brother should have slope forted me in my lonelly

A week or so after hen
I had a long-distance plan
"May I speak to Barton;
the flute-like, childidi von"I'm sorry, but he's no I said.

"When do you expect him," I don't expect him," I has gone away."

has gone away."

"Where can I reach him." I really couldn't say," her. "I don't know,"

"But he must have some a Know where he say I can her indrawn breath and ing distress in her voice, to find him!"

"Ha" island.

to find him!"

"He's joined the marcher ine," I told her. "Some is secret mission in the war he family is not permitted to be name of his ship."

"May I speak to his a please?" Angela said, her was clear that she into lieve me.

"I regret to inform you is mother died three weeks as said stiffly.

"Oh." Again the industry.
"This sorry, I'm so very torry be you could tell me. Is this Miss Mary to you, I thoughthere was no time for the thing, "Yes," I said, "this Turnbull."

"I wrote Barton a lens; a month ago. Do you know, he ever received it?"

to say, I detest lying "know," I said, "I never her mention it."
"It was a very important and mean. I can't believe he ut

"My brother is not in a of confiding in me," I we don't know what happened letter." That, at least, wa

"If you hear from him's and I could hear the team in her voice, "if you maddress any time soon, will sake him to get in touch will show the gave me the street as Babylon, Long Island, bother to write it down." If think that's most union to the street is the street as the street as

"I think that's most unin

"But if you do—" de
"Please, if you have any pill
"I can't hear you," I ud
must have a bad comm

"I can't hear you," I not must have a bad comme Emotionalism and dramatur rass me. I had had ahout all in stand. I hung up.

I honestly searched for the most because I was canous thought perhaps I owed bethat. But I never found it.

Warren and I were mainthe autumn. I would never survived without his kindow me then, and I immediately myself into the effort of loving his career. It's been auphill fight, with the war vening. When he came had the Navy we had to began that's when we moved here it's taken all this time to only his practice. his practice.

"Twe done what I could be him, but it seems that I am do for life to scrimp and swe one must uphold some kind of dard in the professions.

Barton was lost at sea.

Barton was lost at sea-were no details. I was infor-next of kin, that he was I At the end of the war I for his insurance, but was to there was another benefica suppose it was Angela di though I was not advised.

By that time she scarced by that time she scarced by the Stephen she was a second by the second seco

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 28

Special Anouncement from Johnson-Johnson

New MICRIN mouthwash and gargle guarantees you a Clinically Clean mouthprotection against harmful mouth and throat germs hour after hour after hour.



fast relief from sore throats due to winter colds

Every human mouth is an open door to infection. MICRIN. with its unique formula, offers dramatic protection against mouth and throat germs—the germs that come with colds, sore throats and flu, as well as the germs that cause bad breath. Dramatic evidence of long-lasting germ-fighting action. Laboratory tests (conducted by a leading U.S. university) proved the long-lasting effectiveness of MICRIN.





Fast relief from sore throats due to winter colds. Clean-tasting mint-blue MICRIN soothes and relieves sore throats that come with colds— leaves your mouth with a cool, clean, healthy taste. Gargle full strength for immediate relief and long lasting protection.

The newly-developed MICRIN formula has two kinds of superior anti-bacterial action: quick killing of germs—and long-lasting protection. The fast-acting germ fighter is CETYL PYRIDINIUM CHLORIDE. Then the remarkable British-discovered antiseptic ingredient DEQUALINIUM takes over, lining the throat and mouth—protecting against new germ growth hour after hour.

Give your throat and mouth this new, continuous protection with pleasant tasting mint-blue MICRIN.

Johnson Johnson MICRIN

5/11. SOLD ONLY AT CHEMISTS.

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I don't have much ear for music, but I heard her on television one laight. It was like looking at a stranger, someone I had never seen or known. My brother was lost at ea, a nameless number in a watery grave, and the Gountess di Piranho was pictured on the cover of Time."

Time.

I put the whole thing out of my nord. I had other things to think about — my husband, my children, sur place in the world. I felt no dentity with that other time and slace and those people. It is necessary to live in the present. I wouldn't have walked across the reet to see or hear Angela Giannesi.

Of course, I did. The year rolled round to autumn and the concert eason was upon us. Giananni's booking threw Madeline Brenner's roup into near-hysterics. The whole orial year pointed to this event be concert and the gala to follow tat the Rothmere Club. We all worked like dogs, and I became in inimate of the coterie.

Marcia began to receive a few

minimate of the coterie.

Marcia began to receive a few neitations to dances and was netrained with the debutantes. Agreen was invited to join the Jountty Club. It was all so expensive. Marcia and I had to have lothes, and all those little extrassmount up when a budget is stringent Still, it was the way I had dways planned it.

I didn't think much about the tala Why should I? I certainly and nothing to hide or any reason for embarrassment. But I couldn't get myself steamed up about it the way the others did.

"You're so matter of course," Madeline said. "Aren't you excited?"

"Not really," I said, and I saw that this impressed her. "But it will be interesting to see her again."

On the night of the concert the hall was jammed. Every dinner jacket in town was out of mothballs, and the women were arrayed in whatever glory was available to them. It was a dressy audience, and the enthusiasm for the singer was vociferous.

the singer was vociferous.

I sat maring through the theatre's dusk at the woman on the stage in her flawless white dress and blazing emeralds, trying to fit her into the memory of Angela Gianzanni, goose-stepping in her short skirt and tasselled boots and fur half high-school band.

high-school band.
Only the eyes were the same, and the full-lipped red mouth. Her body was seductive, in quite a different way. She had a kind of presence, and even to my untutored ears the voice was golden. By the time the concert came to an end I was looking forward to renewing my acquaintance.

my acquaintance.

It was midnight when the countess arrived at the gala, and the people were keyed to a pitch of excitement. She had changed to a gold dress and topaz jewels, and was cardessly wrapped in sable worth more than our house.

Every woman in the room began to feel dowdy. An air of constriction descended on the party, and in the almost silence Madeline Brenner stepped forward, pulling me after her.

"We are so happy, Countess di Piranho, to be able to welcome you here with the presence of an old "Yes?" said Angela

friend."
"Yes?" said Angela.
Madeline pushed me forward.
"Mrs. Warren Bates," she said.
"But there's no need to introduce

"Who is it?" Angela asked, look-

"Who is it?" Angela asked, looking at me coolly, and at me coolly.
"It's Mary," I said. "Mary Turnbull, Angela."
"There must be some mistake," said the Countess di Piranho. She registered bewilderment. "I have no recollection..."
"You must remember Barton," I said.

"Barton?" Angela said, her face as smooth as pudding. "I'm sorry. I know no one of that name."

A genuine hush had now fallen on the room, and I could hear my own voice wavering up like a pley

own voice, wavering up like a plea-

A SUBURBAN MATRON'S STORY

"My brother Barton," I said, "back in nineteen thirty-nine—" "I don't know what you mean," Angela said. "I do not know you." She turned her back on me squarely She turned her back on me squarely and began to speak in Italian to her accompanist. It was the kind of classic snub one reads about in old-fashioned novels, but perhaps to be expected only from one of her

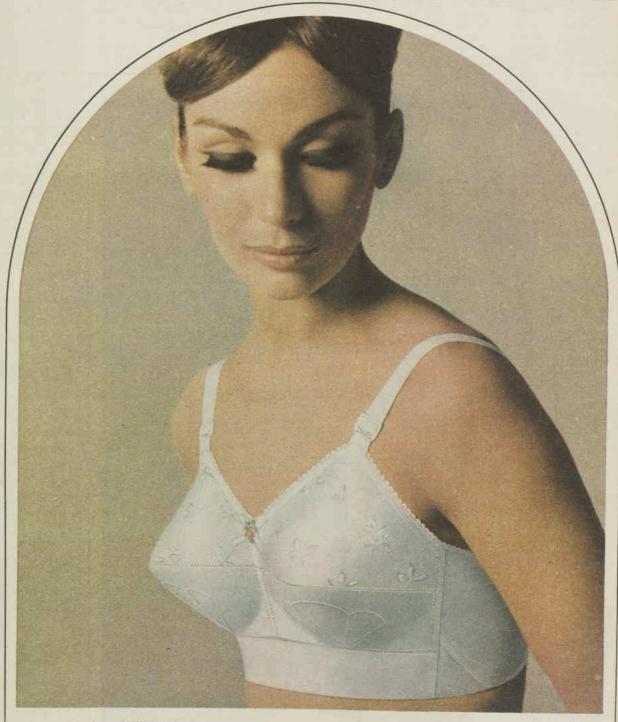
I heard the words fall into the I heard the words fall into the pool of silence and felt the color rising in my face and perspiration breaking out in the roots of my hair. I stood there, not knowing which way to turn, and I was aware that Madeline Brenner was regarding me with amazement. I suppose she took me for a liar or a celebrity hunter or a climber of the worst kind. I saw the painstaking structure of years of effort crashing into shards around me. Anger flooded over me in an uncontrollable wave, and my brain rioted with vulgar language I had never known I knew. I wanted to shout and scream curses at this shameless creature who had somehow entwined herself in my destiny without invitation.

"You needn't get uppity with me, Angie Giananni," I cried. "I knew when!"

Conversation had resumed, Conversation had resumed, and the room was a nervous hubbub. I don't suppose anybody heard me except Madeline Brenner. She turned and walked away without saying anything.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1964

"You didn't seem to 2hink Billy was so terrible, walk-ing home from school," Laurie said.

Jannie turned pink. "Does my own brother have any right to insult me on my own birthday?" she asked her father.

father.

In honor of Jannie's birthday Sally helped me clear the table, and Jannie sat in state with her hands folded, waiting. When the table was cleared we left Jannie there alone, and assembled in the study. While my husband lighted the candles on the pink-and-white cake, Sally and Barry took from the back of the hall closet the gifts they had chosen themselves and lovingly wrapped.

Barry's gift was clearly a

Barry's gift was clearly a leathercraft set, since his most careful wrapping had been unable to make the paper go right around the box, and the name showed clearly. Sally had three books. Laurie had an album of records he had chosen him-

Continued from page 33

self. ("This is for my sister," he had told the clerk in the music store, most earnestly, with an Elvis Presley record in each hand, "for my sister.")

my sister.")

Laurie also had to carry the little blue record player which my husband and I had decided was a more suitable gift for our elder daughter than a dear little monkey or even a pair of high-heeled shoes. I carried the boxes from the two sets of grandparents, one holding a flowered quilted skirt and a fancy, blouse and the other holding a stiff, lacy, beribboned crinoline petticoat. With the cake leading, we filed into the dining-room where Jannie sat.

"Happy birthday to you,"

"Happy birthday to you," we sang, and Jannie looked once and then leaped past us to the phone. "Be there in a minute," she said, and then

PARTY BIRTHDAY

"Carole? Carole, listen, I got

"Garole? Carole, listen, I got it, the record player. Bye."

By a quarter to eight Jannie was dressed in the new blouse and skirt over the petticoat, Barry was happily taking apart the leathercraft set, the record player had been plugged in and we had heard, more or less involuntarily, four sides of Elvis Presley. Laurie had shut himself in his room, dissociating himself utterly from the festivities. "I was willing to buy them," be explained, "I even spent good money out of my bank, but no one can make me listen." make me listen.

make me listen."

I took a card-table up to Jannie's room and squeezed it in among the beds; on it I put a pretty cloth and a bowl of apples, a small dish of candy, a plate of decorated cupcakes, and an ice bucket in which were five bottles of grape soda embedded in ice.

Jannie brought her record

player upstairs and put it on the table and Laurie plugged it in for her on condition that she would not turn it on until he was safely back in his room. With what Laurie felt indignantly was a complete and absolute disre-gard for the peace of mind and healthy sleep of a cherished older son I put a deck of fortune-telling cards on the table, and a book on the meaning of dreams.

the meaning of dreams.

Everything was ready, and Jannie and her father and I were sitting apprehensively in the living-room when the first guest came. It was Laura. She was dressed in a blue party dress, and she brought Jannie a small package containing a charm bracelet, which Jannie put on. Then Carole and Linda arrived together, one wearing a green party dress and the other a fancy blouse and skirt, like Jannie.

They all admired Jannie's new blouse and skirt, and one of them had brought her a book and the other had brought a dress and hat for her doll. Kate came almost immediately afterward. She was wearing a wide skirt like Jannie's, and she had a crinoline, too. She and Jannie compared crinolines, and each of them insisted that the other's was much, much prettier.

Kate had brought Jannie a purse with a penny inside for luck. All the girls carried overnight bags but Kate, who had a small suitcase. "You'll think I'm going to stay for a month, the stuff I brought," she said, and I felt my husband shudder.

EACH of the girls complimented, individually, each item of apparel on each of the others. It was conceded that Jannie's skirt, which came from California, was of a much more advanced style than skirts obtainable in Vermont. The purse was a most fortunate choice, they agreed, because it perfectly matched the little red flowers in Jannie's skirt. Laura's shoes were the pretiest anyone had ever seen. Linda's party dress was of organdie, which all of them simply adored.

Carole was wearing a necklace which no one could possibly tell was not made of real pearls. Linda said we had the nicest house; she was always telling her mother and father that she wished they had one just like it. My husband said he would consider any reasonable offer.

Kate said our dogs were just darling, and Laura said she loved that green chair. I said somewhat ungraciously that they had all of them spent a matter of thousands

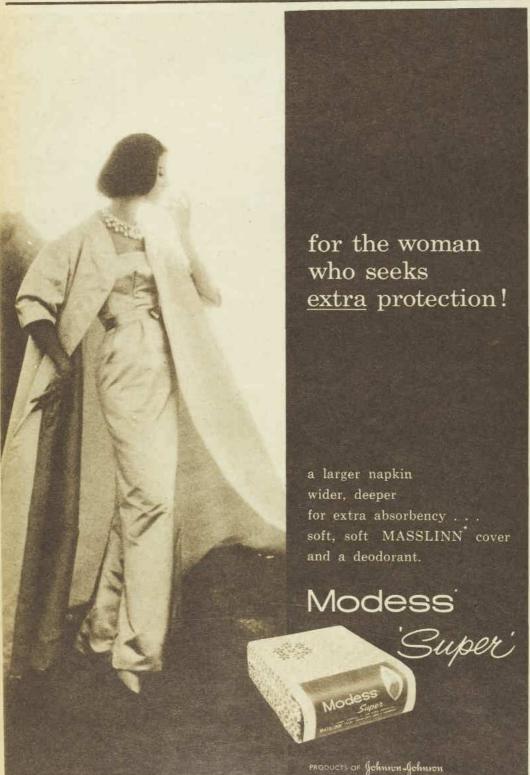
of hours in our he the green chair was or prettier than in the last time Laura Jannie said hastily were cupcakes and Eley records up in a and they were gotwent up the back a troop of horse "Cupcakes, cupcales Sally and Barry bed, but permitted awake because it would be to be the back of the ba

and, of course, I cousy no.

When I got down husband had settled reading in the list "Everything seems said; I believe he sto say "quiet," but E ley started then in he's room. Then how! of fury from room, and then his graph started to an vis Presley he had an old Louis Arnst cord, and he was he own.

From the front of the upstairs drifted des opening announce "Peter and the W Sally, and then

To page 8



Pashio Ready to wear or cut out ready to make. BETH". - Twopiece tennis outfit, with permanently pleated skirt and smart overblouse, is available in white terylene/viscose. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in bust, 24½ and 26½in waist, and 14in bust, 24½ and even-waist, and 14in. skirtlength. £5/17/6. Sizes 36 and 38in. bust. 28½ and 30½in. waist, and 16in. skirtlength. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 24½ and 26½in. bust, 24] and 26]in. waist, and 14in. s k i r t 1 e n g t h, £4/7/6. Sizes 36 and 38in. bust, 28] and 30]in. waist, and 16in. skirt length, £4/9/6.

Postage 6/- extra on all garments.

Cut Out

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address given page 62. Fashion Fracks may be inspected or ablusted at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydner, him 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available his six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 1964

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IN PRIZES MENE NEW

"Where is Ossie Osram?" Contest

ANNIEWINIEWINAM

MAGNIFICENT FIRST PRIZE

A complete range of luxury B.G.E. home appliances worth over £1,100 including the B.G.E. Elevated Electric Range, a 14 cu. ft. Refrigerator, Air Conditioner, 23" Television Set and a Washing Machine.

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PICK THE PLACES!

All you do is discover where Ossie Osram is in each of six pictures, like the one below. Each depicts a well-known place in Australia. Yours answers can win you one of the valuable prizes. Get your entry form with full details where you buy your Osram lamps and tubes.

Everyone says, "O for an Osram" because Osram lamps and tubes are qualitytested to give extra light and longer life and they're





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Continued from page 78

from Barry's room, the crash-ing chords which heralded (blast off!) "Space Men on the Moon."

"What did you say?" I

"Oh, when the saints come marching in ..."
"I said it seemed quiet," my huband yelled.

"The cat, by a clarinet in a locoow register ..."

I want you, I need you

Prepare for blast: five four - three - two-"
"The golden trumpets will

begin BOOM." Barry's rocket

"BOOM." Barry's rocketwas in space.
Jannie had just switched to "Hound Dog," and Laurie called on his reserves and took out his trumpet. He played without a muffler, which is ordinarily forbidden in the house, so for a few minutes he was definitely ascendant, even though a certain undeniable guatar beat intruded from Jannie's room, but then Jannie and her guests began to sing and Laurie faltered, lost "the Saints," fell irresistibly into "Hound Dog," cursed, picked up "the Saints," and finally conceded in time four—three—two—one—BOOM.

Peter's gay strain came

Peter's gay strain came through clearly for a minute, and then Jannie finished changing records and our house rocked to its founda-tions with "Heartbreak tions with

Laurie's door slammed and he came pounding down the back stairs and into the liv-ing-room. "Dad," he said

HIS father nodded bleakly. "I'll stop them," I said, and went to the back stairs. I waited till the record was finished and then called up to Jaunie that it was time for Sally and Barry to go to sleep, and she must turn off the record-player for the night.

She agreed amisbly, saying that they had played every record three times anyway, and the phonograph stopped. Since it was close to nine-thirty, I went up to Sally's room and found that Sally had turned off her phonograph because she was getting steepy.

I went on to Barry's room, where Barry had failen asleep in his space-suit somewhere on the dim craters of the moon, fragments of leather all over his bed. I came back to the living-room to find my husband back at his book and Laurie sprawled all over the couch reading, "Downbeat,"

"See?" I said "They were very nice about quieting down."

"Yeah." Laurie said.

I took up my book and aat down. It was so quiet I could almost hear the kitten purring on Sally's bed.

parring on Sally's bed.

"I hope you notice," I said to my husband, "that—just as I said—it is perfectly possible for a group of five girls to have a quiet, almost grown-up party overnight. I used to do it all the time when I was a girl, and I can't recomber that we ever made much of a disturbance."

"The trouble with girls,"
Laurie said in a tone of dire
foreboding, "is that as noon
as you don't know what
they're doing it's probably
samething no one in their
right minds would ever think
of."

We read peacefully in a silence broken only by Laurie's whistling between his teeth and an occasional remark from my husband or myself to the effect that if Laurie was unable to control that infuriating racket he could take himself off to bed.

could take himself off to bed.

After a while Laurie went
into the kitchen and consumed three cold sausages, a
quart of milk, and two cupcakes. When he came back
to the living-room I said I
hoped he was already regretting his unkind words about
his sister and her friends,
hercause-

Laurie lifted his head. Now it starts," he said. He was right.

After about half an hour I went to the foot of the back stairs and tried to call back stairs and tried to call up to the girls to be quiet, but they could not hear me. They were apparently using the fortune-telling cards, because I could hear someone calling on a tall, dark man, and someone else remarking bitterly upon jealousy from a friend. I went halfway up the stairs and shouted, but they still could not hear me.

they still could not hear me.

I went to the top and pounded on the door, and I could have been banging my head against a stone wall. I could hear the name of a young gentleman of Laurie's acquaintance being bandied about lightly by the ladies inside, coupled with Laura's name, and references to a certain cake-sharing incident at recess, and insane shrieks, presumably from the maligned presumably from the maligned

I banged both fists on the I banged both fists on the door, and there was silence for a second until someone said, "Maybe it's your brother," and then there was a great screaming of "Go a great screaming of "Go away! Stay out! Don't come in!"

"Jannie," I said, a there was absolute silence

"Yes, Mother?" Jannie at last.

"May I come in?" I asked "Oh, yes," said all the little girls.

Ittle girls.

I opened the door and went in. They were all sitting on the two beds in Jannie's room. The needlearm had been taken off the record, but I could see Elvis Presley going around and around. All the cupcakes and soda were gone, and so was the candy. The fortune-telling cards were scattered over the two beds.

Jannie was wearing her pink shortie pyjamas, which were certainly too light for that cold night. Linda was wearing blue shortie pyjamas. Kate was wearing a collegegirl-type ski-pyjama. Laura was wearing a nightgown, white with pink roses. Carole was wearing yellow shortie pyjamas. Their hair was mussed, their cheeks were pink, they were crammed uncomfortably together on to the two beds, and they were comfortably together on to the two beds, and they were clearly awake long after their several bedtimes.

"Don't you think," I said, "that you had better get some sleep?"

some sleep?"

"Oh, noooo," they all said, and Jannie added, "The party's just beginning." They looked incredibly pretty and happy, and so I said, with a deplorable lack of firmness, that they could stay up for just five minutes more, if they were very, very quiet.

"Dickie," Kate whispered, clearly referring to some private joke and the little girls dissolved into helpless giggles, all except Carole, who cried out indignantly, "I did not, I never did, I don't."

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To page 82

STARS By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting April 22 AS I BOAND THID

ARIES

MARCH 21-APRIL 26
Lucky number this week,
Gambling colors, yellow, lila
Lucky days, Thurs. Frida

TAURUS

TAURUS

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week 4.

Gambling colors, black, yellow,
Lucky days, Thurs, Priday.

* Your ruling star takes a back seat — but the week could be far from dull. The lighter side of living is accented, and it could be a wonderful time to enrich your social life.

Gambling colors, blue, yellow
Lucky days, Thurs. Priday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JUNE 21
Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, blue, yellow
Lucky days, Bun, Monday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, blue, yellow
Lucky days, Bun, Monday.

LEO
JUNE 22-JULY 22
Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, blue, yellow
Lucky days, Thurs. Friday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, blue, yellow, Lucky days, Wed, Monday.

**LIVE 23-AUGUST 22
Lucky number this week, 4.
Gambling colors, blue, yellow, lack, yellow, lacky days, Wed, Monday.

**LIVE 33-SEPTEMBER 23
Lucky number this week, 6.
Gambling colors, yellow, liac, Lucky days, Thurs. Friday.

**Ji some of you Virgoans have yellow, liac, Lucky days, Thurs. Friday.

**Lift some of you Virgoans have yellow, liac, Lucky days, Thurs. Friday.

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**Lift some of you Virgoans have yellow, liac, Lucky days, Thurs. Friday.

**Lift some of you Virgoans have yellow, liac, Lucky days, Thurs. Friday.

**Lucky number this week. 4.

**Gambling colors, blue, yellow, liac, Lucky days, Thurs. Friday.

**Lift some of you Virgoans have yellow, liac, Lucky days, Thurs. Friday.

**Lift some of you Virgoans have yellow, liac, Lucky days, Thurs. Friday.

**Lift some of you Virgoans have yellow, liac, Lucky days, Thurs. Friday.

**Lift some of you Virgoans have yellow, liac, Lucky days, Thurs. Friday.

**Lift some of you Virgoans have yellow, liac, Lucky days, the yellow, liac, Lucky days, the yellow,

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
Lucky number this wes
Gambling colors, blue, y
Lucky days, Mon., Tue

SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 22
Lucky number this week
Gambling colors, green, g
Lucky days, Wed, Tues

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
Lucky number this week, 4
Gambling colors, orange, rose,
Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

DEC. 21-JAN. 19
Lucky number this week. 4.
Gambling colors, grey, yellow,
Luky days, Sun., Monday.

AQUARIUS

AQUARIUS

JAN. 20-FEB. 19

Lucky number this week 6.
Gambling colors, lilac, yellow,
Lucky days. Thurs., Monday.

* A good time for social con-tacts and for making friends or visiting them. You could forege some permanent link with, per-haps an older person, Good for romance and marriage.

This could grow a windle person dood for romance and marriage.

*A mixed week, on the whole invorable. You could receive coportunities to expand your person of the person



the gentlest way of applying cream to any little chafes or spots. Use Buds yourself

Johnson Johnson

little chafes or spots. Use Butoo, for cosmetics and first-aid.

SAFE STEMS* Safe, because they bend gently under pressure, give easily if baby moves suddenly.

THE Australian Women's Weekly - April 29, 1954

Johnson Johnson

Page 81



Continued from page 81

Downstairs again, I said nostalgically to my husband and Laurie,
"I can remember when I used to
have pyjama parties.
"Mommy." Jannie said urgently
from the darkness of the diningroom Startled, I hurried in.
"Listen," she said, "something's
gone terribly wrong,"
"What's the matter?"
"Shhh," Jannie said. "It's Kate
and Linda. I thought they would
both sleep in my library, but now
Kate isn't talking to Linda because.
Linda took her lunch-box today in
school and said she didn't and
wouldn't give it back so now Kate
won't sleep with Linda."
"Well then, why not put Linda

PARTY BIRTHDAY

"Why not?" I was getting tired

front hall and making up the guest-room bed? Then you can put some-one in there. Jimmie Watson, may-be."

"Mother!" Jannie turned bright

"Sorry," I said. "Take a pillow from one of the beds in your library. Put someone in the guest-room. Keep them busy for a few minutes and I'll have it ready. I just hope I have two more sheets."

"Oh, thank you." Jannie turned, and then stopped. "Mother," she said, "don't think from what I said that I like Jimmie Watson."

"The thought never crossed my mind," I said.

I raced upstairs and found two sheets; they were smallish, and not

colored, which meant that the wat the very bottom of the pile, on I closed the guest-room does hind me I thought opening that at least Jannie's problem woolved, if I excepted Jimmie problem woolved, if I excepted Jimmie son and the dangerous frain Carole.

Jannie came down to the discreom again in about fittee mutes. "Shih," she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites." Shih, she whispeted wites. "Shih," she whispeted wites.

guest-room,"

"But I thought you just that Kate and Linda."

"But they made up and had apologised for taking Kate's had box and Kate apologised for to have the first that they real fing the did, and they're all fing now except Laura is kind of because now Kate says the la Harry Benson better."

"Better than Laura?" I am stupidly.

"Oh, mother, Better a

"Better than Laura?" I am stupidly.
"Oh, mother. Better than lime Watson, of course. Except I am Harry Benson is goony."
"If he was the one on immode the street by himself is a tainly is goony. As a material that is goody. That is goody. The said. "Harry Benson is at particular that is fine with me if Kie is goody. "Kate and Linda. If they will only go to sleep."
"Kate and Linda. If they would go to sleep."
"Thank you. And may I we in the guest-room, too?"
"What?"
"It's a big bed. And we want to talk years quietly about the guest-room, too?"

in the guest-room, too?"

"What?"

"It's a big bed. And we want to talk very quietly about "Never mind," I said "le anywhere, but sleep."

In about ten minutes James was back downstairs again. "Imshe said, when I came weath in the dining-room, "can Kate in the guest-room, too?"

"I don't care where Kate in I said. "I don't care where said you sleep."

"Anyway, Kate and I an assing in the guest-room, because weveryone else is mad at Kate in Carole is mad at Linda, to Can is sleeping in my room set lind and Laura are sleeping in my rary. Except I just reall in know what will happe, sighed, "if anyone tells laam we Linda said about Jerry. Jun la per."

Carole change with Linda and set with Laura?"

"Oh, Mother. You know its Carole and Laura and Jimma wison."

"I guess I just forget for minute." I said.

"Well," Jannie said, "I se wanted to let you know shr everyone was."

It was perhaps twenty miscalater when Laurie held up its and said "Listen." I had been ing to identify the sensation, at thought it was like the sudden for in a heavy wind which had beating against the house for had I went up the back stain a minute with Laurie held up to the sensation.

in a heavy wind which had be beating against the house for had I went up the back stain in stockinged feet, not making a sand opened the door to Justine and Justine

"Well, you see, I was going to have Carole in with me because really — only don't tell the others—she's my best friend of all of them, only now I can't put Kate and Linda together and . "
"Why not put one of them in with you?"
"Well, I can't put Carole in with Laura."

"Why not?" I was getting tired of whispering.
"Well, because they both like Jimmie Watson."
"Oh," I said.
"And, anyway, Carole's wearing a shortie and Katie and Laura aren't."
"Look," I said, "how about my sneaking up right now through the



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 29, 19

MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE is captured by Max, mastermind behind the plot to kill President Andros. However, Lothar is stationed in the American hospital and foils an attempt by Max's men on the real president's life. NOW READ ON . . .

















HIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- The pies Martha makes for these places of public contest (13).
- Umbelliferous plant in a vehicle on a road (7).
- The black one is a famous French novel by Alexandre Dumas (5). A short gentleman who exerts power
- Make an endeavor with a literary composition [5].
- Decorated or neat (6).
- Regard with respect (6).
- Decay or the revolving part of a motor (5).
- Roosted in a silken fabric (5).
- Leg in the fire on the hearth (5).
- Trowel-shaped tool having a short gaiter for a start (7).



- 1. A great school I'd put for the making of this scholar (13).
- 2. Moneybag for super (5).
- 3. Very old-fashioned conscience (5).
- 4. Boisterous girl (6).
- 5. Witnesses at important cricket matches (7).
- 6. Assembly which includes all (5).

Solution will be published next week.

- 7. Lame pup's entry (anagr., 13).
- 13. Staggers to tea taking a disturbed rest (7).
- 15. Rubber, but not in bridge (6).
- 16. Daughter of a Shakespearian king (5).
- 17. European country mostly suffering (5).
- 18. Bundle made of rusts (5).

The Australian Women's Weekly - April 29, 1964

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tea

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(plus Teenagers' Weekly)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 28